

**DON'T LET
THE CHILD EXPERTS
SCARE YOU**

BY DR. D. C. WILLIAMS

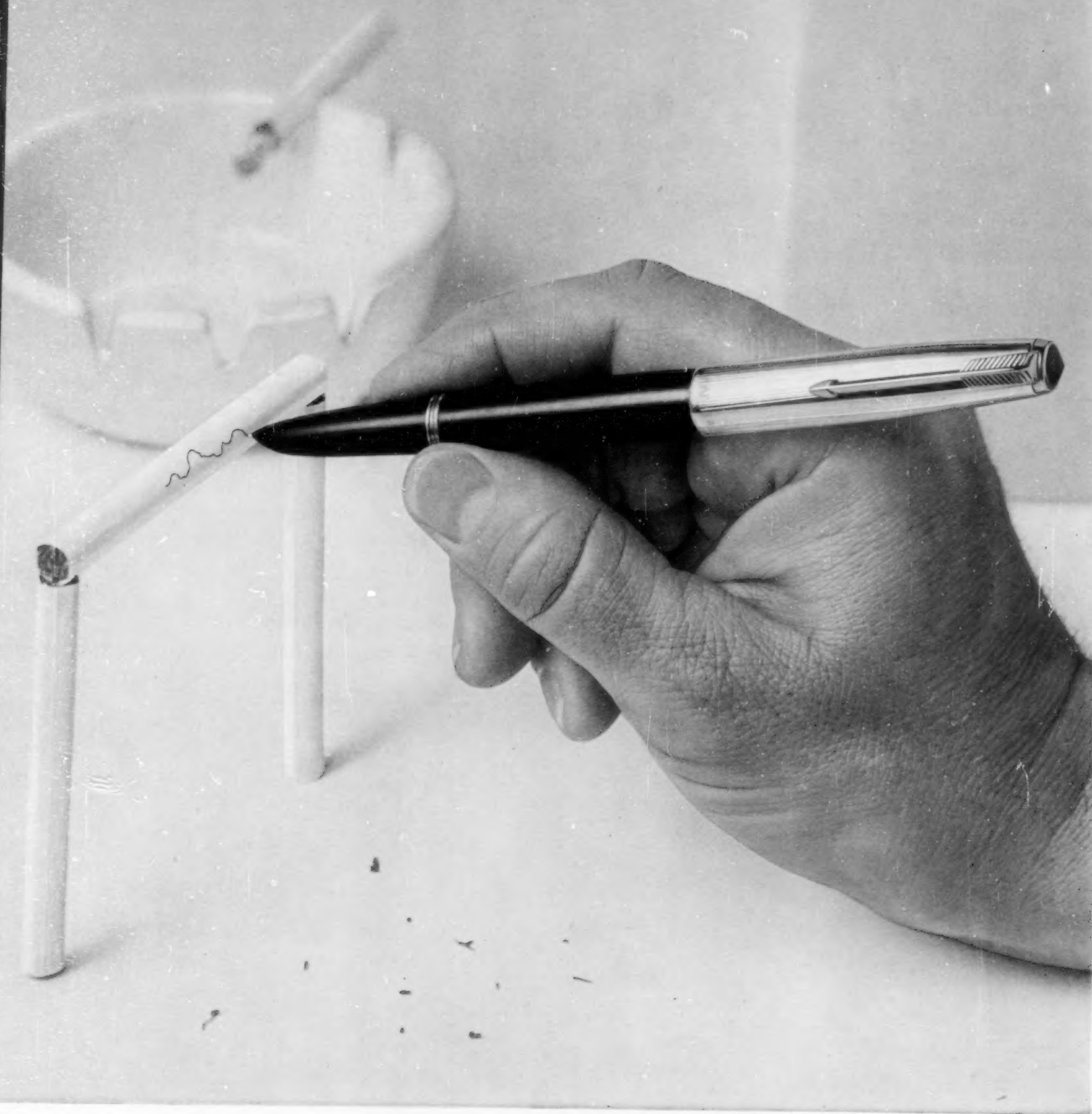
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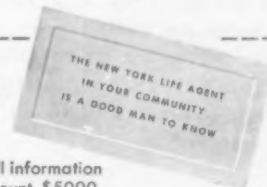
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EDITORIAL

Donald Gordon And the Chateau Blunder

AS CHAIRMAN of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board Donald Gordon made himself a highly respected citizen by telling the public to go fly a kite. It was his simple duty to infuriate some of the people all of the time and all of the people some of the time. Because he was willing to risk extreme personal unpopularity—often among men of the greatest influence—he ended the war a popular man.

But perhaps it's time someone reminded Mr. Gordon that telling the public to fly a kite is not a virtue in itself. As president of the CNR, Mr. Gordon now heads a large corporation bought and paid for by the Canadian public and drawing almost all its operating revenue from the Canadian public in the form of taxes and individual payments for services rendered. It is no longer his duty to do what he thinks best for the public, whether the public likes it or not. It is no longer his right to ignore the feelings of the public.

In his plans for the new CNR hotel in Montreal, we believe Mr. Gordon has either misread or chosen to override the wishes of most of the hotel's owners and potential customers. We believe he has done so on two counts: in the choice of a name for the hotel and in the choice of its management.

Perhaps it is too late to call the hotel anything except the Queen Elizabeth. We've always felt it a doubtful mark of respect to borrow the names of our sovereigns for commercial enterprises; but to return the name once having borrowed would probably be considered even more offensive.

This does not make it any less unfortunate that thousands of Montrealers are still demanding that the new CNR hotel be called the Chateau Maisonneuve. The arguments for Chateau Maisonneuve are so compelling that it seems incredible they did not prevail in the beginning. Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve,

founded Montreal more than three hundred years ago, repeatedly risked his life to save the little settlement from extinction and is properly remembered as one of our nation's greatest men.

Nothing could be less appropriate than that the Queen's name be allowed to become the centre of a controversy about a hotel. Nevertheless, this has already happened and we think the CNR is largely responsible for allowing it to happen. The controversy can be ended with dignity in only one way—if the Queen's advisers ask her to withdraw assent to the use of her name. This we earnestly hope they will do at the earliest opportunity.

The CNR itself still has the power to correct what many people consider to be its second mistake in planning the Montreal hotel. This is the deal under which the United States hotel chain owned by Conrad Hilton will manage the hotel for the CNR, and of course take a share of the profits.

There has been considerable opposition, both in parliament and elsewhere, to this arrangement and we don't think it arises solely from chauvinism or wounded national pride. The CNR is spending twenty million dollars to build the hotel. Either it can or cannot run the hotel itself with maximum efficiency; if it can't operate a twenty-million-dollar hotel, it shouldn't be building a twenty-million-dollar hotel. Mr. Gordon argues that the Hilton chain will be able to bring the Montreal hotel a great deal of convention trade through its American chain. This may be so. But the CNR itself has been in the hotel business a very long time—quite a bit longer, if we are not mistaken, than Mr. Hilton. If its facilities for getting business are still so incomplete that it can't attract conventions to one of the three or four most exciting cities on the continent, then it should be building up its facilities not abandoning them.

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CONTENTS

Vol. 58 MAY 14, 1955 No. 10

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Articles

WHAT'S BEHIND THE IMMIGRATION WRANGLE?	11
Fred Bodsworth	
DON'T LET THE CHILD EXPERTS SCARE YOU.	18
Dr. D. C. Williams as told to Thomas Walsh	
THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING WET.	20
Norman J. Berrill	
OTTAWA'S CHAMPION PENNY-PINCHER.	22
Blair Fraser	
SHOULD HUSBANDS AND WIVES TAKE SEPARATE HOLIDAYS?	24
Robert Thomas Allen	
HOW THE SEAWAY IS SWAMPING THE FRUITLANDS.	26
Duncan McLeod	
THE STRUGGLE FOR THE BORDER. Part Six.	
THE TWO PEERS WHO LAUNCHED THE COMMONWEALTH.	28
Bruce Hutchison	
THE PANIC OVER HALLEY'S COMET. A Maclean's Flashback.	30
Bill Stephenson	
DON'T ANSWER THAT MARITAL QUIZ.	34
Parke Cummings	

Fiction

NOT THIS AUGUST. Part One.	14
C. M. Kornbluth	
OUR STRANGE STAY AT MISS PICKERING'S.	32
Eileen Johnston Bassing	

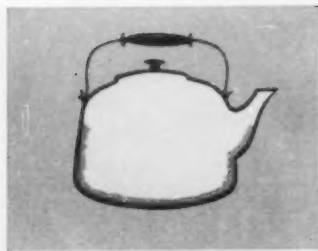
Departments

EDITORIAL	2
LONDON LETTER. Beverley Baxter	4
BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA. Blair Fraser	6
MAILBAG	8
MACLEAN'S MOVIES. Rated by Clyde Gilmour	36
JASPER. Cartoon by Simpkins	38
POLICE CALLS. Paul Steiner	126
IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE	131
PARADE	132

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

By—Miller Services (4), Star Newspaper Service (11, 12, 13), Capital Press (12, 13), Paul Horsdal (13), Claud P. Dettloff (13), C. M. Robbins (13), Peter Croydon (14, 15), Malak (22, 23), Ontario Department of Travel and Publicity (26), Hugh Robertson (26, 27), Bettman Archives (30), Yerkes Observatory (31).

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In hot weather your engine will be undergoing a great additional strain. Soaring summer temperatures make your cooling system work much harder than in any other season. That's why motorists traditionally get their cars ready for summer with a spring check-up. This year, make sure that it includes a thorough draining and flushing of the cooling system.

You've seen how your kitchen kettle collects a thick inner layer of scale; reducing the transfer of heat. An automobile's cooling system collects inner deposits too, preventing the water from carrying off heat as

efficiently as it should. And the tremendous heat generated by modern high compression engines makes the cooling system more important than ever before — especially during hot summer weather.

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"I saw few die of hunger...
of eating, a hundred thousand."

Benjamin Franklin

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANACK—1736



Benjamin Franklin's observation that he saw more people die from eating than from starvation is certainly pertinent today when so much overweight is due to overeating.

Are you one of the million Canadians who are forced to loosen the belt a notch or two . . . or who are having trouble making the hooks and eyes meet?

If so, the chances are better than 9 out of 10 that your extra pounds have accumulated because you are either eating more, or you have made no changes in your food habits as you have grown older, or you have become less active.

When you store up weight, you are also likely to store up future troubles. These could include diabetes, gall bladder and kidney disorders, heart disease or high blood pressure . . . to mention a few.

In fact, studies show that the death rate from all causes is 22 percent higher for people who are from 5 to 14 percent overweight than for people of normal weight. Among people who are 25 percent overweight, mortality is about 75 percent higher.

If you are overweight, why delay the obvious advantages of reducing? Before you start to reduce, however, there are some pitfalls you will want to know about and avoid.

First are the drastic dietary fads which usually limit you to a few foods, and second is the indiscriminate use of so-

called "reducing pills." Only when overweight is accompanied by a serious disease . . . such as dangerously high blood pressure . . . may quick reducing be desirable.

The safe and sane diet is the one that reduces you *slowly* . . . two to three pounds per week . . . and that *permanently* keeps you at your best weight. In fact, throughout adult life it is a good rule to keep your weight at slightly below the level that is normal for your age and body build, or bone structure.

It is always wise to let your doctor decide what you should weigh and, equally important, let him plan your reducing diet. He will see to it that your meals are properly balanced, especially in protein, vitamin and mineral content.

Do not expect too much too soon when you start dieting. It took a long time to acquire those surplus pounds . . . and it will take time to lose them. If you want to keep check on your progress, weigh yourself weekly, rather than day to day. If you stick to your diet, your weekly weighings will eventually show how much you are losing in weight and gaining in health.

Once your weight is down, try to avoid any return to your old ways of overeating . . . and gaining. For *permanent* weight control usually brings a rich reward—better health and added years in which to enjoy it.

LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*



Bax the Prophet Picks the Tories

I HAVE just been looking at a cartoon in a London newspaper. Old Man Churchill is helping Eden on with his robes. Eden is smoking a huge Churchillian cigar and is saying, "At any rate I won't have to listen to any more jokes about long engagements or crown princes." Certainly he was the heir apparent for a long, long time.

Of course, there is the possibility that a bemused electorate might delay Eden's premiership for another four years by voting the Tories out and the Socialists in. If Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevan go to the country singing "Dear Old Pals" they might get away with it among the concussed.

However, I feel that my role of prophet this time is an easy one. Nor am I falsely humble about my proficiency as a prophet. In Maclean's I predicted a Tory rout in 1945, the re-election of Truman in his last presidential fight, and the election of Eisenhower. What is more, in a British by-election last year in a poll of 60,000 I predicted in the London Evening Standard that the Tory would have an increased majority of 988. I was wrong but not disgraced. The increase in the majority was 991.

Therefore, I predict that the Conservatives will win the coming British general election, but it will not be a walkover. Party loyalties die slowly.

If logic were the controlling factor the Conservatives should come back with a crushing majority. When a political party, such as the Labor Party, cannot maintain discipline and unity in public why in the name of sanity should the voters entrust it with the government of the country? The answer is that the element of "class" is one of the reasons, and curiously enough the Socialists are more class conscious than the Tories.

When a general election takes place the instinct of the workers to vote for "Bill" or "Harry" or "Jack" is very strong. Even if the Socialist party is split by rebellion and feud, the constituent voters will rally to their man and the Pink Flag.

But general elections are not determined by the solid party vote. The floaters are what matter. And since the Liberal Party cannot run more than a tiny platoon of candidates the Liberal voters have to decide whether to support the Tory or the Socialist where there is no Liberal candidate.

It is easy to understand the turmoil in the Liberal breast. The Conservatives are their historic enemy. Also it was Liberalism that gave birth to Socialism and it is a poor mother who has no feeling for her child.

But Liberalism still clings to the gospel of freedom—freedom of worship, freedom of thought, freedom of the

Continued on page 38



Can Attlee and Bevan pull together to give Labor a chance at the polls?

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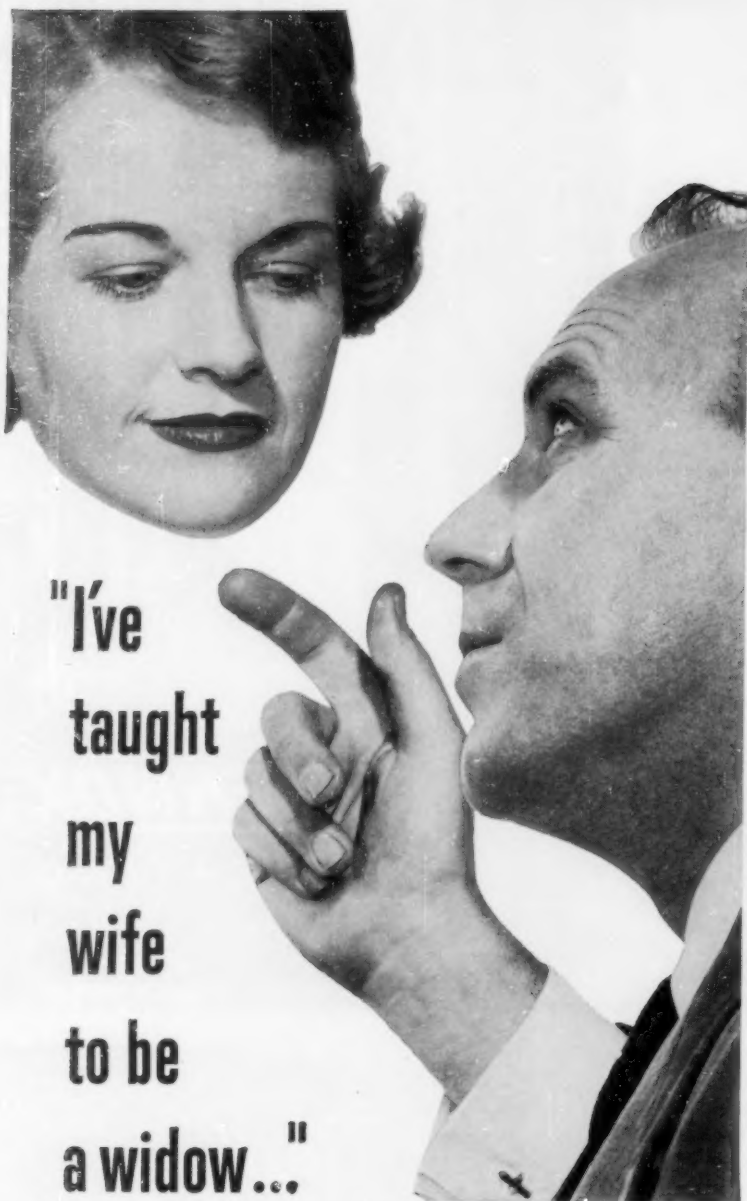
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BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE

At Ottawa



Cartoon by Grassick

Some critics feel the presence of U.S. servicemen an affront.

Should Our Flyers Come Home?

IMPENDING growth of defense establishments in the Canadian north has presented the Government with a new problem, long foreseen but not previously confronted: Should Canada continue to maintain an air division overseas while United States squadrons come in to guard our own northland? Or should Canada bring her own squadrons home first, before letting Canadian airmen be outnumbered by American on Canadian soil?

No decision has been made in this argument, and neither side is pressing for a hundred-per-cent policy either way. But a difference of opinion, or at least of emphasis, has developed between officials of National Defense on one side, External Affairs and Northern Affairs on the other. Servicemen tend to favor keeping in Europe as many squadrons as possible for as long as possible. Civilian departments tend to favor bringing the boys home.

Each side says the other is taking an extreme position. According to National Defense, the civilian departments think every U. S. serviceman in Canada is a walking affront to Canadian sovereignty. According to the civilian departments, the armed services think continental defense is a Zombie's job; first-class wars are fought in Europe, and therefore in Europe they wish to stay.

So far as the Army is concerned, this latter notion is very nearly right. The Army has good reason to be alarmed at any talk of coming back to defend Canada. In spite of occasional bursts of publicity about Canada's Mobile Striking Force of Arctic paratroopers, nobody seriously believes there will ever be large-scale ground fighting in the Canadian Arc-

tic—or anywhere in Canada, for that matter. For an army officer a posting to northern duty is an assignment to oblivion.

As lately as six years ago the same might have been said for the Air Force. Until the Russians exploded their atomic bomb in 1949, and to some extent even until their first thermonuclear explosion, the threat of air attack across the Arctic was not taken seriously. There would be diversionary bombing raids, of course, but it was taken for granted these would be feints, aimed at spreading panic and scaring North America into keeping troops at home instead of sending them to the real theatre of war overseas.

With the H-bomb the strategic picture changed. Air assault across the Arctic now can deal a mortal blow, indeed the only blow that could be mortal, to the industrial heart of the Western military alliance. From an airman's viewpoint, the Canadian north might well turn out to be the most vital, as it is now the most vulnerable, of all potential war fronts.

So the Air Force view of continental defense is quite different from the Army's. For purely personal reasons, of course, individual RCAF officers are in no hurry to change—any man in his right mind would rather be posted to France or Britain than to Churchill or Aklavik. But as a question of policy, all admit that the defense of Canada comes first.

They add, however, that there's no hurry.

Plans for the defense of the northland are still in a very fluid, if not actually gaseous, state. Planners are at work on them in both Ottawa and Washington, but the work is still in the

Continued on page 120

Do we actually know where to face Communism?

If you could use
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Photographed especially for Canadair by Karsh

Communism and Twisted Education



In the eyes of Communism, a child is simply something to be warped into one shape: godless, ignorant of moral responsibility, devoid of intellectual honesty... a creature of the State.

In its drive for world power, Communism has found it most profitable to influence teachers and alter text books... to use the intimate bond between teacher and scholar to spread doubts about the old ways and Christian ethics... to insinuate ideas of atheism, regimentation and false idealism in their place.

We, parents and teachers alike, need to be on our guard, to re-affirm the truths we once learned and now teach, to vow to keep our children free from Communism. Wasted would be all other defences — navies, armies or air forces — if Communism could take the citadel from within.



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Mailbag

Scandal at the Racetrack

I was pleased to see the cruel practice of racing crippled horses brought to light by Dr. George Cairns in his article, *The Scandal of the Lame Racehorses* (April 2). I have raced my own and other people's horses in Vancouver for a number of years and have seen spills caused by crippled horses which caused the death of other horses and also jockeys. It should, I think, be the concern of the track vet, and not the stewards, to judge if a horse is sound.

On the other side of the picture, I recall the crowd at Lansdowne Park booing a horse called Golden Don who had string halt. The stewards scratched him. His owner got permission to work him between races and he ran a sparkling race alone, and was, of course, sound afterwards. String halt is not painful but causes a horse to pick up one hind leg faster than the other. This gives him the appearance of being lame. But it does show that the public is not alert at spotting lameness in a horse.—Norman Leaver, Victoria.

● It is high time this form of cruelty was stopped. Greed for gold is responsible for the continued racing of unfit horses ... —Mrs. S. Austen, Medicine Hat, Alta.

● I have been training horses for seventeen years and have yet to witness the cruelty and brutality Dr. Cairns mentions.

I've seen a horse owner allotted two stalls, one for his living quarters and one for the horse. One stall leaked



when it rained. Did the owner take the dry one? No, that went to the horse. I've stayed up many times to care for an ailing horse and it mattered not whether the horse was worth five thousand dollars or five cents ...

No competent trainer would lead a lame horse to the paddock, but some are injured when being saddled, sometimes by kicking the walls or posts in the saddling paddock. The lameness is perhaps not noticed until the rider jogs the horse on the way to the gate. The rider notices the lameness and brings the horse before the stewards. The veterinarian inspects the horse and notifies the stewards of the extent of the horse's injuries. If the injury is superficial the horse is allowed to run. Some of these horses win; some don't; but who can tell whether it was due to the injury that the horse didn't win?

Dr. Cairns states that the public blows its money on "cripples." Believe me, Doc, I've blown plenty on sound ones when the so-called cripples beat them.—J. E. Bryans, Winnipeg.

● ... Dr. Cairns gives the solution to his own problem. If he can document the evidence he presents in his article, why does he not swear out a warrant against the stewards of the Racing Commission, under Section 542 of the Criminal Code (which deals with cruelty to animals)? Any citizen can do this. —James Hodgkinson, Montreal.

● It is about time someone was brave enough to expose cruelty of the racetrack! Also I wish someone would do the same about the CNE and Royal Winter Fair, where one sees so many docked and set tails, even on Shetland ponies.—Florence Powell, Peterborough, Ont.

● George Cairns has my highest admiration for his exposure of this whole rotten business and for his unrewarding fight to stop this horrible cruelty. —Mrs. Maud Emery, Campbell River, B.C.

Social Drinking Isn't New

A toast to Robert Thomas Allen for *I'm Through With Social Drinking* (April 2). The habit he deplors, however, is not of recent vintage. One can read in George Eliot's *Clerical Life*: "... in bucolic society five-and-twenty years ago, the human animal of the male sex was understood to be perpetually athirst, and something to drink was as necessary a condition of thought as Time and Space."—Lucien Paquin, Plamondon, Alta.

● What Robert Thomas Allen has given up is not social drinking but boozing parties. In civilized social drinking the emphasis is on almost everything except the actual drink, which is merely one of the adjuncts, though a necessary one. Drink should be the background, and a subdued background, to music, discussion, any kind of general entertainment. Kept in its right place, sipped and not swilled, drink plays a worthy part in the gatherings of civilized and educated men ... —C. D. Quilliam, Kingston, Ont.

Not the Right Words

In *Backstage at Ottawa* (March 5), Blair Fraser writes that when asked what the negotiations between Ottawa and Quebec, concerning tax matters, meant, I am supposed to have answered: "My father is fed up with Lapalme and would rather deal with Duplessis."

I wish to deny most emphatically having made such a statement and I doubt that Mr. Georges Lapalme ever believed that I might have said such a thing.—Jean-Paul St. Laurent, Quebec City.

Who Likes Canadian TV?

In your article, *They All Throw Rocks At Davey Dunton* (April 2), columnist Jack Scott is quoted as saying "the schedule is top-heavy with American programs ... a choice obviously made in many cases not by

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

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**See for yourself why the smart car to buy
is this advanced 1955 Studebaker!**



**Power and safety assured with
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They're self-centering and self-energizing brakes—designed to special Studebaker specifications with exceptionally large lining areas that minimize wear and lengthen brake life.

Treat yourself to a thrill-filled drive in this advanced Studebaker—motoring's style leader and new performance star.

Terrific is the word for the tremendously stepped-up new Studebaker Passmaster and Bearcat V-8 engines. Amazing is the response of the Studebaker Champion Victory 6.

Yet these big, powerful cars are amazingly thrifty to drive, famous for gas economy. And they're priced right down with the lowest!

Get dramatic two-tone or single-tone exteriors—colorfully distinctive interiors. Get the increased safety of huge visibility.

See your Studebaker dealer now and get an advanced '55 Studebaker... so much better made... worth more when you trade!



You can stow away plenty of luggage!

The spacious Studebaker rear deck is a king-size cargo carrier. Bag after bag easily fits in. Counter-balanced lid opens wide and it stays securely open for you while you are loading or unloading.



**AGAIN IN 1955
STUDEBAKER WINS
MOBILGAS
ECONOMY RUN**

Studebaker President State V-8 4-door sedan



**You streak up steep hills
with ease!**

Absolutely breath-taking is the surging response of Studebaker's sensational new 1955 engines. No grade is too tough. You have pick-up to spare—big passing power for level-road driving, too!



Wide door openings! Gorgeous interiors!

It's delightfully simple and convenient for you and those who ride with you to step into or out of any 1955 Studebaker—including the two-door sedans and sports models. Colorful upholsteries come in distinctive fabric combinations.



You don't roll back at upgrade stops!

You just keep the clutch pedal down to get the benefit of Studebaker's famous automatic hill holder. This unique Studebaker safety feature is standard on conventional transmission Presidents and Commanders—slightly extra cost on Champions.

STUDEBAKER-PACKARD OF CANADA, LIMITED... ONE OF THE 4 MAJOR FULL-LINE PRODUCERS OF CARS AND TRUCKS

**This is Shirley Brent.
She is being hustled off
to the U. S. while
her Canadian husband vainly
asks why. They're both
caught up in the wrangle
over immigration**

.....▶
SEE NEXT PAGE



We bar some people from Canada and won't tell them why. We bar others because of their race. We refuse to listen to appeals. Here are some pros and cons in Ottawa's current controversy



Ex-immigration chief Walter Harris (left) and the present boss J. W. Pickersgill. They started a storm.

What's behind the Immigration wrangle?

BY FRED BODSWORTH

IMMIGRATION has always been a fighting word in Canada. But not in many years has this familiar political issue blazed with such violent allegations and confusing contradictions as have marked the recent immigration debate in parliament, press and radio. The emphasis has been on what immigration is doing or is failing to do in Canada. Perhaps even more important, though little recognized, are the polite but mounting suggestions in the background, from trade and embassy officials and from foreign governments, that Canada's immigration policy may be damaging our national reputation abroad. For immigration must be a two-way affair—there is always another country involved.

Foreign diplomats and trade officials in Canada are here as guests and they're careful not to criticize Canadian policies in public. But from off-the-record talks it is obvious to this writer that some feel Canada could and should be doing more through immigration to help other countries. Some certainly feel we have immigration practices that are discriminatory and dictatorial—practices that may be making enemies for Canada in some parts of the world as fast as we recruit friends and build trade and goodwill. "And when you make bad friends," one European government representative in Ottawa reminded me, "you also often make bad friends for the cause of democracy, which Canada represents."

According to the criticisms, there are two factors in Canada's immigration policy that are giving Canada a black eye in other countries:

1. The relatively small number of immigrants we accept. Countries like the British West Indies and Italy, which have severe population problems, feel that Canada with its vast space and resources has a moral obligation to help reduce poverty and surplus populations by opening the doors to more immigrants. This view is also strongly held by immigration experts of the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration, an advisory body with headquarters at Geneva, Switzerland, established two years ago by Western nations including Canada, to help move surplus Europeans to under-peopled countries.

2. Thousands of would-be immigrants we reject each year are rejected in an arbitrary manner. First, we make them angry by turning them down, then

we make them angrier by refusing to tell them why they are turned down, and also by refusing to grant them the right to argue their cases or defend themselves. Foreign-government representatives point out that would-be immigrants or outsiders who have reached Canada and face deportation are granted none of the safeguards or benefits of our system of justice, although every criminal gets them automatically in any Canadian court as a protection against false conviction. In the eyes of our Government, immigrant applicants and deportees are people without rights, seeking a favor from Canada, and entitled only to an arbitrary "yes" or "no" with no questions to be asked.

How to Tell a Communist

What is the Canadian government's reply to these criticisms?

First, Immigration Minister J. W. Pickersgill points out that our population has jumped twenty-five percent in seven years. He says the Government feels we couldn't absorb immigrants any faster than we are now doing without creating hardship and disruption in Canada.

On the second point the Government has a double-barreled explanation. First, it is argued that to give reasons for rejections would sometimes mean putting our cards on the table and telling a Communist how we found out he is a Communist. This would mean, say immigration officials, that subversive organizations in Europe and elsewhere would quickly discover the secret techniques we have for ferreting them out. Instead, our immigration policy is to leave all rejected applicants in a planned and deliberate state of confusion so that those who are Communists trying to infiltrate into Canada are left wondering: "Do they know, or have they rejected me for some other reason?"

"To force us to give reasons for rejections," an immigration official claimed, "is the same as ordering a bank to reveal how it detects fraud and forgeries."

The Canadian government gives another and more fundamental reason for depriving immigrant applicants and deportees of the safeguards and privileges that go automatically to every Canadian citizen under our British democratic and judicial system. Immigration Minister Pickersgill told me

that all the debate about justice and democratic rights springs from a misconception as to what Canada's immigration policy actually is.

"Immigration isn't a matter of right at all," he said. "Only a Canadian has a right to enter Canada. For everyone else it is a privilege which we have a perfect right to grant or deny as we see fit. When an alien applies for permission to come to Canada, he isn't on trial in a court, he is like someone applying for membership in a club. You can't make these things a matter of rigid law because the country's immigration needs fluctuate, and the policy must be flexible so that it can change with changing needs."

The qualifications of an applicant are not the only consideration. Those qualifications must be considered against Canada's current labor requirements. An applicant might be turned down one year, then because of changing employment conditions admitted the next. The Government argues that if an appeal board, guided by rigid laws instead of the nation's current needs, had the authority to overrule the Immigration Department, it would be impossible to regulate the immigrant flow to absorptive capacity, and all would suffer.

"Our purpose is to get good immigrants, to select those we are sure will adapt to Canadian life," Mr. Pickersgill said. "I don't believe we should go to the cost of entering into complicated consideration of marginal cases when there are so many for whom there is no doubt."

In short, then, for purposes of economy, security, ease of administration and as a safeguard against flooding the labor market at low periods, the Government's aim in immigration is to retain full authority to reject arbitrarily and without question anyone it wishes.

But frequently Canadian courts, when they have had the opportunity, have ruled that the Government's stand against revealing reasons for barring immigrants is legally wrong. A current case involving this point is that of the attractive young U. S. brunette, Mrs. Shirley Brent, shown under police arrest in the picture on page eleven.

Early in April a year ago, waiting police arrested her as she entered her fashionable North Toronto apartment. She was informed she was to be deported to the U. S. but a couple of hours later, on special instructions from the Hon. Walter Harris, then Minister of Immigration in Ottawa, she was released while the deportation order was being drawn up.

Mrs. Brent had come to Toronto from Buffalo in 1952 and was in Canada legally on a visitor's permit. She met and married Barry Brent, a young Toronto man, and a week or two before her arrest she had applied for permission to remain permanently. The Immigration Department decided to deport her instead.

A few days after the arrest her case was heard by an immigration board of enquiry. She said she had married a Canadian and asked why she was being deported. She was told that she failed "to meet requirements of the Immigration Act." She asked: "What does that mean?" A copy of the act was handed her and a paragraph indicated. The paragraph read in part that admission into Canada can be denied any person for reasons of "his unsuitability, having regard to the economic, social, industrial, educational, labor, health or other conditions or requirements existing in Canada or in



DAVIE FULTON MP
"Error and injustice are invited, liberty denied."



E. B. JOLIFFE
"Why can't a man clear his good name of gossip?"



JOHN TAYLOR
"You must give a reason for rejecting immigrants."



JOHN MacDONALD
He'd let immigrants appeal when we turn them down.



JOHN DICKEY
He helped prepare legal attack, later withdrew.

These legal experts called our immigration policies a denial of justice, liberty and democratic freedom

the country from which such person comes to Canada, or to his probable inability to become readily assimilated or to assume the duties and responsibilities of Canadian citizenship within a reasonable time after his admission."

Mrs. Brent read it, stared at it blankly, and asked again: "What does that mean?" According to evidence later given in court, the immigration examiner answered: "You can read English, can't you?" And it was the only explanation Mrs. Brent ever received as to why she was facing deportation.

The case went to the Supreme Court of Ontario, where her lawyer, F. Andrew Brewin, argued: "A mumbo jumbo of words was thrown at her which couldn't mean anything to anyone. No one can tell what on earth the objection to Mrs. Brent is." He called the board of enquiry "a meaningless mockery not complying with the essential elements of justice."

Immigration authorities argued that Mrs. Brent had never been granted permanent admission and, although she had been in Canada a couple of years, she was still in the same position as someone applying at the border for entry. That entry could be denied her, it was argued, without the need of proving anything. But the court disagreed. Mrs. Brent's deportation order was quashed, the court ruling that she had not had a fair deportation hearing because, "neither the basis of it nor the grounds of suspicion have ever been communicated to her in intelligible form." The Government appealed and the appeal case was heard last October.

On April 5 in the Ontario Supreme Court Mr. Justice Aylesworth, with Mr. Justice Roach and Mr. Justice Gibson concurring, handed down a judgment that threw out the appeal and bitterly criticized immigration authorities. Mr. Justice Aylesworth said they should give their reasons for excluding a would-be immigrant. "Otherwise the whole proceedings are reduced to a farce," he added.

Do We Get the Best People?

The rights and wrongs of Ottawa's arbitrary attitude toward deportees and immigrant applicants has prompted the harshest words in the immigration debate. The immigration branch claims it is protecting Canada against an unplanned and injurious influx of foreign workers and perhaps political undesirables. But many lawyers argue that it is using the bogey of national security to cover up and justify a system which has turned back the clock of justice several hundred years.

While this controversy over fundamental policy waxes and wanes, the immigration machinery itself rolls steadily along. Early every year the immigration branch of the Department of Citizenship and Immigration estimates, on the basis of employment conditions, our immigrant needs for the year. Instructions go out to twenty overseas offices as to the skills and classes of immigrant needed.

Whatever those needs, Canada's immigration policy is always highly selective and the gates are never opened wide. We take only what our Immigration Department considers the cream of the crop, a practice which

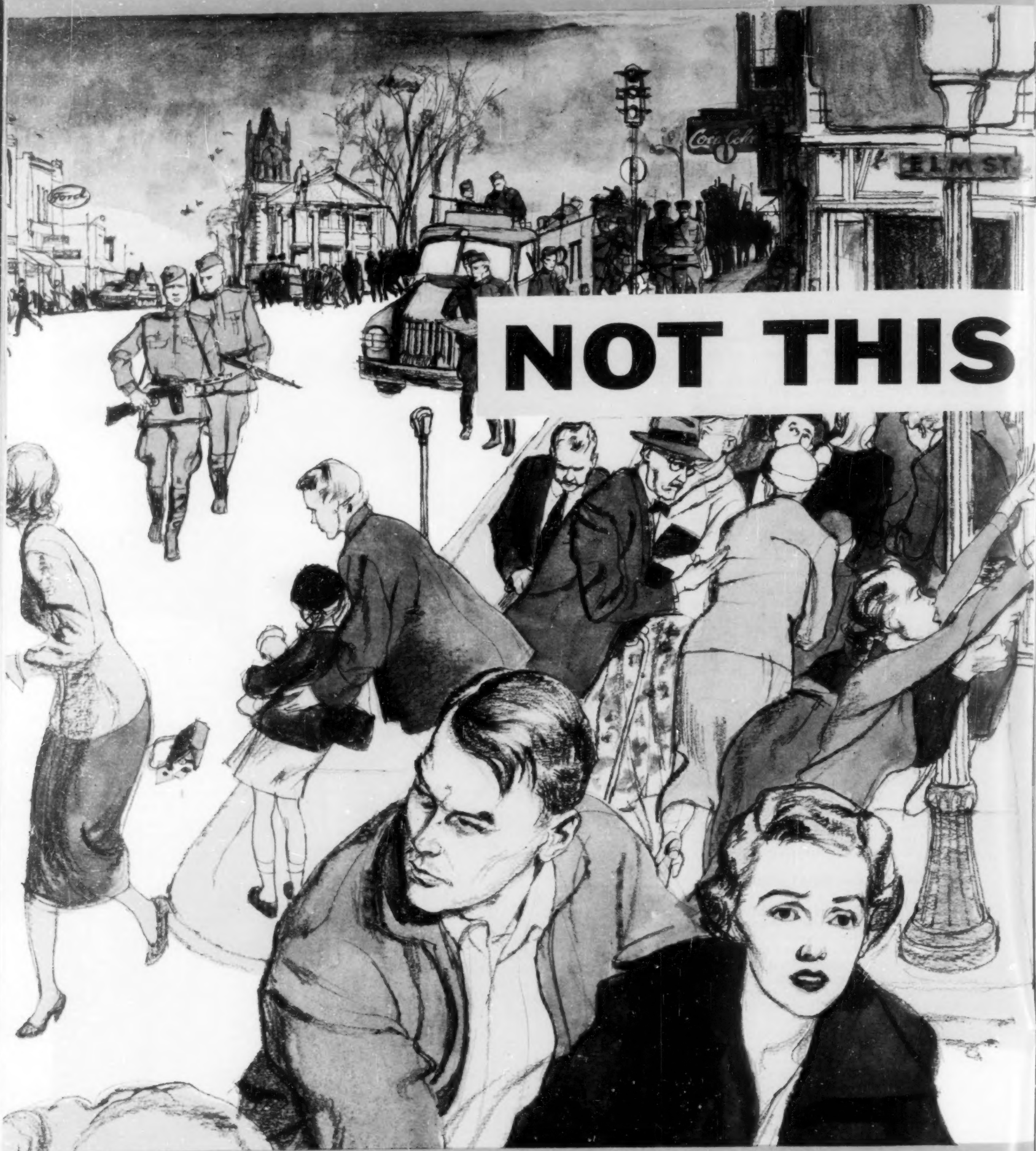
Continued on page 127



The Canadian Who Couldn't Come Home

Born in Canada, Shing Lee of Vancouver went to China with her parents, then was barred from coming home. After a five-year struggle immigration officials admitted her birth certificate was really hers.

BEGINNING A STARTLING NOVEL THAT TELLS WHAT COULD HAPPEN IF THE WORLD GOES TO WAR AGAIN



NOT THIS

"Anyone on this street in three minutes will be shot," the Russian voice boomed. People dived for cover.

It was over. Russia had won World War III.
And the secret that could still save
democracy was in the hands of a madman

PART ONE

AUGUST

By C. M. KORNBLUTH

ILLUSTRATED BY DON ANDERSON

"Not this August, nor this September; you have this year to do what you like. Not next August, nor next September; that is still too soon . . . But the year after that or the year after that they fight."

ERNEST HEMINGWAY, *Notes on the Next War*

APRIL 17th, 1965, the blackest day in the history of North America, started like any other day for Billy Justin. Thirty-seven years old, once a free-lance commercial artist, a pensioned veteran of Korea, he was now a dairy farmer, and had been during the three years of the war. It was that, or be drafted to a road crew—with great luck, a factory bench.

He rose, therefore, at 5.15, shut off his alarm clock and went, bleary-eyed in bathrobe and slippers, to milk his eight cows. He hefted the milk cans to the platform for the pickup truck of the Eastern Milkshed Administration and briefly considered washing out the milking machine and pails as he ought to. He then gave a disgusted look at his barn, his house, his fields—the things that once were supposed to afford him a decent, dignified retirement and had become instead vampires of his leisure—and shambled back to bed.

At the more urbane hour of ten he really got up and had breakfast, including an illegal egg withheld from his quota. Over unspeakably synthetic coffee he consulted the electricity bulletin tacked to his kitchen wall and sourly muttered: "Goody." Today was the day Chiunga County rural residents got four hours of juice—10.30 to 2.30.

The most important item was recharging his car battery. He vaguely understood that it ruined them to just stand when they were run down. Still in bathrobe and slippers he went to his sagging garage, unbolted the corroded battery terminals and clipped on the leads from the trickle charger that hung on the wall. Not that four hours of trickle would do a lot of good, he reflected, but maybe he could scrounge some tractor gas somewhere. Old Man Croley down in the store at Norton was supposed to have an arrangement with the Liquid Fuels Administration tank-truck driver.

Ten-thirty struck while he was still in the garage; he saw the needle on the charger dial kick over hard and heard a buzz. So that was all right.

Quite a few lights were on in the house. The last allotment of juice had come in late afternoon and evening, which made considerably more

Continued on next page



Old man Croley tacked up the notice. The town was under a curfew.



The menacing Russians blocked the road. Justin turned for home.



Captain Kirilov knew his stuff. Not a thing in the barn escaped him.



This was the satellite that could save the world. Now it was Justin's

"After what you've done don't ever speak to me again!" Justin shouted.

NOT THIS AUGUST continued

sense than 10.30 to 2.30. Chiunga County, N.Y., he decided after reflection, was getting the short end as usual.

The radio, ancient and slow to warm up, boomed at him suddenly: "—bring you all in your time of trial and striving, The Hour of Faith. Beloved sisters and brethren, let us pray. Almighty Father—"

Justin said without rancor: "Amen," and turned the dial to the other CONELRAD station. Early in the war that used to be one of the biggest of the nuisances: only two broadcast frequencies allowed instead of the old American free-for-all which would have guided bombers or missiles. With only two frequencies you had, of course, only two programs and frequently both of them stank. It was surprising how easily you forgot the early pique when Current Conservation went through and you rarely heard the programs.

He was pleased to find a newscast on the other channel.

"The Defense Department announced today that the fighting in Alberta continues to rage. Soviet units have penetrated to within three hundred yards of the American defense perimeter. Canadian armored forces are hammering at the flanks of their salient in a determined attack involving hundreds of Acheson tanks and 280-millimeter self-propelled cannon. The morale of our troops continues high and individual acts of heroism are too numerous to describe here.

"Figures released today indicate that the enemy on the home front is being as severely and as justly dealt with as the foreign invader to whom he pledges allegiance. A terse announcement from Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary included this report: 'Civilians executed for treason during the six-month period just ending—784.' From this reporter to the FBI, a hearty 'Well done!'

"The Attorney-General's Office issued a grim and pointed warning today that the Harboring of Deserters Act means precisely what it says and will be enforced to the letter. The government will seek the death penalty against eighty-seven-year-old Mrs. Arthur Schwartz of Chicago who allegedly gave money and food to her grandson, Pte. William O. Temple, as he was passing through Chicago after deserting under fire from the United States Army. Temple, of course, was apprehended in Windsor, Ontario, on March 17 and shot.

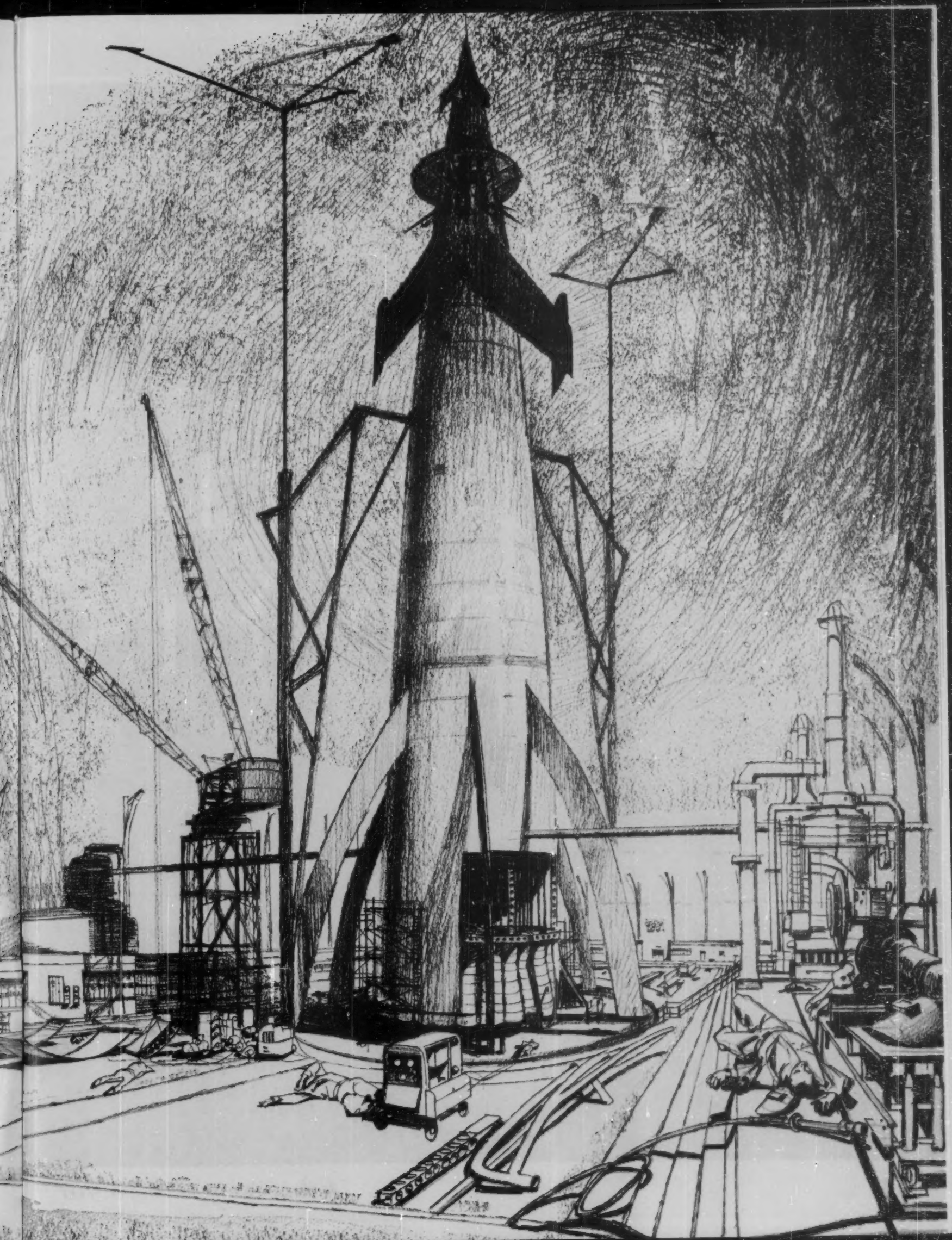
"Good news for candy lovers! The Nonessential Foodstuffs Agency reports that a new substitute chocolate has passed testing and will soon be available to B-card holders at all groceries. It's just two points for a big, big, half-ounce bar! From this reporter to the hard-working boys and girls of the NFA, a hearty—"

Justin, a little nauseated, snapped the set off. It was time to walk up to his mailbox anyway. He hoped to hitch a ride on into Norton with the postwoman. The connecting rod of his well pump had broken and he was getting sick of hoisting up his water with a bucket. Old Man Croley might have a rod or know somebody who'd make him one.

He dressed quickly and sloppily, and didn't even think of shaving. "How are you fixed for blades?" wasn't much of a joke by then. He puffed up the steep quarter mile to his box and leaned on it, scanning the winding black top to the north from which she would come. He understood that a new girl had been carrying the mail for ten days or so, and wondered what had happened to Mrs. Elkins—fat, friendly,

Continued on page 42





Here's a psychologist who says



By DR. D. C. WILLIAMS
as told to Thomas Walsh

Don't let the CHILD EXPERTS Scare you

You want your child to grow up a normal healthy adult? Here's
a common-sense guide that will steer you through the thicket of
theories, rules and systems that are turning out problem parents

AT A DINNER a short time ago, a woman entertained me with tales about the uncivilized behavior of a well-known child psychologist's four boys. She insisted the boys were allowed to carve up the living-room furniture whenever they felt like it.

I have heard the same story applied to dozens of psychologists with scores of children. I'm a psychologist myself—a professor of psychology at the University of Toronto. I happened to know the man my dinner companion was talking about. He hasn't got four boys, merely one daughter—and she's grown up and married with two children. I pointed this out to the woman, along with the fact that the psychologist was one of my best friends.

She wasn't to be put down. She said, "Well, it must have been some other child psychologist."

Actually, this woman wasn't being altogether unreasonable. From the public's point of view, the conviction that the child psychologist raises a family of super brats is logical enough.

In the late Thirties extreme and usually untrained devotees of the permissive school of child psychology announced flatly that a child was in danger of being frustrated and repressed if he was stopped from doing *anything*. The more dedicated consultants of this outlook, as a therapeutic measure for aggressive tendencies, encouraged children to run amok in their offices, breaking anything they felt like breaking.

At one "progressive" school in Pennsylvania, the principal, a gentle-looking follower of the new faith, proudly exhibited the chairs and windows broken by his more active pupils.

The lunatic fringe of behaviorists warned mothers not to show their children that they loved them, not to hug them, cuddle them or pick them up.

"Experts" in child care stated that a child must *never* be punished or reprimanded under any circumstances, lest his individuality be crushed. Incidentally, there are so many experts in this field that a colleague of mine has defined a psychologist as "anyone who says he's an expert."

At various times during the past twenty-five years these child experts have claimed that it was dangerous to tell children there was a Santa Claus, that Alice in Wonderland was a time bomb to a child's emotional life, that thumb-sucking was a sexual manifestation and that mothers who permitted it were criminally careless. One of the most eminent psychologists in the United States saved time by simply announcing that parenthood was a failure.

In short, the child psychologists have often come up with things that have made the average parent wonder if they're quite all there.

But it hasn't been just the lunatic fringe of child psychology that has bewildered the public. The responsible body of child psychology has reversed its position completely on many basic points.

Fifteen years ago, the scientifically approved method of baby care called for scheduled feedings—a prescribed amount at a prescribed time. "Giving in" to the baby between meals was something worthy of a Hottentot. On the advice of some experts, grandmothers were kept away from the child because they were apt to be soft-hearted and mess up the schedule.

Now it is believed that scheduled feedings disregard the feelings of the infant, make him feel unloved. Most child psychologists now recommend demand feeding, by which a baby is fed whenever he's hungry. The new crop of grandmothers are still kept away, but now it's because they might be too strict!

Thirteen years ago, toilet training at the age of three months or less was recommended—what a hope! If the baby howled, he was allowed to howl, in the name of science.

Now the permissive school of child training teaches that deep complexes develop if the child is subjected to rigid toilet training. Parents are taught to leave matters of the toilet alone until the child is old enough to ask to go to the toilet himself. The average mother is bewildered. She is told that love isn't enough. She is told she can harm her child by comparing him with others; she is told she can harm him by praising him and not comparing him with others. She is told that she is entirely and solely responsible for her children's emotional future, that by her ineptitude she can ruin the child's life. If her children don't turn out to be perfectly adjusted, she's to blame—she either hasn't read enough or she has misconstrued what she read. The efforts of a great many people to be modern well-informed "scientific" parents have left them frustrated, confused and guilt-stricken to the point where the term "parental anxiety" has been added to the language of psychology.

And it's time parents stopped being so anxious. It's time they stopped regarding the normal process of raising a family as some sort of giant booby trap, with a disapproving professional child raiser the only one who knows the trigger. It's not doing anybody any good, least of all the children. It's time parents stopped letting themselves be scared by the experts.

In the first place, there are no experts about *your* child. There are gifted men and women who are making tremendously important

contributions to the study of how children grow and develop physically and emotionally. But they are not trying to produce a standard technique on how to raise a perfect child. This is something picked up by the fanatical fringe of the profession. Let's take a look at how the idea started.

Most psychologists agree about the effects of early experience. Childhood relationships to mother, father, brothers and sisters have a definite effect on the child's personality. A girl born into a family where the father wants a son can soon begin to feel rejected, unwanted. Later, when a brother comes along, she may feel intense jealousy, which can reappear in her adult life as a feeling of inferiority



Don't set impossible goals for your child—or yourself, says Dr. Williams, who has two children himself.

concerning her own talents, and inability to get along with others.

A boy reared by a stepmother who discriminates against him in favor of her own children may develop a sense of injustice that will turn into serious anti-social tendencies later on.

Incidents of childhood play their part in adult personality—a classroom incident about a physical disability, a frightening experience in a dark room, habitual unpleasantness about meals, dress, discipline—all these can, and do, turn up regularly in adult problems that confront the psychologist.

The effects of early experience more or less lay the foundation for personality. Freud gets a great deal of the credit for emphasizing the idea. But overzealous experts and many popularizers of psychology in magazines and newspapers, as well as most "progressive" parents, often insist that early experience is the *only* important thing. In a way, according to this point of view, Junior is built a bit like a television set: very complicated. But if you learn how to connect up the right wires, tighten the right screws, twist the right dials, you'll project a perfect adult. The whole thing, according to this point of view, is subject to mechanical laws and rules.

But what laws and rules? Over the years there have been so many that it's impossible to sort them out. These in turn have been repudiated and new ones produced. For twenty-five years the experts have blithely twisted the knobs on everybody's sets and issued blueprints with the assurance of engineers: You must never spank a child. You must avoid separation from the child. You must never make the child feel guilty. You must never lose your temper. You must never fondle the child. You must always praise the child.

Sound basic advice has been misinterpreted by many self-styled parent educators and by the parents themselves. Freud pointed out that if a child doesn't feel loved he's in a

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The Importance of Being Wet

BY NORMAN J. BERRILL

PROFESSOR OF ZOOLOGY, MCGILL UNIVERSITY

Of course you're a drip.
You were born in a water jacket,
your brain needs more water than
a car battery, and, in fact,
you're more than two thirds H_2O .

So make sure you
soak up your daily gallon



It's just as easy to die of thirst adrift as crawling helpless in the desert.

USING water you can't tell from the kind that comes out of your tap, scientists are learning more and more about why you have to drink water to keep alive. They're learning how and why the water passes through your blood, the dozens of different jobs it does, and what happens if you get too much or too little.

What's helping them is "heavy water"—scientists call it deuterium—the substance that's used at Chalk River as a controlling agent in atomic-energy experiments. It's worth its weight in gold, but your body can't tell it from ordinary water. The only real difference anyway is that heavy water contains an isotope of heavy hydrogen—a hydrogen atom with an extra electron.

In these experiments heavy water—either alone or combined with some other chemical—is swallowed, or injected into the blood stream. Then scientists collect liquid from sweat or urine or analyze tissues with a spectroscope to find out what's happened to the deuterium. In this way they can trace the passage of water through the body or determine where it rests in the body.

While everybody knows that water is necessary to life, few people realize the actual extent to which we depend upon it. In fact, you are more than two thirds water by weight, even with your bones thrown in. When somebody calls you a "drip," that's not altogether a joke.

Heavy water was discovered about twenty-five years ago but it has been available in quantity for experiments for a comparatively short time. Now the scientists are able to tell exactly what happens to the water you drink. They couldn't follow ordinary water through the body, for there was no way of tracing its every move. They can spot the heavy water because of its difference in density and its different appearance on a spectroscope.

There are two ways of producing heavy water: it can be distilled off, for heavy water boils at a slightly higher temperature than ordinary water—but thirteen thousand tons of ordinary water have been distilled to produce less than a half ounce of heavy water; or it can be obtained by discharging electricity through ordinary water—under electrolysis the ordinary water disappears faster than heavy water.

Where there's no water, life is either absent, finished or suspended. Only our seemingly dry skin stands between our inner wetness and a liquid formless catastrophe. Brains ooze from a broken skull, for they are nearly ninety percent water and work best at their wettest. Six quarts of blood can leak from you if you should cut an artery. Blood, sweat and tears are all mainly water, and the tissues of your body are not much drier. Even the outer surface of the skin is moist. For the first

nine months of your life, prenatal though it was, you were completely immersed in a water jacket. The wonder is not that we should have a water problem but that we should be able to walk about on dry land at all.

We need water simply to keep cool enough to live, to avoid burning up from the heat our bodies produce. We need water to keep our kidneys working. But above all we need water to renew what is already built into the living substance, whether it be heart muscle, brain tissue or blood cells, for in the body nothing is made once and for all. We live only so long as we can renew what is continually being lost. We grow bald not because our hair falls out, for it has been doing that all along, but because new hair fails to grow in fast enough. And so it is with everything else. All the water in our cells and tissues is actually part of the living material for a time. It is forever leaving the cells and tissues and having to be replaced by new water almost like a slow stream.

No matter how much water there may be in your body at the moment, you cannot retain it. Water leaves your body whether you can replace it or not, and you can remain alive and comfortable only as long as the balance is maintained. If the water leaves faster than it is taken in, you get drier and drier and finally die; and you dry out not only in the desert but

Continued on page 117



When you sweat your body loses more than water. You can taste the salt deposit on your skin.

◀ You're more water than anything else. That's why you don't burn up from the heat of your body.



As long as you live, whether you're napping or chasing the children, you're steadily burning up.



Watson Sellar points out an item in his Auditor General's Report to his "cabinet." They'll haggle over a \$35,000 oil sale or an office boy's expenses.



His reports are sometimes full of dynamite.

Ottawa's Champion Penny-Pincher

BY BLAIR FRASER

PHOTOS BY MALAK

**Watson Sellar never studied bookkeeping
but his staff of watchdogs pries into every corner
of the government's purse. Maybe you've never heard of him but
he's the man who watches how they spend your taxes**

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M A C L



On the job Sellar checks million-dollar accounts but his wife takes care of the household finances.



Sellar relaxes with aide Ian Stevenson. His office is lined with signed photos of government bigwigs.

LIKE A fastidious monk ordering a custom-tailored hair shirt, the Government of Canada has just raised the pay of its greatest and most persistent nuisance. Watson Sellar, Auditor General of Canada, will now get \$20,000 instead of \$15,000 a year for digging into the government's accounts and reporting to parliament—which means to the public—anything he finds that strikes him as irregular in the government's annual spending of roughly \$3 billions.

On paper Sellar can be made to seem a fearsome figure. He and his men can go into any government office and examine any file they ask to see. He can demand the vouchers for any expenditure, check expense accounts of any government servant from minister or general down to office boy. In his annual Auditor General's Report he pillories anyone, however eminent or obscure, whom he suspects of a free-and-easy attitude toward public funds.

Actually Sellar is a middle-sized, middle-aged, anonymous-looking man who could pose for a Gluyas Williams suburbanite. His chief recreations are mowing the lawn in summer and shoveling the walk in winter. Though he has a hundred-odd college-trained accountants working for him Sellar himself has never even studied bookkeeping. He and his wife have a joint bank account and Sellar never knows what's in it until his wife tells him at the end of the month. A former editor and publisher of a country weekly, he looks like what he is—the archetype and representative of the average tax-paying citizen.

Sellar is the only civil servant who does not work for the government. The post was created here in 1878, in Britain in 1866, but it's the modern answer to a problem that dates back at least to 1353. In that year the English parliament imposed a war tax with the express stipulation that King Edward III must spend it fighting the French and not on "wine, women and song." Sellar's job is to try to see that this stipulation is observed. Nominally his employer is parliament, to which he reports directly every year; the minister of finance tables the report but takes no responsibility for it.

Parliament isn't always too enthusiastic about it either. Since the House of Commons is always ruled by a majority devoted to the government of the day, most MPs tend to be morosely unappreciative of Sellar's efforts to embarrass the powers that be for parliament's edification. Only the Opposition applauds wholeheartedly.

Nevertheless Sellar regards himself as a servant and defender of parliament. Historically the dearest right of the House of Commons is its control of the Queen's Treasury. Sellar tries to make sure that every cent voted by parliament for the government's use is spent the way parliament intended—whether parliament cares or not.

Other civil servants, who have detested the auditor general on principle since the job was created in 1878, say he is nothing but a fuss-budget. They say he puts large expensive padlocks on stables after the horses are stolen—or still oftener,

on birdhouses he mistakes for stables. They call him a cheese-paring, penny-pinching, motive-sniffing Nosy Parker who costs Canada more money (\$700,000 a year for his whole department) than he ever saves.

Petawawa Didn't Smell Right

It's true that not once in seventy-seven years of existence has the Auditor General's Department exposed a major scandal. In the 1880s, when the boodling went on in Public Works that finally blew up into the McGreevy scandal, the auditor general of the day was writing long indignant letters about a Mountie out west who'd got three fifty a day as living allowance when the usual figure was three dollars. (He got the extra fifty cents because of "the excessive cost of living in Winnipeg," his commissioner explained.) The customs scandal of the 1920s was exposed by the Opposition and confirmed by parliamentary enquiry. The Bren gun scandal of the 1930s was exposed by a series of articles in this magazine. Both the Petawawa scandal of 1952, which led to the Currie report on the army's accounting system, and the recent scandal involving No. 11 Works Company in British Columbia were exposed by the army's own auditors.

Watson Sellar is neither perturbed nor embarrassed by this unsensational record. It's not his job to catch crooks, he says. He thinks the standard of honesty in the civil service is extremely high; the occasional thief is usually caught by his own department. This, according to Sellar, is why his auditors so seldom run across actual breaches of the Criminal Code—the internal audit in each department beats them to it.



He's over sixty but he won't quit shoveling snow. In summer he gets his exercise by mowing the lawn.

An example was the Petawawa scandal ("horses on the payroll"). Two of Sellar's men went to Petawawa shortly before the story broke and the grafters were arrested.

They came back to report that the accounts seemed to be in order but the place didn't smell right. Stores weren't properly guarded and were in charge of incompetent men. Inventories were sloppy. Also, two men had followed them around the whole time they were there, going to each department after they left and asking what questions they had asked. They thought National Defense should be warned to make a thorough physical inventory to see whether goods were being stolen or misused.

National Defense said thanks very much, but the investigation is already on. The RCMP are working at Petawawa and expect to make some arrests shortly. At this, of course, the auditor general's men dropped out—but Sellar points out that they would have turned up the scandal if the department hadn't done it first.

What Sellar and his men do turn up are cases where departments spend money in ways or for purposes that parliament didn't authorize.

One such, which Sellar regards with a rueful pride, was his own salary increase. Last summer the Government by order-in-council raised the pay of several deputy ministers and senior civil servants, including the auditor general. Sellar, with the air of Brutus condemning his own son, pointed out that the Government had no authority to raise or lower the auditor general's pay. His salary was "authorized by statute"; to change it, parliament would have to amend the law. (Parliament did, making the increase retroactive to last July, so Sellar's vigilance didn't actually cost him any money.)

Quite different was the case of the officer commanding a military establishment at Regina, who lived in a house that had cost \$14,000. Repairs and improvements amounting to \$800 were authorized and duly voted by parliament. In fact the commanding officer spent not \$800 but \$15,000 on improving his house, bringing the total cost of his dwelling to \$29,000 "over and above materials drawn from military stores," as the Auditor General acidly noted.

This officer had been transferred to Korea by the time the Auditor General's Report came out, and was involved with the Department of External Affairs in a wrangle about something else altogether—the transfer of some Canadian troops to U. S. command for guard duty at prisoner-of-war camps. His abrupt retirement from the army may have related solely to the Korean matter, or it may have been pure coincidence. It can be stated as a general rule though, that to evoke a mention in the Auditor General's Report does not contribute to the rapid advancement of any civil servant.

Toward the end of World War II a smaller but similar item turned up

Continued on page 114



Sellar's dog Vic won't wear a collar but carries it in his mouth. The pet was named in honor of VE-Day.



As he sees himself. To sprawl on a rock and quietly go to seed would be heaven.



As he sees her. Vacationing alone, she'd be easily trapped by the resort Romeos.



ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN ASKS

Should husbands and

THE OTHER day outside a restaurant check-room I ran into a talkative woman I know who has a way of putting her hand on my arm, closing her eyes, saying "So nice!" and backing away from me all at the same time.

She must have said something about holidays, because I remember mumbling: "My wife and I might take ours separate this year."

She disappeared around a pillar and a few minutes later I found myself standing behind her and her husband in a line-up for tables. She was still talking.

"They're going on separate holidays," she was saying. "I never could see how she could stand him, but I don't believe in any marriage breaking up."

Well, I do. I believe every marriage should break up regularly, for at least a couple of weeks a year, including this woman's. All the time she was talking her husband, a vague, pear-shaped little guy, stood with his hands in his pockets spreading his pants out like a sail. I think he was trying to catch a breeze some place and I'll bet it was a place where

nobody ever talks. I think his marriage should break up long enough for him to see if he can get there.

For the truth is that few husbands and wives like the same kind of holiday. Most people, before they were married, were delighted to discover that they both liked spaghetti, walking in the fog, books, spaniels and old leather, but they're lucky later on if they still like one another, let alone spaghetti and old leather, and to take holidays together usually means that one is doing something he or she doesn't want to do.

I know one guy whose idea of a holiday is to rent a cottage about ten feet square at an intersection at Wasaga Beach just slightly less crowded than the corner of Bay and Bloor and sit inside drinking beer with as many of his family and friends as he can get to visit him.

They all sit around arguing about baseball and politics, all wearing suits, with vests and sometimes hats, and looking as if they'd just arrived from Minsk. They raise their voices above the thump of

juke boxes, the clank of horseshoes, the clatter of a bowling alley. Horses gallop past the door, ridden by men in blue business suits and youths without shirts on, and the dust throws a sad lemon light over the whole scene, including his wife, whose idea of a vacation is to lie flat on her back on a windy hill.

I know a woman who, every year, drags her husband around visiting the sites of Indian settlements. She stands in the middle of these old sites and says, "Just think, hundreds of years ago people lived here," and drives to another site, while her husband gets so bored he begins to look like one of the Indians dug up again. What he would like to do is to crawl into some little shack on a northern lake and quietly go to seed.

One time in Florida I lived next door to an old gentleman from Brooklyn whose wife always insisted that they spend their holidays on the seashore. For three weeks, while I was there, he sat on the front porch of an ocean-front cottage, at seventy-five dollars a week, with his hat on and his back to the ocean, reading papers from home. He



As she sees herself. To dine à la carte with lots of time and no dishes to wash.



As she sees him. Just give him the chance and he'll grab the first blonde, or redhead.



wives take separate holidays?

hated the ocean. He didn't even want to look at it or to think about it.

"It's too big," he used to explain as he settled down to ignore it for the day.

From a woman's point of view, another reason for separate holidays is that when she takes a holiday with her husband she often doesn't get a holiday at all. Her husband looks around fondly at the pump, wood stove and the holes gnawed by deermice and chortles: "This is what I like! A real change!" but the only change for his wife will be that she'll prepare the same meals as she does at home, except that at the cottage she'll prepare them with equipment from a museum of pioneer implements and crockery.

Not only that, she'll cook for half a dozen extra people who will arrive from the city on week ends, hand her a roast, a ham, a chicken and some vegetables and sink into lawn chairs figuring they've done their share. They provided the food; all she has to do is cook it.

But one of the chief reasons for separate holidays

is to give married people a better appreciation of one another, and of marriage in general. A lot of us, after we get married, begin to dwell on the imagined joys of single life until we're half convinced that it's a state somewhere between owning a harem and flying a jet.

"Taking separate holidays is packed with dynamite," an earnest husband told me. "A man may have so many affairs that he will return to his marriage emotionally exhausted."

This guy doesn't need a holiday, he needs a psychiatrist: he's stepped right through the looking glass. Having so many summer romances that you're exhausted may happen if you look like Stewart Granger, but most people, who are built in the shapes of various roots, won't be bothered by anything but squirrels. The chances of anything really demoralizing happening in two weeks is about as probable as winning a trip around the world for a box top.

In fact, this is one of the reasons for taking separate holidays. For the average married man

or woman, two weeks of the single life is enough to leave him or her content for the other fifty. I've seen it happen.

One man I knew became so obsessed with getting away from his wife for a holiday that the idea practically became a hobby of his.

"I'd just like to do what I want—when I want," he'd say. "I mean, if I wanted to lie down and read, say, something about the early Romans, at four in the afternoon, and I got so interested in it that I didn't want to stop for supper, well, I wouldn't have to stop."

He talked about it so much that he began to fascinate his wife, who had often secretly wondered what it would be like to have something tall and continental chase her around a fountain.

They decided to give separate holidays a try. They both went up to a beach they'd been going to for years, but the husband went to their own cottage while she rented a friend's place on a point opposite across a bay. They both solemnly agreed to pretend the other wasn't there. *Continued on page 121*

How the Seaway is swamping the Fruitlands



ON ONCE VERDANT FRUITLANDS . . .

Trim Niagara orchards produce a third of the fruit grown in Canada. Nearby, shipping flows in a growing stream through the Welland canal.

The factories, motels and bungalows of industrial expansion will soon make Niagara



AND ORCHARDS DUG UP . . .

Near Hamilton and St. Catharines, supermarkets and gas stations are going up in peach and apple orchards. A quarter of the land is now gone.



TO MAKE ROOM FOR HOMESITES . . .

Housing has taken the biggest bite. Some farmers have become real-estate operators and are selling homesites at profits as high as \$300,000.



HISTORIC FARMS ARE BEING SOLD . . .

Throughout the fruit belt roadside signs offer old farms at high prices. Many orchards were first planted by the U.E.L. settlers.

Peninsula blossoms just a memory



AND AN INFLUX OF RESORTS AND INDUSTRIES

Farmer John Prudhomme keeps pace with changes by building a motel. Many fruit growers are going to work in the cities.



The narrow fruit strip was once the bottom of ancient Lake Iroquois.

BY DUNCAN McLEOD

UNKNOWN to most of Canada, one of our richest and most famous possessions is being gradually erased before our eyes. This vanishing treasure is the Niagara fruit belt—fifty thousand unique and scenic acres of peaches, grapes, sweet cherries, plums, pears, melons, strawberries, currants, raspberries and so on down a mouth-watering list. Some of this fruit, by all the ordinary laws of nature, shouldn't thrive at all as far north as Canada—even temperate Canada. That it does thrive is a freak at which fruit experts continually marvel, because there is nothing quite like the fruit belt anywhere else in the country.

One expert, Dr. E. F. Palmer, who is the director of the Ontario government's experimental station at Vineland in the heart of the belt, says emphatically: "It's impossible to duplicate the Niagara region as a fruitgrowing area in Canada. Because of its soil and geographical position it stands alone. If we lose it we'll never get it back."

Since World War II, however, this lushly treed land has been gobbled up by factories and housing subdivisions at the rate of almost two thousand acres a year. Already, about one quarter of the fifty thousand acres has gone into homesites, motels, factories, supermarkets. In another ten years, Palmer and others predict, it will all be gone.

One major reason for the increasing destruction of the fruitlands is the decision by Canada and the United States to go ahead with the St. Lawrence Seaway. This is making the fruit belt—virtually a part of the seaway system since it's cut in two by the Welland canal—more and more attractive to all kinds of industry.

A Hot Resort for the Rich

It juts like a waterfront pier into the main route of Great Lakes shipping. At the extreme eastern end of the pier is the giant electric power plant of Niagara Falls; at the other anchor end is Hamilton's steel. In addition to these basic needs for so many industries, there's nearby water throughout the strip and a climate which, near the end of the last century, made it a resort for the rich. Today it's split by the Welland ship canal, by the Queen Elizabeth highway and by railway lines which deliver raw materials and carry away manufactured products.

All this has brought an unprecedented land boom to the belt. In the past ten years sixty thousand people have moved in from overcrowded Hamilton and St. Catharines to join the forty thousand already there. Real-estate dealers and industrial planners are shepherding investors in droves along the strip to look at potential sites for industry—and to buy them.

We'll Need Another Canal

Recently one real-estate agent in Hamilton, an energetic Irishman named Wilfred McKay, revealed that he had purchased eighty-five acres a few miles from the city for a Toronto-Hamilton business syndicate. The price was \$255,000 and the syndicate intended to use the land for industry. Another parcel of thirteen acres was sold for \$56,000 and a crossroads plot of four acres brought \$42,000. Hamilton, which has exhausted its own space for industry, is trying to annex twenty-six hundred acres in nearby Saltfleet Township in the fruit belt so that it can attract new industries.

All this is happening when the seaway is still from five to eight years from completion. What will happen when it's finished is anybody's guess, and some of the guesses are pretty wild.

Last spring Dr. N. R. Danielian, of Washington, who is the director of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Association—a powerful lobby group for the seaway in Washington—estimated that the volume of freight going through the Welland canal will be tripled after the seaway opens. The solution to this overcrowding, Danielian told the Chicago Board of Trade, would be another canal, paralleling the present one and taking another immense bite out of the fruitlands.

This growing pattern of land conversion has suddenly changed a way of farm life in the fruit belt that had not been disturbed for generations. Some farmers, whose families since 1790 had made a fair-to-good living on fifty or a hundred acres, are now making swift fortunes by selling the land. In the process they're also tearing up the human roots of a hundred and fifty years, although in many cases they have little choice. Faced with sharply rising taxes—the surge of new housing has forced some townships to build new schools and provide other expensive services

Continued on page 109



DURHAM, betrayed at Westminster, left a sorrowing Quebec.

Durham's blueprint for Canadian self-government

helped send him to an early grave.

Elgin braved rocks and cabbages

to see it carried out.

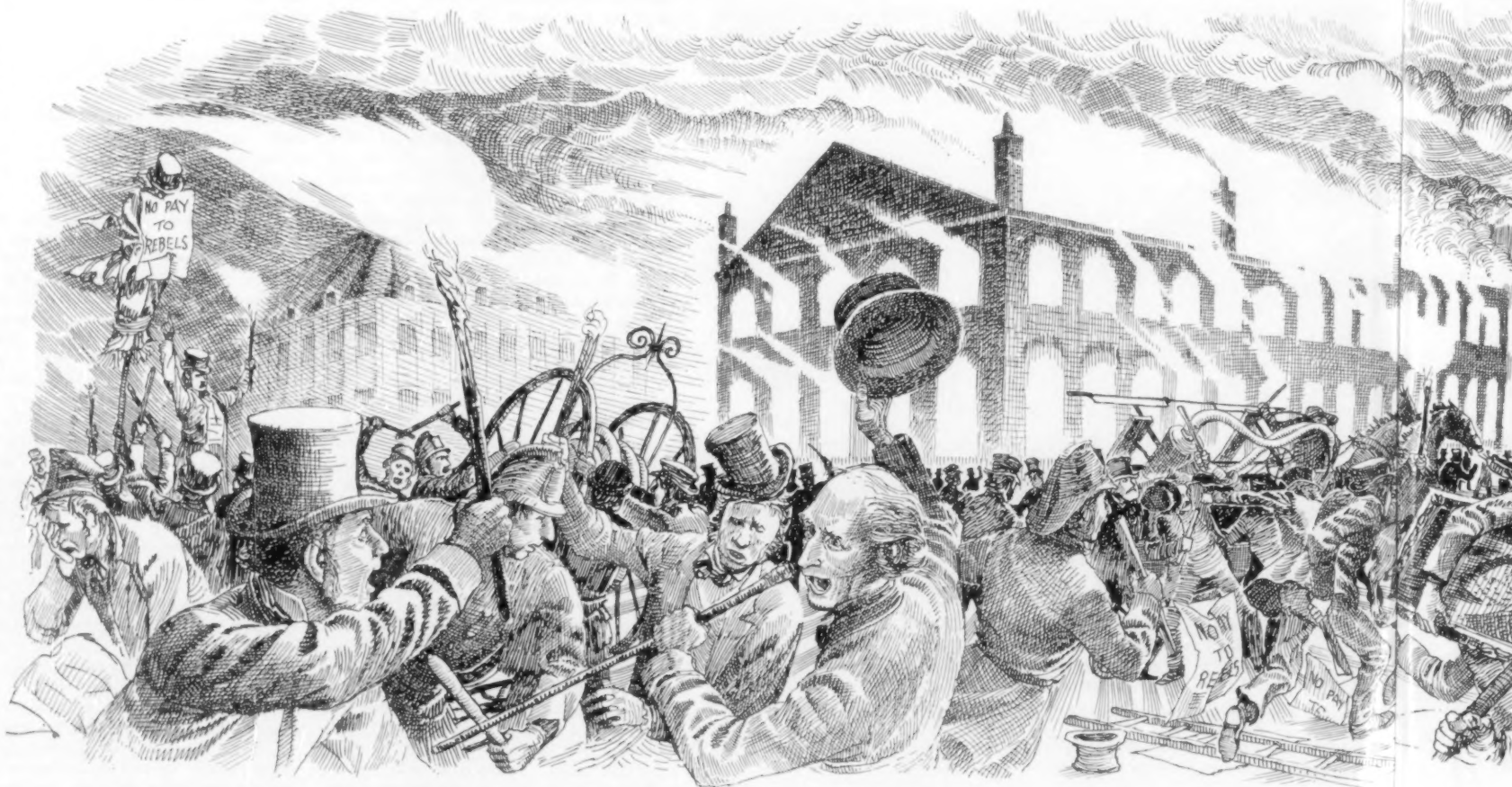
Thus two English aristocrats stopped annexation

by the U.S.

and set a pattern

that would change the whole Empire

The Two Peers Who Launched the Co



In Montreal the crazed mob broke loose. Only Queen Victoria's portrait was saved from the ruin of the Parliament Buildings but Elgin stood firm in the crisis.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE BORDER

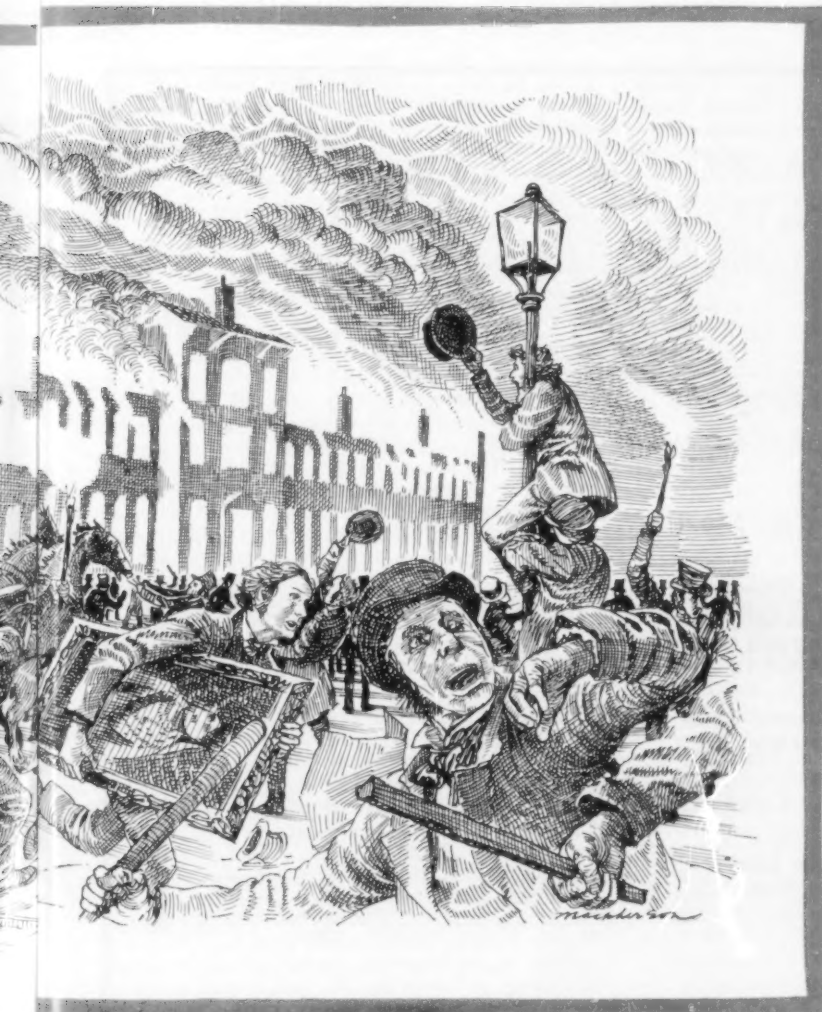
Part Six

BY BRUCE HUTCHISON Illustrated by Duncan Macpherson



ELGIN thought a rotten egg a small price for democracy.

Commonwealth



IN THE footsteps of Champlain, Frontenac, Phips, Montcalm, Wolfe, Montgomery and the others who had worn smooth the cobblestones or battered down the walls of Quebec for more than two centuries, there arrived, on May 28, 1838, an egregious personage who would have perhaps a larger effect on Canada, the United States and the world than any of his predecessors. That date, if any can be fixed in an evolution so long and amorphous, will serve as well as any other for the beginning of the Third British Empire, later called a commonwealth.

When a white charger bore the gaudy gold-braided figure up to the Chateau St. Louis, John George Lambton, Lord Durham, appeared to the eager Canadians as their savior from rebellion, business collapse and anarchy. He had come from London as a dictator to investigate the Mackenzie-Papineau uprising and, if possible, to invent a new system of government for Canada. His assignment and powers were practically unlimited and quite unprecedented.

Much more depended on him than the young Queen Victoria and her government supposed. They knew only that the bewildered Canadians, even the loyal ones, were dissatisfied with their present system and yet clung to the Empire. What did they want? Maybe Durham could make some sense of this outlandish country. In any case, the easy-going British Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, had found Durham a prickly companion in parliament and his voyage at least would keep him out of the way for a while. He was instructed to save Canada from a rebellion that had been suppressed but might recur. Actually he was undertaking to save the Empire, though few men saw that its future was in imminent peril.

Durham's work, failing or succeeding, must forever affect the future of the American republic as well. If he failed, the weak, disjointed and chaotic Canadian colonies would certainly lapse, one by one, or all together, into the United States. If he succeeded, there might be a Canadian nation on the flank of the republic and, later on, other similar nations in Africa, Asia and the South Pacific. If a new kind of empire could be invented—a project hardly considered in Britain so far—it might endure as a permanent friend and ally of the republic.

The shoulders on which this heavy and incalculable burden had been placed were young but powerful. Durham was forty-six. The chiseled face, almost theatrical in its beauty, was crowned with an aura of glistening curls, the eye luminous and hypnotic. A brilliant mind and a febrile energy were marred only by frail health.

This darling of a fickle fortune had come from an ancient county family so distinguished that his father had scorned a title. After college and three years in the army, the son had quickly revealed a certain fashionable Byronic ardor by running off with an heiress for a somewhat scandalous Gretna Green marriage, had fought a duel to settle an election argument, had supported the great Reform Bill with his father-in-law, Earl Grey, and on entering parliament had won the name of "Radical Jack."

His radicalism was entirely abstract and intellectual. At heart he was an arrogant, brittle and moody aristocrat, who traveled across the Atlantic with his own private band, his family plate, his racing trophies and other baggage requiring two days to unload. So delicate were his tastes, so sensitive his nostrils, that he forbade anyone on his ship to smoke and, sniffing tobacco one night, rushed from his cabin in a rage to find Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Paget crouched with a secret cigar in the lee of a lifeboat.

Conditions in America, as Durham judged them, were much worse than he or his government had believed. Of Lower Canada he said in his most memorable phrase: "I expected to find a contest between a government and a people; I found two nations warring in the bosom of a single state."

Canada, Upper and Lower, was prostrate with depression—public works suspended, government unable to pay its bills, the people desperate or apathetic, many farmers emigrating in despair to the United States. The border still smoldered in the fires of the recent rebellion. The Canadian steamer Sir Robert Peel was burned by a black-faced gang of American pirates on the St. Lawrence a few days after the dictator's arrival. South of the border raids were being planned by the Hunters' Lodges, a secret society organized to invade and "liberate" Canada from "British tyranny."

One of Durham's first acts was to offer a reward of a thousand pounds for the conviction in the American courts of any person who had committed a crime against Canada. By this gesture he told the American government plainly

Continued on page 90

The Panic over Halley's Comet

BY BILL STEPHENSON

When the most famous comet in the heavens zoomed near the earth, sulphur rained down on Newfoundland, a mirage appeared over Niagara and scientists who should have known better scared the wits out of people all over the world

**IN FEAR OF COMET
CONFESSES MURDER**

Frightried New Jersey Criminal
Made Clean Breast of His
Deed.

Newark, N.J., May 21.—While under the terror of the comet (a)lgi Cielice confessed to committing a murder to Capt. John Brown of the Newark police. The police investigated his story and found it was true in every particular. Brown, a confidant at the rear of Cielice's shack at Santawen between Neumarkt and South Plainfield, N.J.

**EXCITED OVER COMET
A MONTREAL GIRL
SUDDENLY EXPIRED**

Miss Delphine Gaulin, Who Dreaded
Celestial Visitor's Approach,
Stricken Last Night.

While the old earth was quietly sailing through the comet's tail Miss Delphine Gaulin, of 14 St. Elizabeth street, suddenly succumbed. For some weeks she had complained of heart trouble, but she continued to go about in the ordinary way. Only an hour before her death, which took place at ten last

**COMET WAS TAKEN
SERIOUSLY IN NOVA SCOTIA**

Special to The Montreal Star

Halifax, N.S., May 19.—A large crowd were on the citadel last night until after midnight, watching for the comet. They saw nothing, but they made the night air musical with songs and their singing and loud talk could be heard on the water front. The steamer Halifax as she sailed for Boston threw her searchlight on the crowd but they knew it too well to mistake it for the comet.

A manufacturer in this city could not get some of his help to work yesterday for fear of the comet. A well-known lady is ill because of a dream of what may happen. Some men in the country are reported to have refused to buy goods, or sign any contracts pending the outcome of last night.

**Halley's
Comet
Jewelry
Has
Arrived**

The latest jewelry creation is the "Comet."

The wearing of this jewelry is the most popular talisman of the hour.

The "Comet" and "Saturn" are made in heavy 14k gold, rose metal, and set with white diamonds, rubies, sapphires, or emeralds.

The "Comet" is a masterpiece of modern jewelry design, and is the latest addition to the Ryrie Bros. collection.

Callery Bros., 81 St. James St. W., Toronto.

See the window display at the Ryrie Bros. jewelry store.

Ryrie Bros.
134-136 Yonge St., TORONTO

Some panicked, some profited as the fiery comet closed in

COMET SUPPERS

TO BE HELD TO-MORROW NIGHT
IN PARIS CAFES.

People Will Watch While Earth Passes Through the Tail of Halley's Visitor—Many Still Fear the Clash.

Special Cable Despatch to The Globe: Paris, May 18.—Comet suppers are to be the vogue Wednesday night. All the big cafes and restaurants are making preparations for the occasion and are expecting it to be quite as much of a financial success as the "revolution" which marks the end of the old year and the advent of the

**OLD MOTHER EARTH
IN A COMET'S TAIL**

World's Inhabitants Influenced
in Various Ways.

SOME MADE MERRY.

Some Thronged Churches or
Marched in Procession.

HALLEY'S COMET

DAILY BULLETIN

May 18.—The supreme day for Halley's comet, comet rises and sets close to the sun, and may be lost in its bright radiance. Sun rises 4:30 a.m. over 100 miles. Comet's speed today about 1500 miles per minute. Comet passes the earth, combined speed of the two, 42 miles per second. Last night comet's speed 1500 miles per hour. Comet's distance from earth 100,000 miles. Comet's apparent path downward from north to south of plane of earth's orbit, will henceforth be south instead of north of sun. Comet in conjunction with sun passing this body from west to east in the same longitude as the bear side tomorrow about 10,000 miles. As never recorded in its past, but calculated for the future the comet's head travels



This is Halley's Comet streaking across the North American sky on May 18, 1910. In Montreal, it was noted, there was a rush to borrow money.

AS YOU READ THESE LINES a mass of cosmic dust with a broad diaphanous tail millions of miles long is hurtling towards the earth at about fifty miles a second. There is no immediate reason for excitement or alarm. Halley's Comet, as this particular space speck is called—for the seventeenth-century Englishman, Edmund Halley, who first plotted its path—will not be within even telescopic range of our planet for at least another thirty years.

The last time Halley's Comet lit up our sky was in the early months of 1910. Interest in its approach was dimmed at first by other more down-to-earth events. Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, after a hunting trip in Africa, interrupted a triumphal European tour for an urgent meeting with Kaiser Wilhelm; and already a crazy ditty, When Willie Kisses Teddy at the Bahnhof in Berlin, was lampooning the forthcoming encounter. King Edward VII of England had just wished Captain Robert Falcon Scott Godspeed on his expedition to the South Pole. Chauncey Olcott was making stirring anti-British speeches in the U. S. Senate, jeopardizing the proposed U. S.-Canada reciprocity treaty on which Prime Minister Laurier and Governor-General Earl Grey had just reached tentative agreement.

Madame Melba, Lillian Russell and Enrico Caruso were commanding top fees. Mark Twain was on his death bed, while an astonishingly spry Florence Nightingale was accepting the felicitations of the world on reaching her ninetieth birthday. Harvey Hawley Crippen had lately buried his wife Cora in the cellar, but he was not yet under suspicion of killing her.

To the civilized world of 1910, comets were no more of a mystery than they are today. Granted, few people had ever actually seen one. But then, few had ever seen one of those germs Professor Robert Koch was always talking about, yet no one doubted they existed. To see comets or germs you needed a telescope or a microscope.

Amateur astronomers, of whom there were thou-

sands in every Western country, knew quite a lot about comets. They knew comets are the most numerous class of objects in the solar system; that they move in regular orbits around the sun; and that each consists of an irregularly shaped head and a long, nebulous and glowing tail. The word "comet" is derived from the Greek *coma* (hair) because the ancients likened the glowing tail to a woman's flowing hair.

Comets are often confused with meteors or shooting stars. The difference is that meteors are visible only for a few seconds, while comets can be seen off and on for months.

A Prophecy of Ghastly Death

Of Halley's Comet astronomers knew that it was the largest and brightest of the periodic comets and the only one visible to the naked eye; that it returned to the solar system every seventy-six years or so; and that its return had been observed twenty-seven times since 240 B.C.

Through these rational, early twentieth-century days, Halley's famous comet should have flashed brilliantly, exciting the admiration, gratitude and pride of earthlings privileged to witness its once-in-a-lifetime passage. By no account should it have unduly upset an age already blasé about such marvels as wireless, flying machines and the horseless carriage.

It would probably not have upset them, but for a French astronomer named Flammarion. After studying the heavenly wanderer through telescope and spectroscope from its first appearance on Sept. 11, 1909, Flammarion, almost on the eve of the comet's closest approach to earth, published what he considered a pertinent bit of scientific data.

"The comet's tail," said Flammarion, "is composed of deadly cyanogen and other gases, including hydrogen. If the earth should pass through this tail, either the hydrogen will ignite, blasting earth asunder in a gigantic explosion, or the comet gases will sweep aside our own atmosphere, reacting with

the nitrogen to form the familiar laughing gas, nitrous oxide, and suffocating all animal life in a ghastly parody of death."

This opinion, which could have been scotched at birth by any eminent scientist familiar with the extremely nebulous nature of the comet's tail, was unfortunately given added credence by the pronouncement of a distinguished countryman of Flammarion—astronomy Professor Deslandres, of the University of Dijon.

Said Deslandres, with what he undoubtedly felt was admirable professional caution: "The hypothesis that the gas (in the comet's tail) is liable to affect terrestrial atmosphere would not be at all absurd."

Within days these two statements, seized upon by delighted newsmen and grossly exaggerated, had been flashed by wireless across the world. Everyone who heard the story had only to search his own sky to find verification: a glowing dot brighter than most stars, though not nearly so bright as the moon. Soon its tail was visible, that dread tail that would snuff out all life on earth, if the story proved true. Each night watchers could see the head looming larger. Now they didn't have to search for it. Now the tail glowed brighter. The comet had never come this close to earth before, the story said. What if it should smash right into the earth, and that terrible tail swept into every home and field, suffocating men, women and children without mercy?

The end result of two morsels of pseudoscientific speculation and a rash of sensational journalism was a panic that swept the uncivilized portions of the globe like a plague, and even thudded on North America's shores with a force that could not be scoffed away.

At the peak of the frenzy, in the first three weeks of May 1910, entire communities of Negroes in the Deep South refused to work in field or mill, and gathered in shivering terrified thousands to await the heaven-sent holocaust. Indian tribes in western Canada danced

Continued on page 96



The house had four bathrooms, *and a falcon in the garden,*

two adjoining kitchens, and closets three feet high.

But it was that bizarre garden party that climaxed

Our strange stay

BY EILEEN JOHNSTON BASSING

ILLUSTRATED BY LEN NORRIS





As we peered from the porch in awed fascination Miss Pickering led her last guest tottering to the house.

I USED TO PASS THE HOUSE twice a day, every morning when I drove Jamie to kindergarten and every noon when I brought him home to lunch. As I cruised slowly past it, I drove with my left hand and bent down to see it more clearly. Each time I saw it, I wanted it more.

One Monday morning the drapes were gone from the windows and a large carton of household goods stood on the curb. When I came back at noon, a

as well. There were two kitchens, one adjoining the other, two bedrooms and no dining room. One bathroom, which opened off the living room, had a short high tub with a box in front of it to serve as a step. This, I was to discover, made a perfect tub for the baby, Brian, and became his.

When I found my husband standing in the first kitchen, he was staring thoughtfully at the solid maple floor. I went past him, assuming that he had

"but only two fireplaces."

"All right," I said. "Every chimney in the world doesn't have to have a fireplace, does it?"

"There are no pipes leading into the best bathroom next to the children's room. No water goes in there."

"Well," I said. "We have three other bathrooms."

He blinked. "This water heater isn't hooked up to anything. The one in the other kitchen heats all the water for the house."

I said, "Joe, are you just going to stand there and find fault with the place, or are you going to help me get settled?"

He rubbed his ear. "Why, I'm not finding fault," he said in a surprised way. He started out of the room and paused. "The closet in our bedroom is really only a cupboard. Do you know it's not quite three feet high?"

"Then we'll put the children's clothes in our closet and our clothes in the children's closet," I said. "What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing. It's fine." He smiled. "As long as they don't grow too fast." *Continued on page 102*

at Miss Pickering's

man was already nailing up a FOR RENT sign.

Within four days we moved in. There were many strange things about the house; for example there were four bathrooms, one of which could be entered only from outdoors in the back garden. We thought at first it was for gardeners and workmen. But then we saw it had not only a stall shower but a bathtub

probably gotten into a glassy-eyed reverie about something at the college that had nothing to do with me. When I came through the room a second time, he stopped me.

"This," he said mildly, "is a very curious house."

"Yes," I said.

"There are three chimneys on the roof," he said,

Don't answer that Marital Quiz

BY PARKE CUMMINGS



ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEN ZEALLEY

Sure you can prove that you're an ideal mate . . . until your wife edits your answers

THE OTHER evening, while peaceably relaxing in front of a tale of gore and violence on our television screen, I became gradually aware that something was affecting my good wife Virginia. This was manifested by frequent peals of near-hysterical laughter alternating with gasps, snorts and indignant exclamations of "Oh no!" and "Honestly—of all the nerve!"

I was about to enquire the cause of her agitation when she turned to me and said: "You don't think much of yourself, do you?"

"Huh?" I said. And then it dawned on me what was happening. Virginia was reading a magazine, and I recalled that this particular issue contained a quiz that I had obligingly answered. The title of the quiz was "Are You an Ideal Husband?" and it contained a number of questions opposite which I had penciled in either "Yes" or "No" as my answers.

The quiz at the outset had cautioned me to "answer these questions honestly and conscientiously," an instruction which annoyed me to some extent. I mean I resented the implication that a forthright and self-analytical person like myself would think of doing anything else. However, I took the test, carefully observing its warning. In fact, I would say I leaned over backward.

Well, when I finished the quiz, or test, and scored myself, the results were most gratifying. The answer to "Are You an Ideal Husband?" was unquestionably "Yes." In fact, considering the score I rang up, the answer was "Yes—in spades!"

I couldn't help reflecting that Virginia was a mighty lucky person to have a spouse like me.

It was this quiz, complete with the answers in my handwriting, that she was now perusing, a fact made clear by her next comment. "I note," she said, "that in answer to the query, 'Do you frequently lose your temper?' you supplied the information, 'No.'"

"Naturally," I said. "Because I *don't* lose it."

"How do you account for the fact that you swore and then got out and kicked the front tires of the car when it wouldn't start this morning?"

"It would help," I retorted calmly, "if you read the question accurately. It asked if I *frequently* lost my temper. It did not refer to an isolated instance."

My helpmate nodded reflectively and then enquired: "How about last Saturday evening when you blew your top while we were playing bridge against the Barkers—just because I led out of the wrong hand?"

"—Causing us to go down five tricks for a loss of 1800 points, or \$3.60," I added pleasantly. "Anyhow, I did not 'blow my top,' as you put it. I was merely somewhat displeased."

"Your neck certainly gets awfully red when you're somewhat displeased," commented Virginia, "but we won't pursue that further. However, how about the night before that when you threw the cat out the window?"

"Now that," I said good-humoredly, "is a typical feminine exaggeration. I did not *throw* the da—er, the cat, out the window. It meowed to be let out, waking me up from a sound sleep, and I merely picked it up and gently tossed it out. As you well know, the porch roof is directly under that window in the upper hall. A drop of three feet could not possibly have hurt a finely conditioned sure-footed feline like Tim."

"I heard what you called him," said Virginia, "and it makes it difficult to see how you could have answered 'Yes' to question number five—'Are you kind to dumb animals?'"

"For your information," I retorted, "a cat does not understand human language. I'm sure Tim didn't suffer in the least when I called him a—I'm sure he didn't suffer."

"So you don't intend to change your answer on either of those questions?"

"Well—er—no," I said. "I don't think so."

"Well, it's your conscience," she remarked. "You're the one who has to live with it. But now let's examine question number eight. 'Are you neat and tidy?' I note you awarded yourself a cool seven points for answering it 'Yes.'"

"And truthfully so," I said. "—Why are you laughing?"

"This morning," replied Virginia, "I picked up, off the floor of your room, the following items: three pairs of socks, one of pyjamas, five neckties, a sweater, at least a dozen sections of newspaper, seven or eight magazines, and an imposing assortment of cigarette butts, matches and odd pieces of paper."

"I always put my tennis racket in a press, don't I?" I countered.

"Is that all you have to say?" she demanded.

"I think that is sufficient," I replied with quiet dignity.

"We shall continue then, and take up the next question. 'Are you ever critical of your wife?' To that, I observe, you have penciled in 'No.' I suppose that answer jibes with what you said yesterday about the dessert I whipped up for you—that you'd eaten rubber bands that tasted better?"

"There you go misinterpreting the questions again," I pointed out. "The question asked if I was critical of my *wife*. I didn't criticize you; I criticized the dessert."

"If that reasoning satisfies you," she commented, "let it pass, and let us now take a look at question eleven, 'Do you promptly make all necessary household repairs?' In view of the broken windowpane in Patsy's bedroom, the closet door in the guest room and the condition of the washers on the kitchen taps, how do you justify?"

"Now just a minute!" I cut in. "Criticism is all very well, but I noted that this particular quiz was in two sections. The second one, for wives to take, was called 'Are You an Ideal Wife?' I would suggest that you take it."

"I already did," said Virginia.

"Oh yes? How did you do on it?"

"I did splendidly," she retorted. "Just about perfect."

"Let me see how you answered the questions!" I demanded.

"After doing it," she replied, looking me straight in the eye, "I tore that section out and threw it away. The garbage man took it away this morning."

From this I think two conclusions are indicated: 1. My wife is more ideal than I am; 2. She is also a heck of a lot smarter.

Anyhow, I've never burned down a church. ★



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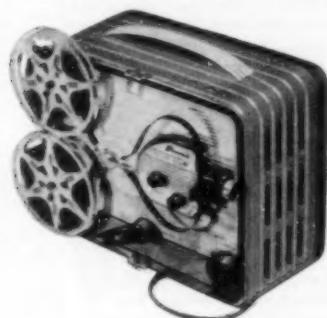
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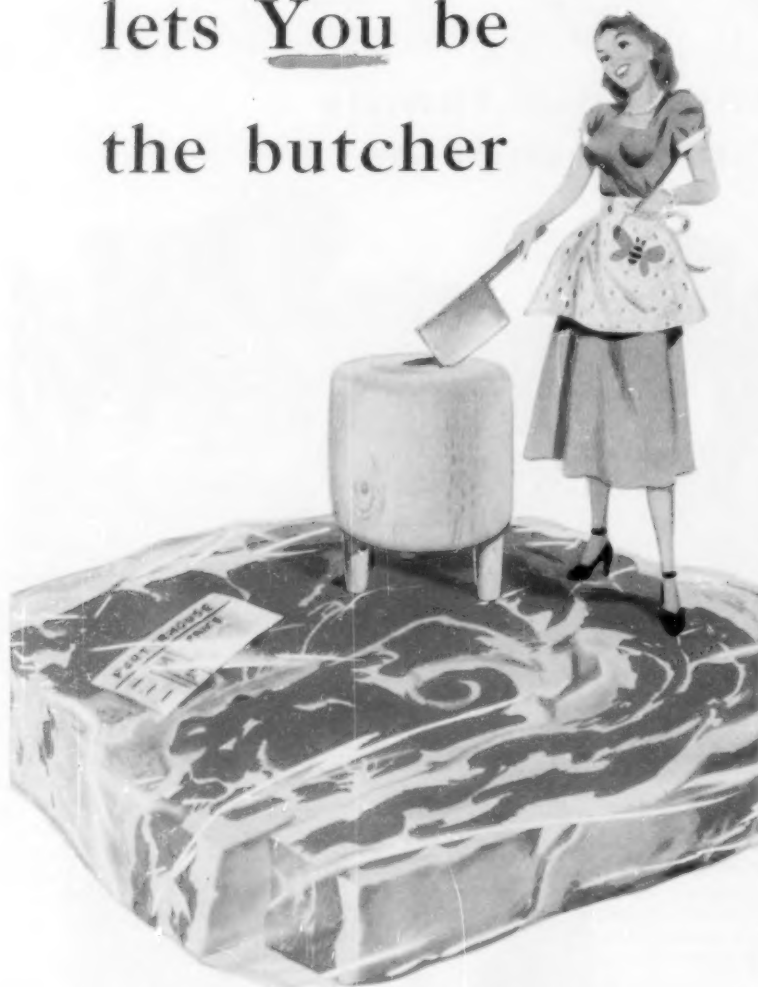
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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEST BET

A MAN CALLED PETER: Not another Biblical epic, although religion is its theme, this is the true story of a devout and rugged Scot named Peter Marshall who became one of America's greatest preachers without ever losing his zest for funny stories, singsongs and murder mysteries. The film is long (two hours) and unashamedly sentimental but it carries immense impact and leaves a warm glow in the heart. Richard Todd and Jean Peters portray the married Marshalls.



BLACKBOARD JUNGLE: Hoodlumism in today's big-city classrooms is examined in a shocking, angry drama which some educators have denounced as grossly exaggerated. It's a gripping movie nonetheless.

THE END OF THE AFFAIR: Worthy in intent, but often dull in execution, is this Graham Greene soul-searcher about a married woman (expertly played by Deborah Kerr) who promises God to give up her lover (inexpertly played by Van Johnson). A priceless vignette by John Mills as an English private eye is the best thing in the picture.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE: A genial little British domestic comedy about newlyweds—hardly original in plot, but nicely handled.

SIMBA: Perhaps over-gruesome in spots, this is a recommendable British drama about the Mau Mau terrorism in East Africa. It tries hard to be fair to both whites and blacks.

TIGHT SPOT: A good suspense yarn, with one or two surprises in its story, about a hard-boiled convict (Ginger Rogers) who may or may not risk her life by testifying against a boss racketeer (Lorne Greene). With Edward G. Robinson, Brian Keith.

TO PARIS WITH LOVE: A Scottish aristocrat (Alec Guinness) takes his handsome son to France. Delightful in spots, and on the whole worth seeing, although the fun slumps off badly toward the finish.

UNTAMED: There's a smasher of a Zulu raid in this widescreen African adventure, but the corn is even higher than an elephant's eye. With Tyrone Power, Susan Hayward.

Gilmour's Guide to the Current Crop

Aida: Opera. Excellent.

The Americano: Adventure. Fair.

Athena: Satiric comedy. Fair.

The Atomic Kid: Comedy. Fair.

Bad Day at Black Rock: Suspense. Good.

Bamboo Prison: Spy drama. Poor.

Battle Cry: War and sex. Fair.

The Beachcomber: Comedy. Fair.

Black Widow: Whodunit. Good.

The Bounty Hunter: Western. Good.

The Bridges at Toko-Ri: War. Excellent.

Brigadoon: Fantasy-musical. Fair.

Broken Lance: Western. Excellent.

Carmen Jones: Negro opera. Excellent.

Chance Meeting: Drama. Good.

Conquest of Space: Science fiction. Fair.

The Country Girl: Drama. Excellent.

Court Martial: Drama. Excellent.

Deep in My Heart: Musical. Fair.

Désirée: Historical drama. Fair.

The Divided Heart: Drama. Excellent.

Down Three Dark Streets: Crime. Good.

Drum Beat: Western. Fair.

The Glass Slipper: Romance. Good.

Green Fire: Adventure. Fair.

Hit the Deck: Musical. Fair.

Jupiter's Darling: Musical. Fair.

The Kidnappers: Drama. Excellent.

Lease of Life: Drama. Good.

A Life in the Balance: Suspense. Fair.

Little Fugitive: Comedy. Excellent.

The Long Gray Line: West Point comedy-drama. Good.

Long John Silver: Pirate comedy-drama. Fair for kids.

The Loves of Verdi: Opera biog. Fair.

Mad About Men: Mermaid farce. Fair.

Man Without a Star: Western. Good.

Many Rivers to Cross: Comedy. Fair.

Mr. Hulot's Holiday: Comedy. Good.

New York Confidential: Crime. Good.

On the Waterfront: Drama. Excellent.

The Other Woman: Sexy drama. Fair.

Phffft!: Boudoir comedy. Good.

Prince of Players: Drama. Good.

The Racers: Speed-track drama. Fair.

Romeo and Juliet: Drama. Excellent.

7 Brides for 7 Brothers: Widescreen musical. Excellent.

Shield for Murder: Crime. Fair.

The Silver Chalice: Semi-Biblical drama. Fair.

Six Bridges to Cross: Crime. Good.

A Star Is Born: Musical. Excellent.

Theodora, Slave Empress: Drama. Fair.

Three for the Show: Comedy. Fair.

Timberjack: Logging drama. Poor.

Tonight's the Night: Comedy. Good.

Track of the Cat: Drama. Fair.

Ugetsu: Japanese drama. Good.

Underwater!: Adventure. Fair.

The Violent Men: Western. Fair.

White Feather: Western. Good.

Women's Prison: Drama. Fair.



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London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

individual, freedom of trade, freedom of employment. It approves of the welfare state but detests the nationalization of basic industries.

Therefore, the Liberal vote tends to drift to the Tories for the simple reason that Liberals believe that there is a larger measure of freedom under capitalism than under socialism.

And here the personality of Anthony Eden will play an important part. Churchill was a Liberal who crossed to the enemy and joined the Tories. Eden has always been a Tory but the Liberals say that at heart he is one of them.

Yet the strength of Eden's personal appeal is undoubtedly weakened by the fact that he secured a divorce from his first wife and married a second time. The Catholics are dead against any man or woman having a second chance if a marriage goes wrong. To them there is no release, this side of heaven or hell, from the solemn covenant of marriage.

Will Nye Scare the Old Ladies?

Personally, I do not believe that the fact of the divorce will play a vital part in the polling. We live in a period of moral tolerance even if some people would prefer to call it moral flabbiness, and it cannot be right that a man should have to live alone unmarried because his wife has left him. I know and respect the attitude of the Catholic Church towards this question, but I cannot support it either with my mind or my conscience.

A much more worldly problem is Aneurin Bevan who, incidentally, is married to a very lively Bevanite MP named Jennie Lee. Is Aneurin going to frighten the nice old ladies of the Left into voting Tory? That is indeed the question. One thing is certain. Bevan will draw excited mass meetings right across the country when the election begins, and can't you see this plump Danton of the barricades

addressing a dense crowd after this fashion?—

"Comrades, you see before you a sinner. Yes, I have sinned and my only hope is to go down on my knees and ask Saint Clement Attlee to forgive me. And what was my sin? I spoke for the people! I spoke for the old with their memories, and the young with their dreams. Comrades—Answer me. Did I not speak for you?"

Yes! Hurrah! Hip hip hurrah! That's the stuff, Nye!

Mr. Bevan bows to the crowd and commands silence with his hands. A hush spreads over the vast assembly. Up comes his chin:

"Shall I tell you something? I like Clem Attlee. He doesn't like me but I like him. He is the best doodler in parliament."

Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha! That's the stuff to give them. Then suddenly Mr. Bevan's whole attitude will change. Angriely, passionately he will shout:

"They say that I am a rebel. They say that I am not loyal. They say that I am for myself alone. That other Welshman, David Lloyd George, was a rebel wasn't he? He knew that Asquith was going to lose the 1914 war so he rebelled. Yes—Lloyd George dared to put the nation before party. He killed the Liberal Party but he saved the nation. Are we grateful to his memory? Not a bit. He is the forgotten man."

"Churchill was a rebel and the Tories kept him out of office until they saw that Chamberlain was going to lose the Second World War. Then they put Churchill in charge and he saved the world. When peace came they said it was time for Churchill to go. But Winston is a tough fellow. I think he must have Welsh blood in him."

"What was my crime? I disobeyed the Whip. I dared in the debating chamber of the House of Commons to say that Clem Attlee was wrong in his defense policy. Instead of intriguing behind the scenes I came into the open. That was a mistake! That was a crime! I should have used the assassin's knife in the dark. Then all would have been well."

"Well, I have learned my lesson. The

JASPER

By Simpkins



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next time I disagree with Clem Attlee do you know what I shall do? I shall do exactly what I did before. Leave the cloak-and-dagger stuff to the others. I have nothing to hide. And what's more I have nothing to serve but my conscience."

When the cheering subsides Mr. Bevan will calm down. Quietly and with considerable dignity he will review the years of Conservative rule and will use the expanding of the nation's economy as an example of the rich enriching the rich. Then he will lead his audience back to the subject of personalities.

"Politics depends upon personalities," he will say. "And do you think there is no clash of personalities in the Tory party? If you believe that you will believe anything. The only difference between the Tories and us is that they fight behind the scenes and we fight in the open."

"Churchill had to have his way," Bevan will shout, "and the nation takes what is given to it. Churchill handed his resignation to the Queen and advised her to send for Eden. That's all there was to it. Eden went to the Palace and came away Prime Minister. That's what they call Tory democracy."

Work Without Headlines

While Bevan is booming his way through the constituencies during the election Eden will be holding mass meetings all over the country. He will draw great crowds and his popularity will mount. Even if he is no longer the young exquisite who was called "the First Film Star Foreign Secretary," he has warmth, humor and pugnacity. What he lacks is the power to command the immortal phrase.

When the Tories came back to power in 1951 his close friends urged him not to return to the Foreign Office. It did not take any great sagacity to realize that there were no glittering prizes to be won in the realm of world affairs. The best that any foreign minister could hope to achieve would be a lessening of the tension and a closer understanding among the nations of the West. It meant hard grueling work with little to excite the ordinary people, or to attract the headlines.

"Go to the Ministry of Labor," said his friends. "That is where the prizes are to be won. What is more you will be in full view of the House of Commons and the Tory MPs will feel that you are sharing the heat and burden

of the day, and nights, with them."

But Eden felt in his heart that he was dedicated to the cause of world peace. As a matter of interest, Sir Walter Monckton, a political newcomer, became Minister of Labor and achieved not only a great measure of success but became immensely popular with both parties.

Then, of course, there was the cool-headed Rab Butler, the most coherent chancellor of modern times, proving himself not only a master of finance but of parliamentary debate.

Nor does the shadowed picture end there. Eden had to compete with the all-powerful Sir Winston Churchill who was not content with being prime minister but made himself a sort of super foreign minister on his own account.

Eden is tough in a fight but he is also sensitive. He knows that his speeches will be disparagingly compared to those of Churchill. He realizes that no matter how loyal Butler is to him—and Butler is a man of honor—there is a very strong following for the Chancellor.

Despite all these shadows falling athwart the political throne Eden can win out if he trusts himself and his star. When we see that he is speaking from a prepared manuscript our hearts sink. When he intervenes without preparation he can be extremely effective. In conversation he is lively, immensely knowledgeable, and can use the rapier with neat effect. What he has to guard against is too much preparation.

Thus the two great political parties move towards the general election with internal dissension in both camps. The Attlee-Bevan feud is there for all to see. The conflict between the Butlerites and the Edenites is more subtle. It does not involve the two principals personally, nor is it advertised to the listening air.

My prophecy is that Eden, as prime minister, will lead the Conservative Party to victory at the general election. My further prophecy is that he will give great authority to Butler and to Macmillan and that the government will do well.

My last prophecy is that Bevan will fasten upon Eden as his No. 1 target and that Eden will give him a tough time in return.

But when the debate is over and we gather in the smoke room, talking about nothing and everything, we shall look at the chair where Churchill used to sit and we shall feel as if the sun has gone down beyond the hills. ★





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Not This August

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

unkempt Mrs. Elkins who couldn't add and whose mailbox notes in connection with postage due and stamps and money orders purchased were marvels of illegibility and confusion. He hadn't seen the new girl yet, nor had there been any occasion for notes between them.

DEEP in the cloudless blue sky to the north there was a sudden streak of white scribbled across heaven—condensation trail of a stratosphere guided missile. The wild jogs and jolts meant it was set for evasive action. Not very interested, he decided that it must be a Soviet job trying just once more for the optical and instrument shops of Corning, or possibly the fair-sized air-force base at Elmira. Launched, no doubt, from a Russian or Chinese carrier somewhere in the Atlantic. But as he watched Continental Air Defense came through again. It almost always did. Half a dozen thinner streaks of white soared vertically from nowhere, bracketed the bogey, and then there was a golden glint of light up there that meant "mission accomplished." Those CAD girls were good, he appreciatively thought. Too bad about Hamilton and Pittsburgh, but they were green then.

He sighed with boredom and shaded his eyes to look down the black top again. What he saw made him blink incredulously. A kiddycar going faster than a kiddycar should—or a magnified roller skate—but with two flailing pistons—

The preposterous vehicle closed up to him and creaked to a stop, and was suddenly no longer preposterous. It was a neatly made three-wheel wagon steered by a tiller bar on the front wheel. The power was supplied by a man in khaki who alternately pushed two levers connected to a crankshaft which was also the rear axle of the cart. The man had no legs below his thighs.

He said cheerfully to Justin: "Need a farm hand, mister?"

Justin, manners completely forgotten, could only stare.

The man said: "I get around in this thing all right and it gives me shoulders like a bull. Be surprised what I can do. String fence, run a tractor if you're lucky, ride a horse if you ain't, milk, cut wood, housework—and besides, who else can you get, mister?"

He took out a hunk of dense, home-made bread and began to chew on it.

Justin said slowly: "I know what you mean, and I'd be very happy to hire you if I could, but I can't. I'm just snake-hipping through the Farm-or-Fight Law with eight cows. I haven't got pasture for more and I can't buy grain, of course. There just isn't for another pair of hands or food for another mouth."

"I see," the man said agreeably. "There anybody around here who might take me on?"

"Try the Shiptons," Justin said. "Down this road, third house on the left. It used to be white with green shutters. About two miles. They're always moaning about they need help and can't get it."

"Thanks a lot, mister. I'll call their bluff. Would you mind giving me a push off? This thing starts hard for all it runs good once it's going."

"Wait a minute," Justin said almost angrily. "Do you have to do this? I mean, I tremendously admire your spirit, but damn it, the country's supposed to see that you fellows don't have to break your backs on a farm!"

"Spirit, hell," the man grinned. "No

offense, but you farmers just don't know."

"Isn't your pension adequate? My God, it should be. For that."

"It's adequate," the man said. "Three hundred a month—more'n I ever made in my life. But I got good and sick of the trouble collecting it. Skipped months, get somebody else's cheque, get the cheque but they forgot to sign it. And when you get the right cheque with the right amount and signed right, you got four-five days wait at the bank standing in line. I figured it out and wrote 'em they could cut me to a hundred so long as they paid it in silver dollars. Got back a letter saying my bid for twenty-five gross of chrome-steel forgings was satisfactory and a contract letter would be forthcoming. I just figured things are pretty bad, they might get worse, and I want to be on a farm when they do, if they do. No offense, as I say, but you people don't know how good you have it. No cholera up here for instance, is there?"

"Cholera? Good God, no!"

"There—you see? Mind pushing me off now, mister? It's hot just sitting here."

Justin pushed him off. He went twinkling down the road, left-hand-right-hand-left-hand-right—

Cholera?

He hadn't even asked the man where. New York? Boston? But he got the Sunday Times every week—

THE POSTWOMAN drove up in a battered '54 Buick. She was young and pretty, and she was obviously scared stiff to find a strange unshaven man waiting for her at a stop.

"I'm Billy Justin," he hastily explained through the window lowered a crack. "One of your best customers, even if I did forget to shave. Anything for me today?"

She poked his copy of the Times through the crack, smiled nervously and shifted preparatory to starting.

"Please," he said, "I was wondering if you'd do me a considerable favor. Drive me in to Norton?"

"I was told not to," she said. "Deserters, shirkers—you never know."

"Ma'am," he said, "I'm an honest dairyman, redeemed by the Farm-or-Fight Law from a life of lucrative shame as a commercial artist. All I have to offer is gratitude and my sincere assurance that I wouldn't bother you if I could possibly make it there and back on foot in time for the milking."

"Commercial artist?" she asked. "Well, I suppose it's all right." She smiled and opened the door.

It was four miles to Norton, with a stop at every farmhouse. It took an hour. He found out that her name was Betsy Cardew. She was twenty. She had been studying physics at Cornell, which exempted her from service except for RWOTC courses.

"Why not admit it?" she shrugged. "I flunked out. It was nonsense my tackling physics in the first place, but my father insisted. Well, he found out he couldn't buy brains for me, so here I am."

She seemed to regard "here"—in the driver's seat of a rural free-delivery car, one of the cushiest jobs going—as a degrading, uncomfortable place.

He snapped his fingers. "Cardew," he said. "T. C.?"

"That's my pop."

And that explained why Betsy wasn't in the WAC or the CAD or a labor battalion sewing shirts for soldiers. T. C. Cardew lived in a colonial mansion on a hill, and he was a National Committeeman. He shopped in Scranton or New York but he owned the ground on which almost every store in

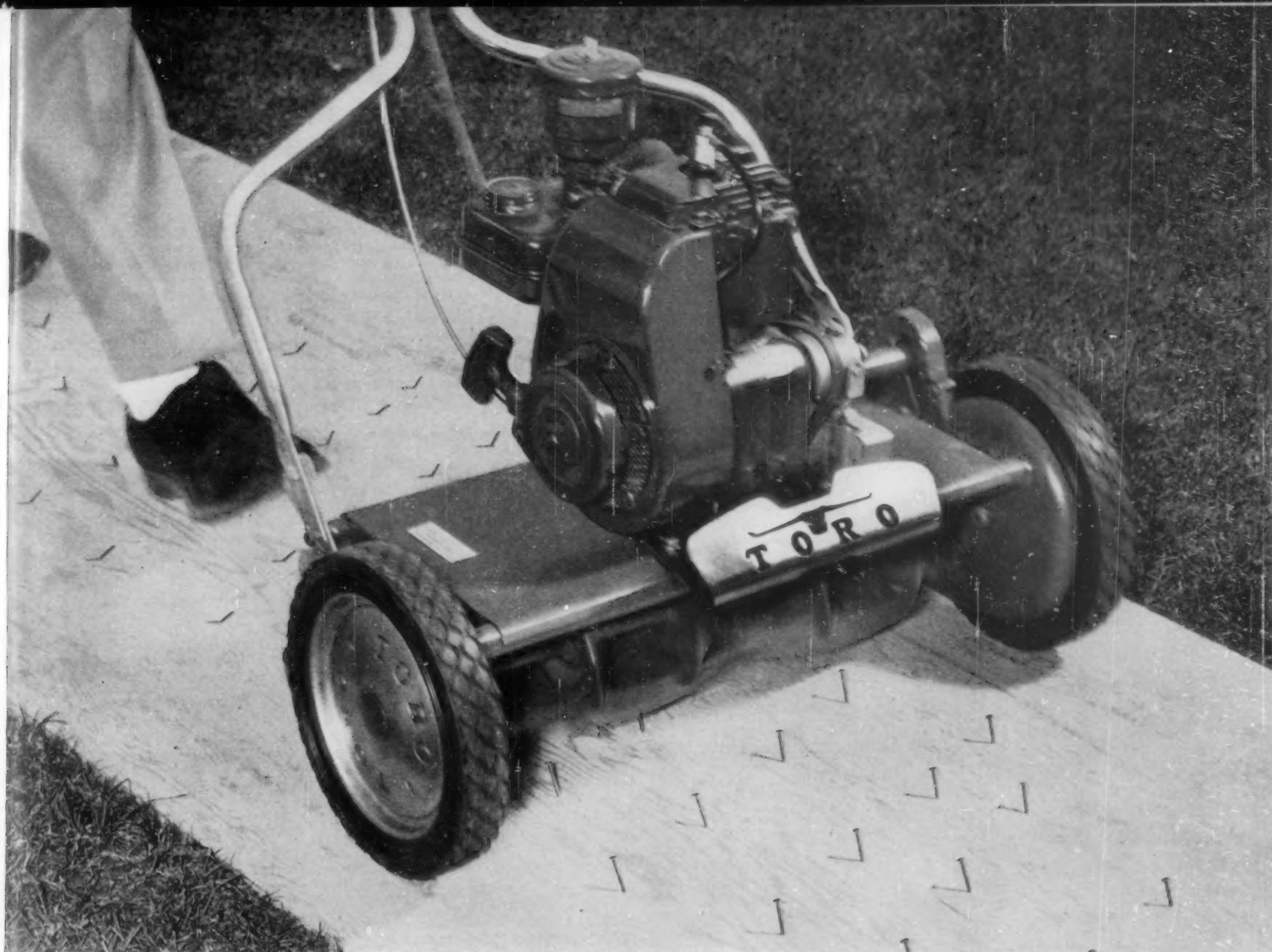


Photo of actual test at Toro Research and Development Center

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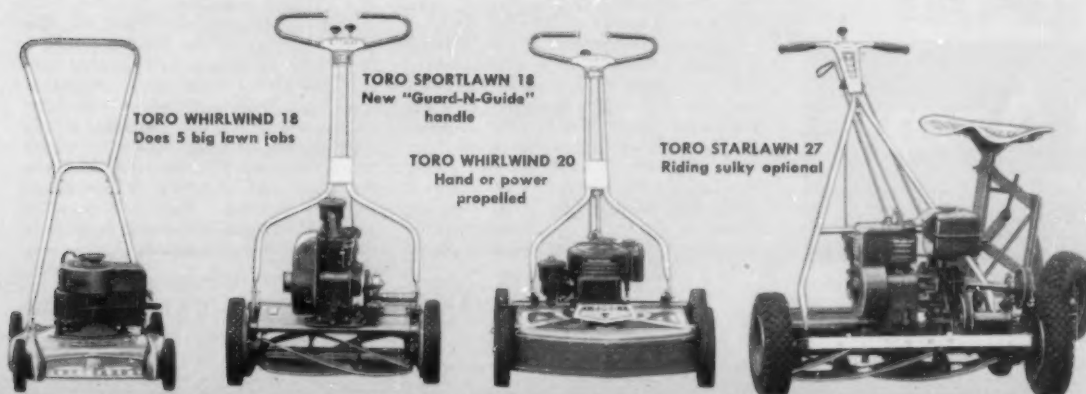
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THE Salvation Army
RED SHIELD APPEAL

"We are defeated," the President said.
"What's this?" Justin shouted. "A gag?"

Chiunga County stood.

"Betsy," he said tentatively, "we haven't known each other very long, but I have come to regard you with reverent affection. I feel toward you as a brother. Don't you think it would be nice if Mr. T. C. Cardew adopted me to make it legal?"

She laughed sharply. "It's nice to hear a joke again," she said. "But frankly you wouldn't like it. To be blunt, Mr. T. C. Cardew is a skunk. I had a nice mother once, but he divorced her."

He was considerably embarrassed. After a pause he asked: "You been in any of the big cities lately? New York? Boston?"

"Boston last month. My plane from Ithaca got forced into the northbound traffic pattern and the pilot didn't dare turn. We would've gone down on the CAD screen as a bogey, and wham! The ladies don't ask questions first any more. Not since Hamilton and Pittsburgh."

"How was Boston?"

"I just saw the airport. The usual thing—beggars, wounded, garbage in the streets. No flies—too early in the year."

"I have a feeling that we in the country don't know what's going on outside our own little milk routes. I also have a feeling that the folks in Boston don't know about the folks in New York and vice versa."

"Mr. Justin, your feeling is well-grounded," she said emphatically. "The big cities are hellholes because conditions have become absolutely unbearable and still people have to bear them. Did you know New York's under martial law?"

"No!"

"Yes. The 104th Division and the 33rd Armored Division are in town. They're needed in Edmonton, but they were yanked south to keep New York from going through with a secession election."

He almost said something stupid ("I didn't read about it in the Times") but caught himself. She went on: "Of course; I shouldn't be telling you the state secrets, but I've noticed at home that a state secret is something known to everybody who makes more than fifty thousand a year and to nobody who makes less. Don't you feel rich now, Mr. Justin?"

"Filthy rich. Don't worry, by the way. I won't pass anything on to anybody."

"Bless you, I know that! Your mail's read, your phone's monitored and your neighbors are probably itching to collect a bounty on you for turning you in as a D-or-S." A D-or-S was a "disaffected or seditious person"—not quite a criminal and certainly not a full-fledged citizen. He usually found himself making camouflage nets behind barbed wire in Nevada, never fully realizing what had hit him.

"You're a little rough on my neighbors. Nobody gets turned in around here for shooting off his mouth. It's still a small corner of America."

Insanely dangerous to be talking like that. Sometimes he hiked over to the truck farm of his friends the Bradens, also city exiles, and they had sessions into the small hours that cleared their minds of gripes intolerably accumulated like pus in a boil. Amy Braden's powerful home-brew helped...

Rumble-rumble, they rolled over the Lehigh's tracks at the Norton grade crossing; Croley's store was dead ahead

at the end of the short main street. Norton, New York, had a population of about sixty old people and no young ones. Since a few brief years of glory a century and a half ago as a major riverboat town on the Susquehanna it had been running down. But somehow Croley made a store there pay.

She parked neatly and handed him a big sheaf of mail. "Give these to the Great Stone Face," she said. "I don't like to look at him."

"Thanks for the ride," he said. "And the talk."

She flashed a smile. "We must do it more often," and drove away.

Immediately, thinking of his return trip, he canvassed the cars and wagons lined up before Croley's. When he recognized Gus Feinblatt's stake wagon drawn by Tony and Phony, the two big geldings, he knew he had it made. Gus was that fantastic rarity, a Jewish farmer, and he lived up the road from Justin.

The store was crowded, down to the tip of its ell. Everybody in Norton was there, standing packed in utter silence. Croley's grim face swiveled toward him as he entered; then the storekeeper nodded at a freezer compartment where he could sit.

Justin wanted to yell: "What is this, a gag?"

Then the radio, high on a shelf, spoke. As it spoke Justin realized that it had been saying the same thing for possibly half an hour, over and over again but that people stayed and listened to it over and over again, numbly waiting for somebody to cry: "Hoax" or "Get away from that mike, you dirty Red" or anything but what it would say.

The radio said: "Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States." Then the inimitable voice, but weary, deathly weary. "My fellow Americans. Our armed forces have met with terrible defeat on land and at sea. I have just been advised by General Fraley that he has unconditionally surrendered the Army of the Northwest to Generals Novikov and Feng. General Fraley said the only choice before him was surrender or the annihilation of his troops to the last man by overwhelmingly superior forces. History must judge the wisdom of his choice; here and now I can only say that his capitulation removes the last barrier to the southward advance of the armies of the Soviet Union and the Chinese People's Republic.

"My fellow citizens, I must now tell you that for three months the United States has not possessed a fleet in being. It was destroyed in a great air-sea battle off the Azores, a battle whose results it was thought wisest to conceal temporarily.

"We are disarmed. We are defeated.

"I have by now formally communicated the capitulation of the United States of America to the USSR and the Chinese to our embassy in Switzerland where it will be handed to the Russian and Chinese embassies.

"As Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces of the United States I now order all officers and enlisted men and women to cease fire. Maintain discipline, hold your ranks, but offer no opposition to the advance of the invading armies, for resistance would be a futile waste of lives—and an offense for which the invading armies might retaliate tenfold. You will soon be returned to your homes and families in an orderly demobilization. Until then,

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maintain discipline. You were a great fighting force, but you were outnumbered.

"To the civilians of the United States I also say maintain discipline. Your task is the harder, for it must be self-discipline. Keep order. Obey the laws of the land. Respect authority. Make no foolish demonstrations. Comport yourselves so that our conquerors will respect us.

"Beyond that, I have no advice to give. The terms of surrender will reach me in due course and will be immediately communicated to you. Until then, may God bless you all and stay you in this hour of trial."

There was a long pause, and the radio said: "Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States."

"My fellow Americans. Our armed forces have met with . . ."

Justin looked around him incredulously and saw that most of them were silently crying.

II

ALONG about one o'clock people began to drift dazedly from the store—to their homes in Norton, to talk in stunned whispers on the board sidewalk fronting the grocery. Old Man Croley turned the radio off when a girl's voice said between replays of the surrender statement that there would be a new announcement broadcast at 9 p.m. for which electric current restrictions would be temporarily relaxed.

"That'll be the surrender terms," Gus Feinblatt said to Justin.

"I guess so. Gus—what do you think?"

There were four thousand years of dark history in Feinblatt's eyes. "I think the worst is yet to come, Billy."

"You'll get your kids back."

"At such a price. I don't know whether it's worth it . . . Well, life goes on. Mr. Croley?"

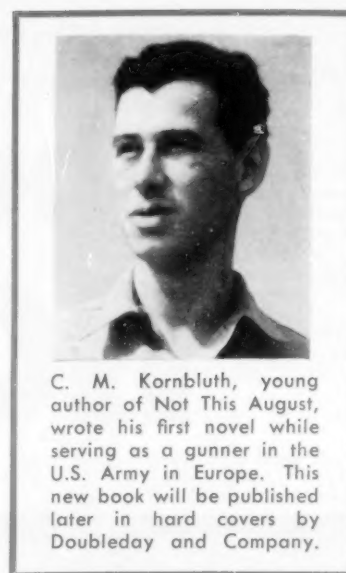
The storekeeper looked up. He didn't say "Yes?" or "What can I do for you?" He never did; he looked and he waited and he never called anybody by name. He wasn't an old-timer as old-timers went in Norton; he had come ten years ago from a grocery in Minnesota, and had used those ten years well. Justin knew he sold hardware, fencing, coal, fuel oil, fertilizer, feed and seed—in short, everything a farmer needed to earn his living—as well as groceries. Justin suspected that he also ran a small private bank which issued loans at illegal rates of interest. He did know that there were farmers who turned pale when Croley looked speculatively at them, and farm wives who cursed him behind his back. He was sixty-five, childless and married to an ailing thin woman who spent most of her time in the apartment above the store.

"Mr. Croley," Gus said, "I might as well get my feed. My wagon's outside the storeroom."

Croley put out his hand and waited. Gus laid twenty-seven dollars in it, and still the hand was out, waiting. "Coupons?" Gus asked wryly.

"You heard him," Croley said. (After a moment you figured out that "him" was the President, who had said that civilians were to continue as before, maintaining order.) Gus tore ration coupons out of his F book and laid them on the money. The hand was withdrawn and Croley stumped outside to unlock the storeroom door and stand by, watching, as Feinblatt and Justin loaded sacks of feed onto the stake wagon. When the last one went bump on the bed he relocked the door, turned and went back into his grocery.

"Gus," Justin said, "would you mind waiting a minute? I want to see if Cro-



C. M. Kornbluth, young author of *Not This August*, wrote his first novel while serving as a gunner in the U.S. Army in Europe. This new book will be published later in hard covers by Doubleday and Company.

ley happens to have a pump rod for me—and then I'd like to bum a ride home from you."

"Glad to have your company," Feinblatt said, politely abstracted.

Croley listened to Justin in silence, reached under his counter and banged a pump rod down in front of his customer. He snapped: "Twelve-fifty without hardware coupon. Three-fifty with."

The old skunk knew, of course, that Justin had used up his quarterly allotment of hardware coupons to fix his milker. Justin paid, red-faced with anger, and went out to climb alongside Feinblatt on the wagon. Gus clucked at the horses and they moved off.

Rumble-rumble over the Lehigh tracks and up Straw Hill Road, with Tony and Phony pulling hard on the stiff grade, the wagon wheels crashing into three years of unfixed chuck holes. Halfway up Feinblatt called "Whoa" and fixed the brake. "Rest 'em a little," he said to Justin. "All they get's hay, of course. Feed has to go to the cows. How's your herd?"

"All right, I guess," Justin said. "I wonder if I can let 'em go now? You want to buy them? I guess I don't get drafted for a road gang now if I stop farming."

"Think again," Feinblatt said. "My guess is you better stick to exactly what you've been doing. Things are going to keep on this way for a while—maybe quite a while. You know about the postal service in the Civil War?"

Feinblatt was the local Civil War fanatic; every community seemed to have one. They spent vacations touring the battlefields ecstatically, comparing the ground with the maps. They had particular heroes among the generals and they loved to guess at what would have happened if this successful raid had failed, if that disastrous skirmish had been a triumph.

"Lincoln called for volunteers," Gus Feinblatt said impressively. "Carolina fired on Fort Sumter. The war was on. And yet for months there was no interruption of the U. S. Mail between the two countries. Inertia, you call it. So maybe even if there isn't any war left to fight now, maybe even if the Reds kick the President and Congress out of Underground D.C., there will still be people on the state and local level to enforce drafting you for labor if you quit farming." He released the brake and clucked to the horses. The bay geldings strained up the hill again.

"I guess you're right," Justin said reluctantly. "Things won't be squared away for a long while. I guess after things get settled they replace government people with Reds, if they can find

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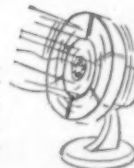
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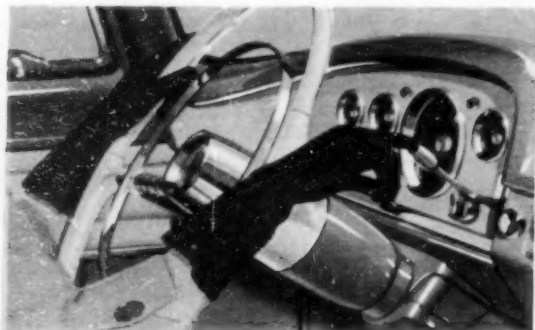


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enough." He laughed unpleasantly. "Wait and see what happens to that snake Croley then! If ever there was anybody who qualified in the Commie book as a dirty capitalist exploiter it's our buddy down in Norton."

Feinblatt shrugged. "He made his bed. When I think my boys were fighting for him . . ." He spat over the side of the wagon, his face flushed.

"What do you hear from them?" Justin hastily asked. He had stopped one in Korea, but was guiltily aware that there was a keener agony of war that he had never known—the father's agony.

"Card from Daniel last week. Infantry Replacement Training Center in Montana. He was just finishing his basic. We worked out a kind of code, so I know he was hoping they wouldn't ship him north as a rifleman, but he thought they might. He was bucking for 75-millimetre recoilless gunner. It would have kept him on ice for another two weeks. From David not a word since he joined the 270th at Edmonton. I don't know, Billy. I just don't know. It's over, sure, they'll come back maybe, but I don't know . . ."

There was little more talk from then on. "Here's where I get off," Justin said at last. "My best to Leah." He swung down at his mailbox and limped down the steep hill to his house. May be able to get some decent shoes after things settle down, he thought bitterly. That'll be something.

IT STILL did not seem real. Obviously things were badly disorganized somewhere. The house lights kept going on and off; the phone rang his number now and then, but when he answered there was only the open-circuit hum of a broken line. He couldn't call anybody himself. He had a useless electric clock on the mantel which told him that the electric service was going badly off the beam. He timed the second hand with his watch and discovered that the alternating current delivered to his house was wobbling between 30 and 120 cycles per second instead of flowing at an even 60 per. A bomb at Niagara? Fighting for a power substation somewhere? Engineers quitting their posts in despair?

But the Eastern Milkshed Administration truck had picked up his milk cans while he was gone. He herded his cows into the barn, belatedly washed the milker and pails, and relieved their full udders once more. God alone knew whether the milk would ever reach (cholera-ridden?) New York City, but the mail would go through. The EMA truckdriver would report him if there were no cans to pick up and the administrative machinery of a nation that was no longer alive would grind him through the gears into a road-mending crew whether it mattered a damn or not.

Once during the afternoon somebody goofed at the local radio station which was rebroadcasting the message of capitulation. A woman's voice screamed hysterically: "Rally, Americans! Fight the godless Reds! Fight them in the streets, from behind bushes, house to house—" And then, whoever she was, somebody dragged her away from the mike and said wearily: "We regret the interruption of our service due to circumstances beyond our control." Then, again: "Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States."

"My fellow Americans. Our armed forces have met with . . ."

The current went off again, this time for an hour.

There was a calm, slow knock on the door. Through the kitchen window Justin recognized Mister, sometimes the Reverend Mister Sparhawk. Spar-

hawk happened to be the last man on earth whom he wanted to see at the moment. He also happened to be a man practically impossible to insult, completely impervious to hints, mad-deningly certain of his righteousness.

Justin sighed and opened the door. "Come on in," he told the lean old man. "Just, for God's sake, don't talk. Find something to eat and go away." He opened his breadbox and retreated into the living room hoping he wouldn't be pursued. Sparhawk was a ref, an Englishman. Justin was sick of refs, and so was everybody. The refs from the Baltic, the Balkans, Germany, France, England, Latin America—he vaguely felt that they ought to have stayed in their countries and been exterminated instead of bothering Americans. English refs were the least obnoxious, they didn't jabber, but Sparhawk . . .

The lean old man came into the living room eating bread and cheese. "Buck up, m'boy," Sparhawk said cheerily. "All this is only a trial, you know. You should regard it as a magnificent opportunity. Here's your chance to play the man, acquire merit and get a leg up on your next incarnation."

"Oh, shut up," Justin said.

"Natural reaction, very. I don't blame you a bit, m'boy. But sober reflection on the great events of this day will show you their spiritual meaning. How else would you haughty Americans get the chance to humble yourselves and practice asceticism if there were no Red occupation?"

Justin studied Sparhawk's neatly pressed garb, a collection of donated items in good repair. He snapped: "If you're so damned ascetic why don't you go around in a jockstrap like your beloved yogis?"

Sparhawk stiffened ever so slightly. "My dear young man," he said, "anybody who wore only a loin cloth in your atrocious climate might or might not be a saint, but he'd certainly be a bloody fool. I see you're in no mood for serious discussion, sir. I'll bid you good day."

"Good riddance," Justin muttered, but only after Sparhawk had shouldered his rucksack again and was going down the kitchen steps.

AT ABOUT seven in the evening Justin decided to visit his friends the Bradens, a mile and a half up the battered road. He hadn't seen much of them during the winter: his meagre gas allotment had been cut to zero in the general reduction of November, 1964. He had missed them personally, missed their offbeat chatter and Amy's generously shared home-brew. The only other liquor in the area was a vicious grape brandy illegally distilled by old Mr. Konreid on Ash Hill Road. It put you under fast. The next morning you wished you could die.

Lew Braden had a weird profession. He was a maker of fine hand-laid papers for bookbinders and etchers. Before the war it was his custom to tour the country each summer in a battered Ford offering picayune prices to farm wives for their soft old linen tablecloths and napkins, washed thousands of times, worn to rags and stored thriftily in an attic trunk. He would finish his tour with bales of the inimitable material and spend the winter turning it, with the aid of simple tools, dexterity and a great deal of know-how, into inimitable special-purpose papers. The Braden watermark was internationally famous—to about five hundred bookbinders and etchers—and he cleared perhaps three thousand dollars in an average year. It was, he often said nostalgically, a very easy buck. Under the Farm-or-Fight Law he and Amy had

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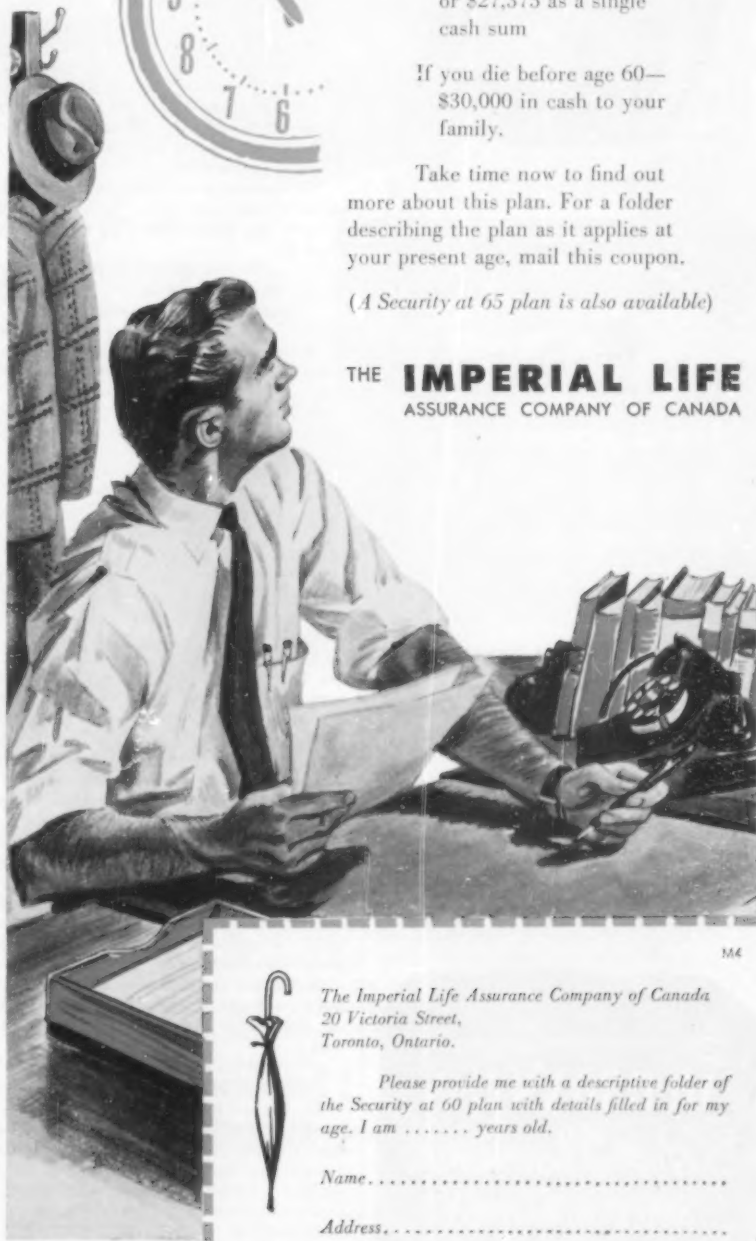
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SCOTCH WHISKY

"Under the Articles of Surrender," the radio said, "the President and Vice-President were shot to death at 8 p.m."

elected to start a piggery and truck farm for the reason that it required less effort than dairying or field crops. They turned out to be right. They had sailed through three years of war without much trouble, with time to read, paint, play violin-piano duets and drink. Justin, chained to the twice-daily milking and the niggling hygiene of the milk house, envied their good sense.

Good sense, he thought, picking his way around the chuck holes in the moonlit road—maybe they can explain to me what the devil has happened and what happens next.

The countryside was winking on and off in the dusk like a Christmas tree. The Horbath farm up the hill, the Parry farm to the south with its big yard light, his own house behind him, alternately flared with lights in every window and then went out. He hoped the current would steady down by nine—time for "the further announcement."

Lew Braden prudently called as he entered their dark yard: "Who's there? I've got a shotgun!"

"It's Justin," he called back.

The yard light went on and stayed on. Braden studied him with mild perplexity. "Darned if you aren't," he said. "Come in, Billy. We were hoping somebody'd drop by. What's going on with the lights and the phone?"

"You haven't heard?"

"Obviously not. Come in and tell us about it, whatever it is. Nobody's been by and the radio won't go since Amy fixed it."

The radio was indeed roaring unintelligibly on an end table.

"It's over," Justin said. "That's what it's all about. Fraley surrendered at Edmonton. The President capitulated through the embassies in Switzerland. They've been broadcasting it since noon. Let me see that damned radio. It sounds as if you just haven't got it on a station."

He pulled the chassis out of the plastic case and saw the trouble. The cord from the tuning-knob pulley to the variable condenser was slack instead of taut; the radio worked but you couldn't tune it from the knob. He picked up a stub of pencil and shoved the condenser over to one of the CONELRAD stations.

"—in Chief of the Armed Forces of the United States I now order all officers and enlisted men to cease fire. Maintain discipline, hold your ranks—"

They listened to it twice through and then turned it down. Between each of the replays now the woman's voice announced that a further statement would be made at nine.

Lew and Amy were looking at each other. The expression on their faces was unreadable. At last Lew turned to Justin and said softly: "Don't worry about a thing, Billy. You're going to have to make a big readjustment in your thinking, but so will almost everybody. You'll find out you've been fed a pack of lies. You'll fight the truth at first, but finally we'll prove to you ..."

"We? Who's we?" Justin demanded.

"Shut up, Lew," Amy said briefly.

He turned his kindly, round, bespectacled face to her. "No, Amy. You too are having difficulty in readjusting. Conditions have changed now; we're suddenly no longer conspirators but the voice and leadership of America. A new America."

Guilelessly he turned again to Justin: "We're Communists, Billy. Have

been for twenty years. This is the grandest day of my life."

Justin felt an impulse to back away. "You're kidding. Or crazy!"

"Neither one, Billy. You see, this is the first of the readjustments you will have to make. You think a Communist must necessarily be a fiend, a savage, a foreigner. You couldn't conceive of a Communist being a soft-spoken, reasonable, mannerly person. But Amy and I are, aren't we. And we're Communists. When I was on those linen-buying trips I was doubling as a courier. I was in the Party category you call 'floaters' then. Since the war I've been what you call a 'sleeper.' No conspiratorial activity, no connection with the activist branch. I have merely been under orders to hold myself in readiness for this day. I know who lives hereabouts,



"I always say there's nothing like getting an early start in the morning."

I know their sentiments. I am, I think, almost everybody's friend. My job will be to educate the people of this area.

"You see? Your education is beginning already. There will be no brutal, foreign tyrants around here. There will be Amy and me—friends and neighbors, just the way we always were, explaining to you the new America."

"And what an America it will be! Freed from the shackles of capitalist exploitation and racial hatred! Purged of the warmongers who imposed a crushing armament burden on the workers and finally goaded the USSR and the Chinese into attacking! An America freed from bondage to ancient superstition!"

There were tears of joy in his eyes. Justin asked slowly: "Have you spied? Have you been traitors?"

Lew said with dignity:

"You're thinking of cloak-and-dagger stuff, Billy. Assassination. Break open the locked drawer and steal the great atomic secret for godless Russia. Well, there was a little melodrama, but I never liked it. I've risked my life more than once and I was glad to. Amy and I were couriers in the Rosenbergs' apparatus; drawings from Los Alamos passed through our hands. It was only by a fluke that the FBI didn't stumble onto us. If they had, I suppose we would have been fried with the Rosenbergs. Gladly. For America, Billy. Because I did not spy against the people. I did not commit treason against the people."

Justin said: "Good night, Lew. Good night, Amy, I don't know what to think ..."

Lew said confidently to his back: "You'll readjust. It'll be all right. Don't worry."

HE WALKED home and found that the current was on again apparently for good. He climbed to the attic and brought down a half-full gallon of old Mr. Konreid's popskull. He filled a tumbler and sipped at it until nine, when the radio said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the Secretary of State."

"Fellow citizens, I have been ordered to communicate to you the Articles of Surrender which were signed in Washington, D.C., today by the President on behalf of the United States, by Marshal Ilya Novikov on behalf of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and by Marshal Feng Chu-Tsai on behalf of the Chinese People's Republic."

"One. The United States surrenders without conditions to the Soviet Union and China. Acts of violence against troops of the Soviet Union and China on or after April 17, 1965, are recognized by the high contracting parties as criminal banditry and terrorism, subject to summary and condign punishment."

"Two. The high contracting parties recognize and admit the criminal guilt of the United States in provoking the late war and recognize and admit the principle that the United States is liable to the Soviet Union and China for indemnities in valuta and kind."

"Three. The high contracting parties recognize and admit the personal criminal war guilt of certain civilians and soldiers of the United States and recognize and admit that these persons are subject to condign punishment."

The Secretary's voice shook. "I have been further asked to announce that the central functions of the United States Federal Government were assumed today by Soviet Military Government Unit 101, which today arrived by air in Washington, D.C., under the escort of two Russian and two Chinese airborne divisions."

"I have been further asked to announce that under Article Three of the Articles of Surrender I read you, the President and Vice-President of the United States were shot to death at 8 p.m. by a mixed Russian and Chinese firing squad."

That was all.

Justin's hand was trembling so the raw brandy slopped over the tumbler's edge.

III

APRIL 23, 1965, sixth day of the defeat ...

Justin leaned on his mailbox waiting for Betsy Cardew, his morning chores behind him, and reflected that things had gone with amazing smoothness. Nor was there any particular reason why they shouldn't. Soviet Military Government Unit 101 had certainly planned and practiced for twenty years. The Baltic states, the Balkans, Poland, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, West Germany, France, Italy, Spain and England—they had been priceless rehearsals for the main event.

And what a main event! Half the world's steel, coal and oil. All the world's free helium gas. Midwest grain, northwest timber and the magnificent road net to haul them to magnificent ports. Industrial New England, shabby streets and dingy factories, but in the dingy factories the world's biggest assemblage of the world's finest precision tools. Detroit! South Bend! Prizes that made all the loot of all the

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conquerors of history flashy junk. SMGU 101 would not let the plunder slip through its fingers. It was moving fast, moving smoothly.

For the greatest part of the loot, the part without which the materials would be worthless, consisted of 160 million Americans. They knew how to extract that steel, coal, oil and gas, harvest the grain, log the forests, drive the trucks, load the freighters, run the lathes and punch presses.

Betsy Cardew had yesterday delivered to him—and to everybody on her route—SMGU Announcement Num-

ber One. So Gus Feinblatt was right. They turned over a carload of SMGU announcements to the Postmaster, D.C., with the note "one to each address" and it was automatic from there. The carload was broken down by regions, states, counties, towns, rural routes, and three days later everybody had one in his hand.

They hadn't been using radio. When current was on, and it was on more and more frequently as the days went by, all you heard was light classical music, station breaks and the time.

The SMGU announcement didn't

come to much. It was simply a slanted recap of the military situation, larded with praise of General Fraley and his troops, expressing gentle regret that so many fine young men and women had been lost to both sides. As an afterthought it stated: "The nationalization of all fissionable material is hereby proclaimed, and all Americans are notified that they must turn in any private stores of uranium, thorium or plutonium, either elemental or combined, to the nearest representative of the USSR or China at once."

Justin decided the first announce-

ment must have been a test shot to find out how well the distribution would work. Its message certainly was pointless.

Betsy Cardew pulled up in the battered car. Lew and Amy Braden were in the back. She said: "No mail today, Billy. Do you want a ride in? Mr. and Mrs. Braden here were first, but there's room."

"Thanks," he said, and got in. He couldn't think of one word to say to his former friends, but they had no such trouble.

"I've been called to Chiunga Center," Lew said importantly. Chiunga Center was the town thereabouts: twenty thousand people in a bend of the Susquehanna, served by the Lehigh and the Lackawanna. "Advance units have reached the town."

"Yesterday," Betsy said. "A regiment, I guess, in trucks. Very GI, very Russian, very much on their good behavior. They're barracked in the Junior High. They set up a mess tent on the campus and strung barbed wire. Nine o'clock curfew in town and patrols with tommy guns. So far, everything's quiet. A couple of kids threw rocks." She laughed abruptly. "I saw it. I thought the sergeant was going to cut them in half with his tommy gun but he didn't. He took down their pants and spanked them."

"Smart cooky," Lew said gravely from the back of the car. "He played it exactly right."

"So," said Betsy, "there I am in the post-office sorting room busy sorting and in march six of them, polite as you please, and say through the window: 'Ve wish to see the postmahster' and old Flanagan comes tottering out ready to die like a man. So they hand him six letters. 'Pliss to expedite delivery of these, Mr. Postmahster,' they say and salute him, and go away. And one of the letters is for Mr. and Mrs. Braden here and they won't tell me what it's all about, but they don't look like a couple going to their doom and I'm too well-trained a postal employee to pry."

Her flow of chatter was almost hysterical and Justin thought he knew why. It was the hysteria of relief, the discovery that The Awful Thing, the thing you dreaded above all else, has happened and isn't too bad after all. Chiunga Center was occupied, taken, conquered, seized—and life went on after all, and you felt a little foolish over your earlier terror. The Russians were just GIs, and weren't you a fool to think they had horns?

"You see?" Lew Braden said to nobody in particular.

"What I think," Betsy chattered, "is that they're just as dumb as any army men anywhere. You know what the first poster they stuck up said? Turn in your uranium and plutonium at once. The dopes! The second notice covered pistols, rifles, shotguns and bayonets. That touch of idiocy is almost cute. Bayonets!"

They had reached State Highway 19 and stopped; Norton lay dead ahead and Chiunga Center was fourteen miles to the right on the highway. A convoy of trucks marked with the red star was rolling westward at maybe thirty-five. They were clean, well-maintained trucks and they were full of Russian soldiers in Class A uniforms. They caught a snatch of mournful harmony and the rhythmic nasal drone of a concertina.

"My Lord!" Betsy said. "They really do sing all the time. And in minor fifths. I thought they were putting it on at the mess tent, impressing the Amerikanskis with their culture and soul, but there isn't any audience here."

The last of the convoy, a couple of slum-guns, field kitchens like any army's field kitchens complete to the

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fat personnel, rolled past and Justin realized that they were waiting for him to get out and proceed on foot to Norton.

"Take it easy," he said to the Bradens, and watched the car swing right and pick up highway speed. The Bradens were about to enter into their own peculiar version of the kingdom of heaven. He himself needed another pump rod. The one Croley sold him turned out to be a painted white-metal casting instead of rolled steel. It had, of course, snapped the first time he used it.

Perce, Croley's literally half-witted assistant, waved gaily at him as he approached the store. Perce bubbled over: "Gee, you should of seen 'im, mister, I bet he was a general or maybe a major. Boy, he came right into the store and he looked just like anybody else on'y he was a Red! Right into the store. Boy!"

Perce couldn't get over the wonder of it, and Justin, examining himself, was not sure that he could either. When would this thing seem real? Maybe it seemed real in the big cities, but his worm's-eye view frustrated his curiosity and sense of drama. It was like sitting behind a post in a theatre, only the play was *The Decline and Fall of the United States of America*. A Russian—a general or maybe a major—appeared and then disappeared. The local underground Reds were summoned to service—where and what? The convoy passed you on the road, to duty where?

CROLEY was tacking up a notice, a big one that covered his bulletin board, buried the ration-book notices, the draft-call notices, the buy-bonds poster. It said:

SOVIET MILITARY
GOVERNMENT
UNIT 449

Chiunga County, New York State Residents are advised that on and after April 23, 1965, the following temporary measures will be observed:

1. A curfew is established from 9 p.m. to 5 a.m. All residents must be in their homes between these hours.
2. Fissionable material must be turned in to this command at once since uranium, thorium and plutonium have been declared nationalized and unlawful for any private person to hold.
3. All privately held pistols, rifles, shotguns and bayonets must be turned in to this command or representative. For the township of ——— this command's representative is ———. The weapons should be tagged with the owner's name and address and will later be returned.
4. Violators of these measures will be subject to military trial and if found guilty liable to sixty days in jail.

S. P. Platoff
Col., Commanding

Justin shook his head slowly. Sixty days! Was this the Red barbarian they had all been dreading? He seemed to hear Lew Braden saying again: "Smart cooky . . . exactly right."

Croley had gone behind his counter for something, a price-marking crayon. He was filling in the blanks in Number 3. "For the township of NORTON this command's representative is FLOYD C. CROLEY. The weapons should . . ."

Croley stepped back, looked for a moment at the black, neat printing, stuck the crayon behind his ear and turned to Justin, waiting and blank-faced.

Justin asked: "Since when have you represented the Red Army?"

Croley said: "He wanted a central place. Somebody steady." And that was supposed to dispose of that. Okay, you skunk, Justin thought. Wait until my two traitorous friends blow the whistle on you. When the Bradens finish telling the Reds all about Floyd C. Croley, Floyd C. Croley will be very

small potatoes around these parts, or possibly Siberia. And aloud: "You sold me a dog, Mr. Croley. Look at this crumbly thing."

He slapped down the two broken halves of the cheap, cast pump rod. Croley picked them up, turned them over in his hands and put them down again. "Never guaranteed it," he said.

"For twelve-fifty it shouldn't break on the first stroke, Mr. Croley. I need a pump rod and I insist on a replacement."

Croley picked up the pieces again and examined them minutely. He said

at last: "Allow you ten dollars on a fifteen-dollar rod. Steel. No coupons."

And that, Justin realized, was as good a deal as he'd ever get from the old snake. Too disgusted to talk, he slapped down a ten-dollar bill. Croley took it, produced another rod and a queer-looking five-dollar bill in change. The portrait was of a hot-eyed young man identified by the little ribbon as John Reed. Instead of "The United States of America," it said: "The North American People's Democratic Republic."

Justin's voice broke as he yelled:

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Winnipeg — 32 h. 5 m. — 6 h. 30 m.	
Saskatoon — 42 h. 40 m. — 9 h. 10 m.	
Edmonton — 50 h. — 11 h. 20 m.	
Vancouver — 73 h. 20 m. — 14 h. 5 m.	

LEAVE TORONTO DAILY 6.00 p.m.

Elapsed time to:	Running time cut:
Winnipeg — 29 h. 30 m. — 5 h. 15 m.	
Saskatoon — 40 h. 5 m. — 7 h. 40 m.	
Edmonton — 47 h. 25 m. — 9 h. 25 m.	
Vancouver — 70 h. 45 m. — 12 h. 15 m.	

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"First thing," the Russian marshal said, "is to get rid of the Red troublemakers"

"What are you trying to put over, Croley? Give me a real bill, damn you!"

Croley shrugged patiently. A take-it-or-leave-it shrug. He condescended to explain: "He bought gas. It's good enough for him, it's good enough for me. Or you." And turned away to fiddle with the rack in which he kept the credit books of his customers.

Speechless, Justin rammed the phony bill into his pocket, picked up the rod and walked away. As he opened the door the old man's voice came sharply: "Justin."

He turned. Croley said: "Watch your mouth, Justin." He jerked his thumb at the announcement ("... representative is FLOYD C. CROLEY. The weapons..."). He went back to his credit books as Justin stared incredulously, torn between laughter and disgust.

He walked out and across the Lehigh tracks. Nobody seemed to be in town; he was in for a four-mile walk, mostly uphill, to his place. The cows would be milked late—he quickened his pace.

AT THE highway a couple of Russian soldiers beside a parked jeep were just finishing erecting a roadside sign—blue letters on white, steel backing, steel post, fired-enamel front. They hadn't rushed that out in six days. That sign had been waiting in a Red Army warehouse for this day, waiting perhaps twenty years. It said: CHECK POINT 200 YARDS AHEAD. ALL CIVILIAN VEHICLES STOP FOR INSPECTION. That would be the old truck-weighing station, reactivated as a roadblock.

The Russians were a corporal and a private, both of the tall, blond, Baltic type. They had a slung tommy gun apiece. He said: "Hi, boys."

The private grinned, the corporal scowled and said: "Nye ponimayoo. Not per-mitten."

He wanted to say something witty and cutting, something about sourpusses, or the decadent plutocrat contaminating the pure proletariat, or how the corporal might make sergeant if his English were better. He looked at the tommy guns instead, shrugged and walked on. Yes, he was scared. With the vivid imagination of an artist he could see the slugs tearing him. So the rage against Croley festered still, and the taste of defeat was still sour in his mouth. And he still had four uphill miles to walk to milk those loathsome cows of his.

By nine that night he was thinking of starting to work on Mr. Konreid's brandy. The current was on and, according to his electric clock, steady. He had lost the radio habit during the silent years. There was now apparently only one station on the air and it offered gems from *Mademoiselle Modiste*. He didn't want them. He leafed over a few of his art books and found them dull. Somewhere in the attic a six-by-eight printing press and a font of type were stashed, but he didn't feel like digging them out to play with. That had been one of the plans for his retirement. Old Mr. Justin would amuse himself by pottering with the press, turning out minuscule private editions of the shorter classics on Braden's beautiful hand-laid paper. Maybe old Mr. Justin would clear expenses, maybe not...

But now he was too sick at heart to think of the shorter classics and Braden was much too busy securing his ap-

pointment as Commissar of Norton Township or something to contribute the beautiful paper.

The phone rang two longs, his call. It was a girl's voice that he didn't recognize at first.

"It's Betsy," she said with whispered urgency. "No names. Your two friends—remember this morning?"

Yes, yes. The Bradens. Well? "Yes, I remember."

"In the basement of the school. The janitor saw the bodies before they took them away. They were shot. You knew them. I—I thought I ought to tell you. They must have been very brave. I never suspected..."

"Thanks," he said. "Good-by," and hung up.

Betsy thought the Bradens were some kind of heroic anti-Communists.

Then he began to laugh, hysterically. He could reconstruct it perfectly. The Marshal said to the General: "The first thing we've got to do is get rid of the damn Red troublemakers." And so it trickled down to "Pliss to expedite delivery of these, Mr. Postmahster," and so the Bradens got their summons and, unsuspecting, were taken down cellar and shot because, as Braden knew, those Reds were very smart cookies indeed. They knew, from long experience, that you don't want trained revolutionaries kicking around in a country you've just whipped, revolutionaries who know how to hide and subvert and betray, because all of a sudden you are stability and order, and trained revolutionaries are a menace.

No; what you wanted instead of revolutionaries were people like Croley. Croley!

He couldn't stop laughing. When he thought of thousands of underground American Communists lying tonight in their own blood on thousands of cellar floors, when he thought of Floyd C. Croley, Hero of Soviet Labor, Servant of the North American People's Democratic Republic, he couldn't stop laughing.

IV

APRIL 30... The first of the spring rains had come and gone. They were broadcasting weather forecasts again, which was good. You noticed that forecasts east of the Mississippi were credited to the Red Air Force Meteorological Service. From the Mississippi to the Pacific it was through the courtesy of the Weather Organization of the Chinese People's Republic. Apparently this meant that the two Communist powers had split the continent down the middle. China got more land, which it badly needed, and Russia got more machinery, which it badly needed. A very logical solution of an inevitable problem.

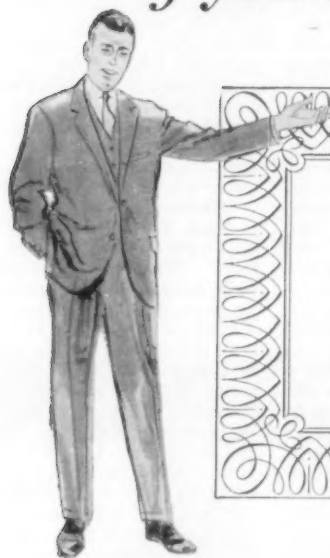
The Sunday Times had stopped coming, but Justin hardly missed it. He was a farmer, whether he liked it or not, and spring was his busy season. He had grudging time to attend the auction of the Bradens' estate, but once there he had picked up some badly needed tools and six piglets. Croley, under whose general authority the auction was held, himself bought the house and twelve acres for an absurd eight hundred dollars. Nobody bid against him, but after the place was knocked down to him half a dozen farmers tried to rent it. They were thinking of their sons and daughters in the service who should be back very soon. Croley grudgingly allowed the Wehrweins to

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have the place at fifty dollars a month, cash or kind.

Justin was almost happy on the spring morning that was the fourteenth day of defeat. His future looked clear for the moment. The red clover was sprouting bravely in his west pasture; he'd be able to turn his cows out any day now and still have hay in reserve. Electric service was steady; he'd be able to run a single-strand electric fence instead of having to break his back repairing and tightening the wartime four-strand non-electric fences. The piglets looked promising; he anticipated an orgy of spareribs in the fall and all the ham, bacon and sausage he could eat through the winter. His two dozen bantams were gorging themselves on the bugs of spring and laying like mad; it meant all the eggs he wanted and plenty left over for the Eastern Milkshed Administration pick-up. His vegetable garden was spaded and ready for seeding; his long years of weed chopping seemed to have suddenly paid off. There wasn't a sign of plantain, burdock, or ironweed anywhere on his place.

At 10.30 the EMA truck ground to a stop at his roadside platform and even McGinty the driver was cheery with spring. He loaded the cans and handed Justin his monthly envelope—and stood by, grinning, waiting for Justin to open it. Justin understood the gag when a few of the new phony bills fluttered from the statement. He counted up \$93 in Bill Haywood ones, John Reed fives and Lincoln Steffens tens. He didn't give McGinty the satisfaction of seeing him blow his top. As a matter of fact, he wasn't particularly upset. If everybody agreed that this stuff was money, then it was money. He murmured: "Paying in cash now? I guess that means I sign a receipt."

McGinty, bitterly disappointed, produced a receipt book and a stub of pencil. "You should of heard old lady Wehrwein," he said reminiscently. Justin checked the statement (Apr. 1—Apr. 15 a/c Justin WH, Norton Twp. Chiunga Cy., 31 cwt at \$3, \$93) and signed. McGinty's truck rumbled on.

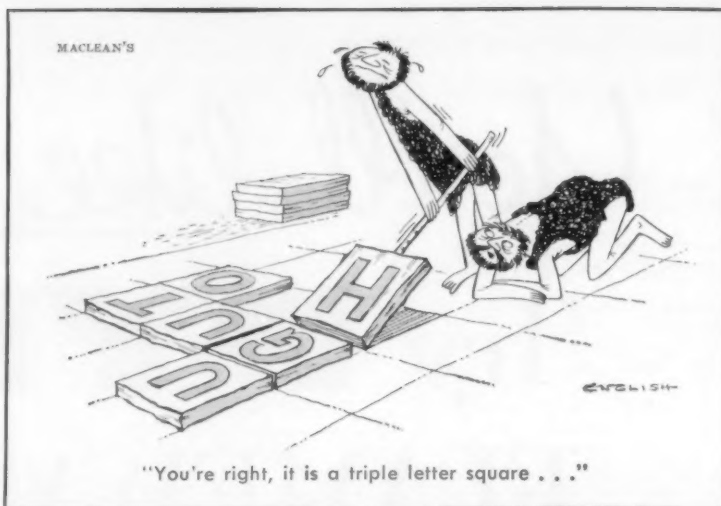
It was a miserably small two-week net for eight good Holsteins, but they were near the end of their lactation period; soon he'd have to arrange for freshening them again.

HE WAS planting onion sets and radish seed in his vegetable garden when Rawson came down the road—the legless veteran whom he had met on the day of defeat. Rawson turned up at the estate sale and he found out that he had indeed got work at the Shiptons' farm, but for how long was anybody's guess with the Shiptons' three boys and two girls due for demobilization.

Rawson seemed to be in a hell of a hurry to get to him. Justin straightened up and met him at the road. "What's up?"

"Plenty, Billy. Couple of Red Army boys over at the Shiptons'. One's a farm expert, the other's an interpreter. They're going over the place with a fine-tooth comb. Boils down to this: the Shiptons have to turn out twenty-five percent more milk, ten percent more grain, and God knows what else. The old lady told me to pass the word around. Fake your books, hide one of your cows—whatever you can think of. Push me off, will you? I've got some more ground to cover."

"Thanks," Justin said thoughtfully, and pushed. The little cart went spin-



ning down the road, Rawson pumping away. He called it "my muscle-mobile."

Justin mechanically went back to his onion sets and radish seed, but the savor had gone out of the spring morning. He couldn't think of one right, definite thing to do. He didn't come from twenty generations of farmers consummately skilled at looking poor when they were rich. He didn't know the thousand dodges farmers everywhere always used, almost instinctively, to cheat the tax man of his due for the Csar, the commissar, the Emperor, the Shereef, the zamindar, La République, the American Way of Life. Billy Justin, like a fool, kept books—and only one set of them. He was a sitting duck.

THE JEEP with the red star arrived in mid-afternoon while he was mending fence in the pasture with a sledge, block and tackle, nippers and pliers. In spite of his heavy gloves he had got a few rips from the rusted, snarled old wire. He was feeling savage. He heard them honk for him, deliberately finished driving a cedar post and then slowly strolled toward the road.

Two privates were in the front seat, chauffeur and armed guard, two officers in the back, a captain and a lieutenant. Both young, both sweating in too-heavy wool dress uniforms with choker collars, both festooned with incomprehensible ribbons and decorations.

The lieutenant said, looking up from a typewritten list: "You're Mr. William H. Justin, aren't you?"

Justin gulped. To hear the flat, mid-west American speech coming from this fellow in this uniform was a jolt. It made the whole thing seem like a fancy-dress party. "Yes," he said. And then, inevitably: "You speak English very well."

"Thanks, Mr. Justin. I worked hard at it. I'm Lieut. Parelhoff of the 449th Military Government outfit. Translator. And this is Capt. Kirilov of the same command. He's the head of our agronomy group."

Kirilov, bored, jerked a nod at Justin.

"We'd like to look over your layout as part of a survey we're running. I see you're listed as primarily a dairy farmer, so let's start with your cow barn and milk house."

"Right this way," Justin said flatly. Captain Kirilov knew his stuff. He scowled at the unwashed milker, felt

the bags of the eight Holsteins, kicked disapprovingly at a rotten board. Through it all he directed a stream of Russian at Parelhoff who nodded and took notes. Once the captain got angry. He was burrowing through the corn crib and found rat droppings. He shook them under Justin's nose and yelled at him. After he disgustedly cast them aside and wiped his hands on a corn shuck the lieutenant said in an undertone: "He was explaining that rodents are intolerable on a well-run farm, that grain should be raised for the people and not for parasites."

"Uh-huh," Justin said.

When the captain came across the six piglets he was delighted. Parelhoff said: "The captain is pleased that there are six. He says, 'At last I see the famous American principle of mass production. Our peasants at home wastefully indulge in roast-pig feasts instead of letting all the young grow to maturity.'"

Finally the captain snapped something definite and final, left the barn and headed for the jeep.

Parelhoff said: "Captain Kirilov establishes your norm at twenty hundredweight of milk per week. Do you understand what that means?"

"I know what twenty hundredweight of milk is. I don't know what a norm is."

"It is your quota. If you fall below twenty hundredweight per week consistently, or if your production fails to average out to that, you will be subject to review."

Parelhoff started to turn away.

"Lieutenant, what does 'review' mean?"

"Your farming techniques will be studied. If you need a short course to improve your efficiency, you'll be given an opportunity to take it. We're organizing them up at Cornell. Or it may turn out that you're just temperamentally unsuited to farming. In that case we may have to look for a slot where you'll function more efficiently."

"Road gang?" Justin asked quietly.

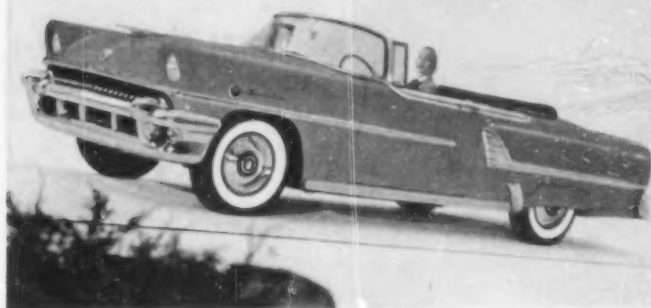
Parelhoff was embarrassed. "Please don't be truculent, Mr. Justin. Why should we put an intelligent person like you on a road gang? Now, please, come along to the jeep. Military Intelligence drafted us for another survey they're running. It'll only take a moment."

Justin managed to conceal his relief. He could manage twenty hundredweight a week very easily. Just a little

The jeep with the red star honked him from the pasture.
"We'll look over your layout," the Russian officer said

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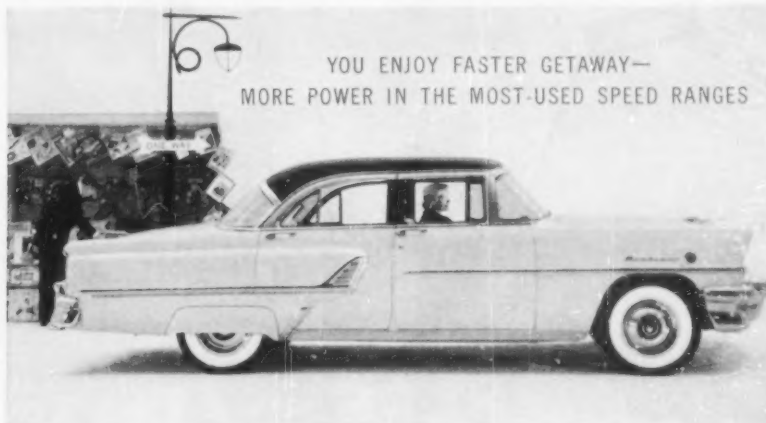
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"Do you swear to report any atomic-bomb parts?" the Russian said. Justin nodded

more care to the herd's diet, get that rock-salt brick he'd been letting slide, promise the Shiptons a hog in the fall for some of their hoarded cottonseed cake. It would be a breeze, and Rawson had been unduly alarmed. But farmers had this habit of screaming bloody murder at the least little thing... he hated to admit it, but the red-star boys were being more than fair about it. He had drifted into sloppy farming.

At the jeep again Parelhoff got out some papers and said: "Now, Mr. Justin, this is official. First, do you have any uranium, thorium or other fissionable material?"

Astounded, Justin said: "Of course not!"

"A simple 'No' is sufficient. Sign here, please." He held out one of the papers, his finger indicating the space. Justin read; it was simply a repeat of the statement that he did not have any fissionable materials in his possession. He signed with the lieutenant's pen.

"Thank you. Do you know of any fissionable material that is held by any private parties? Sign here. Thank you. Would you recognize fissionable material if you saw it?"

"I don't think so, lieutenant."

"Very well, then. Please pay attention. Refined uranium, thorium and plutonium look like lead, but are heavier. A spherical piece of uranium weighing fifty pounds, for instance, would be no larger than a softball. Please sign here—it is a simple statement that I have described the appearance of fissionable materials to you. Thank you. Now, would you recognize the components of an atomic bomb if you saw them?"

"No!"

"Very well then. Please pay attention. An atomic bomb is simply a fifty-pound mass of plutonium or uranium-235. Before exploding it consists of two or more pieces. These pieces are slammed together fast and the bomb then explodes. The slamming can be done by placing two pieces at opposite ends of a gun barrel and then blowing them together so they meet in the middle. Or it can be done by placing several chunks of plutonium on the inside of a sphere and then exploding what are called 'shaped charges' so the chunks are driven together into one mass and the atomic bomb proper explodes. Do you understand? Then sign here."

"Now, our Military Intelligence people would like you to swear or affirm that you will immediately report any evidence of fissionable material or atomic-bomb parts in private hands which you may encounter. Do you so swear?"

"I do," Justin said automatically. Parelhoff had for a moment grinned wryly—and there had been a sardonic inflection on "Military Intelligence." Hell, no doubt about it—all armies were pretty much alike. Here these two serious people were going about the serious business of stabilizing the country's food supply and some brass hat got a bright idea: saddle them with another job, even if it's a crackpot search for A-bombs in Chiunga County.

He signed. Parelhoff handed over a poster, a hastily printed job with hastily drawn line cuts. "Please put this up somewhere in your house, Mr. Justin, and that will be that. Good afternoon."

He spoke to the captain in Russian, the captain spoke to the chauffeur and away they drove.

Justin studied the poster; it conveyed the same information Parelhoff had given him. Atomic bombs! He snorted and went back to his fence mending.

YES, IT seemed the Reds were determined to be firm but fair. Betsy told him there had been a near rape in Chiunga Center one night last week. By the next morning the attacker had been tried, found guilty and shot against the handball court of the junior high school—a beetle-browed corporal from some Eastern province of the USSR. It hadn't healed the girl, but at least it showed that the Reds were being mighty touchy about their honor.

He chuckled suddenly. Without recording the fact, he had noticed that all four of the soldiers in the jeep had wrist watches, good, big chronometer jobs, identical government issue. So the Russians were still sore about their reputation as snatchers of watches, and had taken the one measure that would keep their troops from living up to it: giving them all the watches they could use.

Betsy said she and most of the people in the Center were pleasantly surprised. She in fact wished that her father hadn't run away. Nobody had even been around asking about him, national committeeman though he was, yet he was hiding out now in some Canadian muskeg living on canned soup and possibly moose meat—though Betsy doubted that old T. C. was capable of bringing down a moose. She hoped he would drift back when the word got to him that the red-star boys' ferocity had been greatly exaggerated.

She saw Colonel Platoff every now and then from a distance; he was the big brass of SMGU 449. He looked like a middle-aged career soldier, no more and no less. He seemed to be a bug on spit-and-polish. People observed him bawling out sentries over buttons and shoelaces and suchlike. There were always plenty of KPs in the mess tent on the high-school campus.

What else was new? Well, there was a twenty-four-hour guard on each of the town's two liquor shops to keep soldiers from looting or trying to purchase. There seemed to be movies every evening in the school auditorium. There was a ferocious physical-fitness program going on; SMGU 449 started the day with fifty knee bends, fifty straddle hops and fifty push-ups, from Platoff on down, rain or shine, in the athletic field. They also played soccer when off duty and they sang interminably. Wherever there were more than two Russians gathered with nothing to do out came a concertina or a uke-sized balalaika and they were off.

A big fat cook shopped in town for the officers' mess, which must be located in the school cafeteria. The enlisted men lived on tea, breakfast slop called *kasha*, black bread, jam and various powerful soups involving beef, cabbage, potatoes and beets. The ingredients came in red-star trucks from the north.

Rumors? Well, she had a few and she was passing them on just for entertainment. The Russians would shortly be joined by their wives. They would close all the churches in Chiunga Center. They would not close any of the churches, but instead would forcibly baptize everybody as Greek Orthodox. Demobilization of the United States Army would be completed by next week. Demobilization of the United States Army would be begun next

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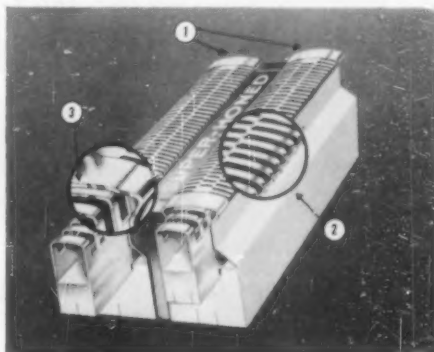
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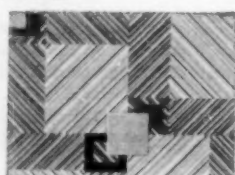
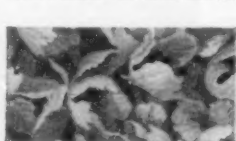
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GOLD SEAL



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month. The United States Army was being shipped in cattle boats to Siberia. The United States Army had disintegrated and the boys and girls were finding their way home on foot. The United States Army Atomic Service had made off with two tons of plutonium from Yellowknife before the surrender . . .

As that one ran through his mind Justin suddenly straightened up from the tangled wire.

Two tons of plutonium was enough for eighty atomic bombs. It seems that in any machine shop you could put the bombs together if you had the plutonium.

Two tons of plutonium adrift somewhere in the United States, scattered but in the hands of men who knew what they were doing, might explain quite a few things that had recently puzzled him.

And the thought gave him a stab of painful hope. It let him feel at last the full anguish of the defeat, the reality of it. He burned with shame suddenly for his lick-spittle acceptance of a firm-but-fair Lieutenant Parelhoff and his gratitude, his disgusting gratitude, that they had raised his norm no higher, his pleasure at Captain Kirilov's bored compliment about the pigs.

Suddenly the defeat was real and agonizing. Two tons of plutonium had made it so.

V

GOOD drying weather, the radio had been saying for days. Justin, breaking clods and weeding in his cornfield, reflected that once you would have called it the beginning of a serious drought. The passage of two months, however, had made pessimism unfashionable—almost dangerous. Not that he was afraid. Nobody had anything on Billy Justin; he met his quota and he had been left alone . . .

Until now. A jeep was tooting impatiently for him in front of his house. More foolishness, he supposed, with Kirilov and his interpreter. At least it would be a break in the weeding.

There was only one Russian there, however, some kind of sergeant. He said: "Fermer Yoostin?"

"I guess so," Justin said, and waited, not knowing what to expect.

The sergeant handed him a sheet of ugly two-column printing on flimsy paper, Russian on the left, English on the right: *Readjustment of Agricultural Norm — W. Justin*. Good! Now, how much were they going to cut from . . . He hauled up short at the words filled in. "Increase 1 cwt. per 2 wks."

He said angrily to the sergeant: "In this weather? Kirilov's—mistaken. It can't be done. I'm hauling water for the cows now. And we haven't got DDT. Flies cut down the production. I haven't got a seed-cake quota; my herd's too small. There must be some mistake. Can you take back word to the captain?"

The sergeant, bored, said: "Ya nye ponimayoo vas." He held out a clipboard, a ruled form and a pen. "Podt-verdeet poloocheneyeh."

Justin said uncertainly: "Speak English? Tell Captain Kirilov?"

Headshake, then, very slowly and patiently: "Nye—ponimayoo. Nye." Brandishing the form and pen: "Poloocheneyeh. Eemyah. Zdyehs." He pointed to a line; Justin could do nothing but write his name, numbly.

The sergeant roared off in a cloud of dust. Justin stood there and spat grit from his mouth. This time no genial interpreter; this time no firm-but-fair agronomist. This time—orders. Quite unarguable orders.

He noticed the date on the quota form. July 4.



"Where the devil is everybody?"

RAWSON came visiting in his go-cart and Justin sourly told him his discovery. The legless man shrugged his giant shoulders. "Shiptons got one too," he said. "That's why they sent me over. Didn't want to use the phone. They're thinking about holding kind of a meeting and getting up kind of a petition."

Justin said violently: "The old fools!" And then, slower: "But they are old. I guess they just don't get it. Didn't you try to talk them out of it?"

"Me? The hired man? To Sam Shipton that's farmed his farm for sixty years and his father and his gram-pappy before him? I saved my breath. Rather take a little spin in the muscle-mobile than pitch manure any day. I guess I tell them 'no' from you?"

"Of course. But isn't there some way you can try and keep them out of trouble? Explain, for instance, that it isn't like petitioning the highway commissioner to grade a road or put in a new culvert. Entirely different?"

"Sam Shipton's an independent farmer, Billy. He's going to stay one if it kills him."

"It may do that, Sarge. Sooner than he thinks."

"Been wondering why you call me 'Sarge.' Matter of fact, I was a buck-tail private in the rear rank. Another thing—confidentially. On my own, not the Shiptons. I happen to have a little bit of contraband . . ."

The word covered a lot of ground. Narcotics. Untaxed liquor. Home-grown tobacco. Guns, ammunition—even reloading tools. Any item of Red Army equipment, from a pint of their purple-dyed gasoline to a case of their combat rations. Unlicensed scientific equipment and material. It was all posted on the board down at Croley's store in Norton. Not once had Justin heard of anybody being arrested or even chided for violating the rules, though old Mr. Konreid continued to distill and peddle his popskull, and those who smoked up here grew their own tobacco, minimally concealed, with varying success. Guns and ammunition—practically all of it—had been turned in and stood racked and tagged in Croley's storeroom, under Red Army seal. There was a widespread impression that about guns and ammunition the orders were not kidding, that the rest was just the product of some brass hat covering himself for the record. They were farmers up here, but farmers who had been under fire at San Juan Hill, Belleau Wood, Anzio, Huertgen, Iwo, Pyongyang, Juneau, Yellowknife . . . not one of them but was army wise.

Why speak of contraband?

"What about it?" Justin asked warily.

Rawson shrugged. "I want to pass it on to a fella I know, but I don't especially want him to come to the Ship-ton. It isn't bulky. I'd just like to drop it off here some time and he'll come by in a day or less and pick it up."

"Why me?" Justin asked flatly. "Do I look especially like a smuggler?"

"Not especially," Rawson grinned. "Mostly because you live alone. Also because you wouldn't chisel on me. You're a guy who can't be bothered with doing things the crooked way. Old man Konreid lives alone, but he'd rip open the package as soon as I was out of sight, taste it, and then when my friend came he'd pretend he didn't know what he was talking about."

So it was liquor or drugs or something of the sort. Justin felt pleased that he had got the answer without crude questioning. Not that Rawson would have had anything to do with anything organized which might conceivably bring retribution. The man was a born scrounger, a cutter of not very important corners. He told him: "Drop it off when you want. Any time I can't do a favor for a neighbor I'll close up shop."

"Thanks, Billy," the legless man said. "Push me off, will you?"

AT MAIL TIME Justin got to wondering if the Fourth of July was a national holiday in the North American People's Democratic Republic of which he was a citizen. The morning was shot anyway, he strolled up to the mailbox. It was an easier trip than it used to be. As a citizen of the North American People's Democratic Republic he had lost a comfortable layer of fat at the waist.

Betsy Cardew was waiting at the mailbox looking tired.

He said: "Cultural greetings, comrade-citizeness-postwoman."

"Cultural greetings to you, comrade-citizen-milk-farmer. What the heck kept you."

"July fourth. I dithered around a couple of minutes wondering if you'd be here."

"Oh, the mail must go through," she said vaguely.

"Then where's mine?"

"As a matter of fact you haven't got anything today. I wanted to talk to you."

"I'm listening."

"You got one of those quota increases?"

"Yes. Fifty pounds more per week. I don't know how I'm going to make it. They can't really expect it from me, can they?"

"They expect it. It went through two weeks ago in Pennsylvania. They've been picking up families who didn't make the norm. Families with the biggest and best farms. They go south in trucks, men, women and kids. Nobody seems to know where. Then they turn the acreage over to families from marginal farms that couldn't possibly raise a cash crop. Billy, could you make your new norm with a farmhand?"

"You know I can't support a—"

"This farmhand would have his board paid by the SMGU."

"That's different. And what's the catch?"

"He'd be a little nuts. Wait a minute, Billy! Don't let panic make up your mind until I tell you about him."

"You know I'm a nurse's aide three nights a week at Chiunga General. I was in surgery a week ago when they brought this guy in. His name's Gribble. He was in shock and he'd lost plenty of blood. His hands were lacerated and there was a gash along his right forearm that cut the big superfi-

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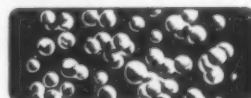
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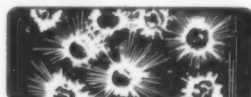
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"Patient motch batter," said the Soviet doctor. So Gribble became a farm hand

cial veins. But somebody, a cop I think, slapped a tourniquet on him and got him to the hospital. We sewed him up and gave him plasma and whole blood—he got a pint of mine—and smugly waited for him to wake up. He did, and he was nuts. Incoherent, disoriented. At that point I tottered off to home and bed.

"When I came in on Wednesday afternoon they had him transferred from surgery to psycho. Lieutenant Borovsky's in charge of psycho, but I don't think you have to know very much to handle a psycho ward Russian style. They have something they call 'sleep therapy.' This means you give the patient a twenty-four-hour shot of barbiturate. If he's still nuts when he wakes up you give him another one, and so on. Maybe there are angles to it that I don't understand, but Borovsky's English isn't any better than my Russian.

"I'd asked around during the day and found out what happened to Gribble. He was a stranger in town and he turned up at Clapp's department store. He bought a pair of socks and a salesgirl noticed him standing around for maybe ten minutes inside, hanging back from the revolving door. The side doors were locked, and nuts to the fire laws. Clapp's doesn't aim to air-condition the whole town. Well, she's seen eighty-year-old farmwomen do exactly the same thing, but she thought it was awfully funny for a middle-aged man. Finally Gribble made the plunge into the revolving door, and naturally it stuck halfway. The wooden tip from somebody's umbrella jammed it. Gribble began screaming and pounding, and in no time at all he had the glass smashed and his arm cut up. So they toted him away and the salesgirl said Mr. Clapp was livid because his plate-glass insurance is all whacked up by this new insurance-company consolidation that nobody seems to be able to collect from and also he had to open the side doors and turn off his precious air conditioning.

"So much for that. I looked at Gribble's papers in the hospital office. He's a machine-shop setup man from Scranton. He was released as surplus last week by the Erie. He got a travel permit good to Corning to look for a job there. His hobbies are baseball, bowling and fishing. He belongs to the American Federation of Machinists, the Red Cross and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Normal?"

"Normal," Justin said.

"Phony. Because I went to see him in psycho. He was just coming out of his first twenty-four-hour sleep, mumbling and stirring. Then the mumbling got clearer. Gribble the normal machinist was reciting Molière in the original. As far as I could judge, his accent was very good. It was Act II of *Le Misanthrope*. He seemed to be enjoying himself."

"Come on," Justin said. "It happens every day. He heard the Molière once, maybe when he was a child, and it stayed in his subconscious. Under drugs—"

"Naturally," Betsy said, very cool and composed. "And tell me, doctor: when and where in his childhood did he hear the order of battle of the Red Armies as of April 17, 1965?"

"No," Justin said defensively.

"Yes. I don't remember it all, but after the Molière his face changed and he began to mutter the date. Then he began to rattle off the armies, the

corps, the divisions. With commanders' names and locations around Edmonton. Map-grid locations. He was just swinging into 'Appreciation and Development of Combat Situation, For Eyes of Combined Chiefs of Staff Only' when Borovsky came strutting down the ward.

"He beamed down at Gribble, the normal machinist, who by then was massing a Canadian Army Group, the 17th, I think, for a spoiling attack on the left flank of the Red bulge. 'Patient motch batter,' Borovsky said, and on he went. His English is ninety-nine percent bluff, thank the Lord. But the night duty officer was Major Lange and I had to shut Gribble up before his inspection. He really talks it. I finally slapped Gribble awake and he began to cry.

"Pull yourself together," I told him. "You've been talking about the wrong things in your sleep. They'll give you another shot if they don't think you're better. You're in the Chiunga General Hospital. Tell 'em you're just nervous and tired. They want to get minor cases out of here if they can. Play along with them. Fit into the routine and you'll be out of here fast."

"He understood me, the scared little guy. I don't know what kind of personal hell he was going through, but I could see him pushing it away, hard, with every muscle. 'Fit into the routine,' he said at last. 'This is the Chiunga General Hospital. I'm Gribble. I just got panicky stuck in the—that place. I'm better now. Just tired and nervous.' Hysteria kept trying to break in between the words. And he wouldn't let it.

"Great," I told him. "Stay on the rails. Here they come." Borovsky was leading Lange through the ward. When they stopped at Gribble's bed Lange asked me what the devil I was doing there. Told him I might be able to expedite the discharge of Mr. Gribble.

"Discharge? What are you talking about? This man is seriously ill."

"Gribble spoke up then, bless him. 'I don't think I am, sir,' he said apologetically. 'I know I blanked out, but I feel all right now. Just a little nervous and tired.' They didn't notice that he had his eyes on me through it—I think that helped him.

"Patient motch batter," that pompous ass Borovsky said.

"Lange put him through the questioning. Gribble knew who he was and where he was and why he was there. Then there was a good deal of Russian between Lange and Borovsky and then the major said to me: 'It seems you were correct. He should not be in one of our beds. Have the clerical section arrange for outpatient status and board with some responsible family.'

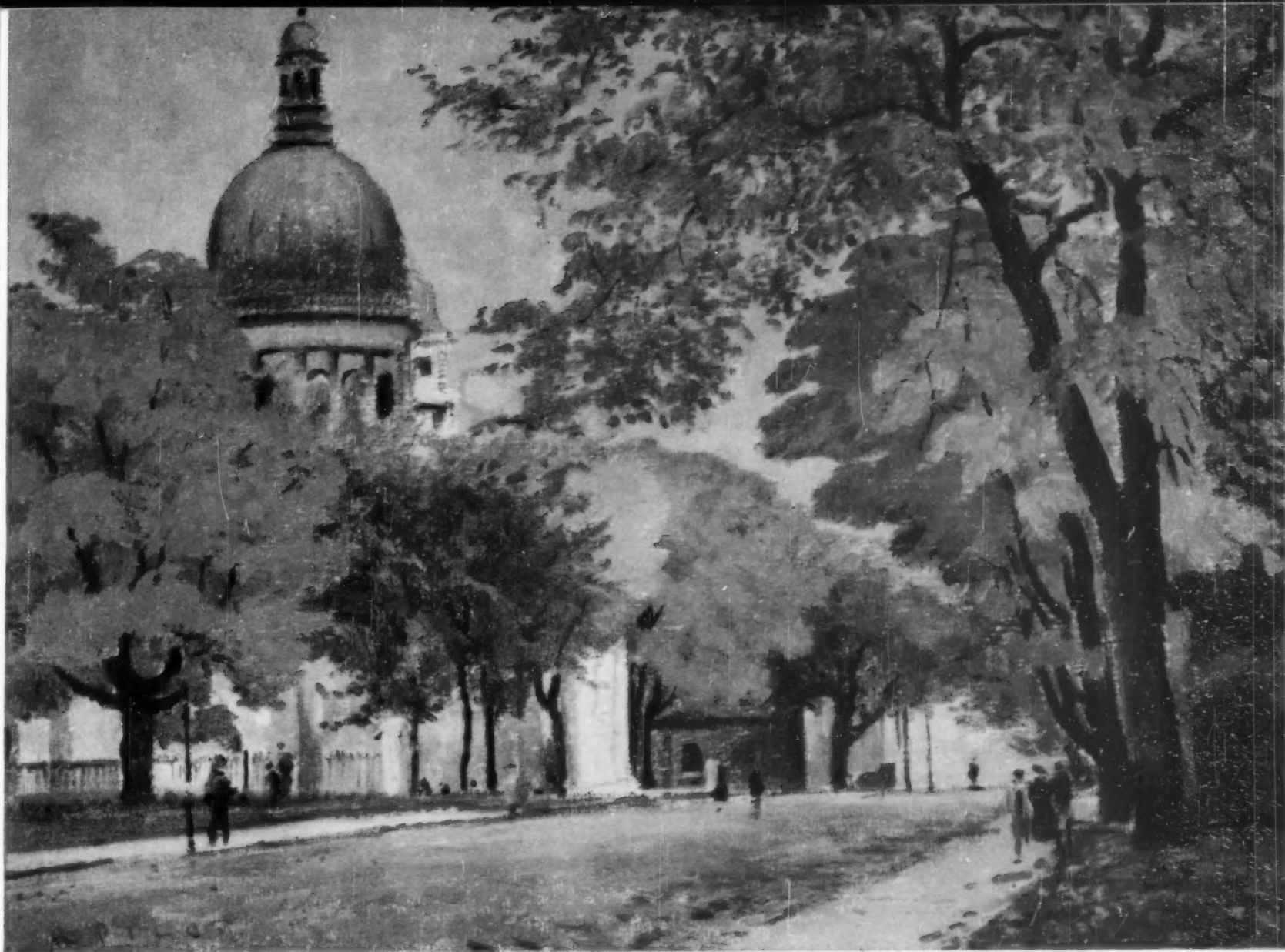
"That wasn't quite what I'd hoped for, but then I thought of you." She came to a dead stop.

Billy Justin said slowly: "How long would he be on my neck?"

"Until he's discharged. Comparable cases have been discharged after two checkup visits—call it a month."

"Who do you suppose he is, Betsy?"

"I don't know. I can't imagine. He wasn't any government official up top; I know most of the faces. He couldn't possibly be a field commander. Our Mr. Gribble would never rise to corporal in the field army. He's some kind of planner, maybe a Pentagon colonel though that doesn't seem right either. Whoever he is, he's had a shock that almost broke him. He's a brave little



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man. And they'll shoot him if they find out that he isn't who he claims to be."

"He isn't the only one they'll shoot," Justin said. She made some kind of reply and he shouted at her: "All right. I'll be the responsible family. I'll be his mother and his father and his damned old Aunt Tissie." She raised one hand feebly as he spewed his rage at her. "Send him along. Dump him here. You knew I couldn't turn you down. Even if I thought I closed the books in Korea. Even if I've been shot. You never lay in a field hospital with an infected wound eating your leg off; you

never screamed when you saw them coming with the needle for your fifteenth penicillin shot in two days. You think it's a game. So send your brave little man along, I'll take care of him. But after what you've done, don't ever speak to me again."

He turned from her stunned white face and limped down the hill.

VI

TWO RUSSIAN medics delivered Gribble the next afternoon. They looked about in a puzzled way and kept

asking: "Sooproogah? Seen? Donkh?" Justin supposed they were wondering about the rest of the responsible family. "I don't understand," he told them, dead pan. Finally there was the receipt to sign and they drove away, still with the puzzled air.

"You're Gribble," Justin said to the little man. He was trembling under the hot sun. He nodded and gave a frightened glance at the house.

Justin, through an almost sleepless night, had decided on his approach. If the man wanted to be Gribble the machinist, then Gribble the machinist

he would be. Justin wanted no confidences. Justin wanted Gribble to be a nervous - breakdown outpatient and nothing more. He also wanted the two medics to report that Farmer Yoostin had no family and that Patient Gribble should therefore be placed somewhere else, but he doubted that they would go so far.

"Ever done any farming?"

"No."

"Ever have a little vegetable garden?"

"Yes. Oh, yes. I've done that."

"Good. Well, I'll show you your room." He started for the house, Gribble lagging behind. When Justin entered the kitchen he was climbing the two steps to the porch. And there he stood, before the screen door, with the look on his face of a man who has seen a cobra.

"Come on in," Justin said through the door.

"I'd rather not unless I have to, Mr. Justin," came from that mask of terror.

Justin remembered that his blowup had occurred when he was trapped in a revolving door. And he was also wearily conscious of the endless petty inconveniences that would nag him if Gribble balked at every doorway.

"Nothing's going to happen to you, Gribble," he said with an edge on his voice. "It's a perfectly ordinary fly-blown slummy bachelor's kitchen." The man smiled meagerly. Justin held the door open and waited; Gribble stepped convulsively over the threshold closing his eyes for a moment. Justin closed the door quietly on Gribble's rigid back; instinct told him that to let it slam in its normal violent fashion would immediately involve him in a pack of trouble.

"Sit down and have some coffee," he told the little man. Coffee was not casually drunk these days. If you had it you saved it for a good jolt in the morning. But he had to make this man relax; otherwise life would be an unbearable round of walking on eggs.

Gribble sat and said "Thank you" into his steaming cup.

"It isn't such a bad life here," Justin said tentatively. "I think you'll eat a little better than you would in town. You can hold back eggs and hide your chickens when they come around. And the work won't be too hard with the two of us. Hell, wherever you are you have to work—it might as well be here."

"That's right," said Gribble eagerly.

The conversation then petered out. They finished their coffee and Justin led the way to the porch. "The barn needs cleaning out," he said. "I'll show you where the—" He stopped. Gribble stood inside the kitchen and he outside, the screen door between them.

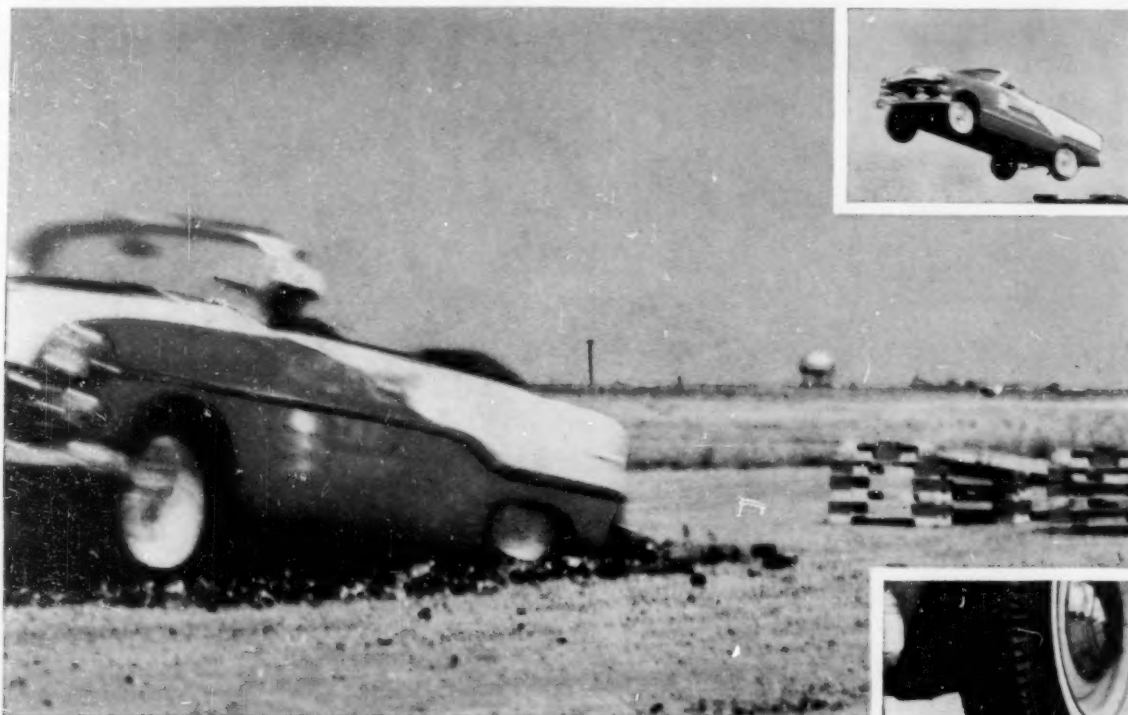
Justin sighed and held the door open for the little man. With an apologetic smile Gribble lunged through the doorway, eyes shut for a moment.

So it went through the afternoon. Gribble walked willingly into the barn and worked hard, but when Justin sent him to the toolshed built on the house for a trenching spade he was gone ten minutes. Justin went after him, swearing. It was, of course, the toolshed door. Gribble was reaching for the handle, but he couldn't quite bring himself to touch it.

Justin opened the door grimly, yanked out the spade, handed it to Gribble and closed the door. His resolution to let Gribble be Gribble cracked wide open. "What is all this?" he demanded.

The little man said faintly: "I had a very disagreeable experience once. Very disagreeable." He leaned against the toolshed wall, his face white. "I'd rather not discuss it."

Justin, alarmed, said: "All right. We won't. Let's get back to the barn—



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if you think you can make it?"

Gribble could make it. He worked through to dinnertime hard and well. Justin cooked a wretched bachelor's meal big enough for two and held the door for Gribble to come in and eat. He didn't eat much; something was on his mind. He finally asked if he could have a cot on the porch instead of a bedroom.

"Sure," said Justin. "I'll get a cot from the attic." And to himself: I might have expected it.

AFTER dinner they had three hours of light and used it to haul water from the spring up the road to the tank in the cow barn. When he did the job himself he could use nothing but a pair of galvanized pails. Gribble's help meant that between them they could fill a hundred-pound milk can on each trip. Justin began to feel a little more optimistic about meeting the brutal new milk norm. Each of his cows would, for the first time since the pasture spring went dry in June, get all the water she wanted that night. In his cheerfulness he scarcely noticed Gribble except as the hand on the other handle of the hundred-pound can. But when they topped off the tank with their twenty-fourth load an exhausted voice asked him: "Is there more to do?"

Gribble was on the verge of collapse. "My God," Justin said, "I'm sorry. You're out of the hospital—I didn't think. Cows come first," he added bitterly. "Sure, we can knock off. I'll get that cot."

The little man slumped on the porch steps while he set it up in the gathering darkness and then without a word fell onto the dusty canvas. He was asleep in seconds. Justin thought, went for a cotton blanket and spread it over Gribble to keep the flies off his face and hands and went to the road for a final smoke before turning in. There was a sawed-off tree stump he usually sat on where you could watch the sunset . . .

Rawson was waiting there. "Hi, Billy," the legless man said easily.

"Hello," Justin had his pouch out. Grudgingly he held it to Rawson. "Smoke?"

"Thanks." Rawson whisked a single cigarette paper from his breast pocket, dipped thumb and finger in the pouch. In a swirl and a lick he had a cigarette made. A tramp, Justin thought. A drifting bum with all the skills of a drifting bum. How easily he takes it! What's it to him that he's a drifter under the Reds or the United States? A perennial outlaw—and God, how I envy his peace of mind! Heavily he stuffed his pipe with dry tobacco. Rawson had lit his cigarette and politely passed him the burning match. He puffed the pipe alight. It tasted vile, but it was tobacco.

Rawson was inhaling luxuriously. "Not bad," he commented. "Your own stuff?"

"About half. The rest is from Croley. There was a tax stamp on it, but I think it's local stuff too. He probably refilled a pack with some junk he bought from a farmer."

"My, such goings-on from the virtuous storekeeper. Well, I brought that package. A man'll be by tonight or tomorrow."

"Well, let's see it."

Rawson reached deep into the boot of his go-cart, a space where his legs would have fitted if he had any. The package was small and dim in the fading light.

The set of his muscles, the leverage of his arm should have warned Justin to brace himself when the package was handed over, but he was disarmed by the smallness of the thing. He took the package, found it amazingly heavy, fumbled it for a moment and dropped it, almost on his toe. It sank an inch

into the not-particularly-soft ground.

"Oops!" Rawson said apologetically. "I should have warned you it was heavy."

"Yes," Justin said. "And maybe you should have warned me it was an atomic bomb."

"Just part of one," Rawson said.

"You know Betsy Cardew?" Justin asked, looking at the package by his toe, wondering vaguely about radioactivity, wondering whether he ought to move his toe.

"Of course. Mailwoman."

"Are you and she in this together?"

"In what?" Rawson asked blandly.

"We are not amused, Rawson. This thing—" He choked. "I got beautifully mad at her. I'm still sore. I think she's a silly kid who had no right to get me involved. You—you know the score. So—why me, Rawson? Why me?"

The legless man said brutally: "If you think I'm going to flatter you, you're going to be disappointed. It's you, Justin, because we're scraping the bottom of the barrel. Our best and bravest are in Siberian labor camps now, or mining uranium in the Ant-

arctic. Why you, indeed! Have I got any business scooting around after dark with a suitcase bomb in my lap?"

"But what's it all for?" Justin almost begged. "What can we do? Suitcase bombs, yes, but then what?"

"That," Rawson said, "is none of your business, as a moment of thought will convince you. Will you handle the transfer or won't you?"

"I will," Justin said bitterly. "Thanks for your confidence in me. I hope it's well placed."

"So do I, Justin. So do I. Will you push me off?"

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1 He should be an *adviser*—ready to put his experience and wisdom and imagination to your use. He should be eager and willing to plan the best overall insurance program for you whether there is a sale in it for him or not.



2 He should be a man you can reach when you need him. At the fire—when you discover the theft—after the accident. And he should be a man you know will be there when your family needs him—when you're not there yourself.



3 He should be a man with a nose for trouble—before it comes your way. He and the insurance company he represents should have the well-being of you and your family at heart not only after the misfortune—but before it as well!

If your insurance man is a representative of The Travelers—it should be reassuring to you to know that he has thousands of colleagues all over the continent—as ready to serve you as he would be, and as well-qualified on all three counts!

Facts you should know about The Travelers

- Established in Canada since 1865, two years before Confederation.
- Last year, The Travelers Companies disbursed more than 14 million dollars in Canada.
- All reserves set up for Canadian policies are invested in Canadian securities.
- Representatives from coast to coast. Write for the name and address of the one nearest you.
- Offices in Calgary, Halifax, Hamilton, Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec, Toronto, Vancouver, Winnipeg.

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He went creaking down the road. Justin relit his pipe and studied the dying sunset. Then he picked up the heavy little package, walked to the barn and hid it behind a bale of hay. It was not very well hidden. He wanted to be able to get it fast and get it off his hands fast. Furthermore, he knew very well that no amount of energy spent in hiding unshielded uranium or plutonium would safeguard it against search with a scintillation counter.

He stepped quietly past Gribble, sleeping on the porch and went upstairs to his bedroom. He did not intend to sleep that night—not while waiting for an unknown person to pick up an atomic bomb subassembly for use in some insane foredoomed scheme of sabotage.

He tried to read, but could not. He smoked the last of his tobacco in two unwanted pipefuls.

Insane, the whole business! There were supposed to be five million occupation troops east of the Mississippi alone. Their own third-rate shopping place, Chiunga Center, was garrisoned by the 449th Soviet Military Government Unit which, when administrative transport and medical frills were ripped off, turned out to be a reinforced infantry regiment; about a thousand fighting men armed to the teeth.

And what could you do?

Well, you could denounce Rawson and turn his bomb over to the 449th SMGU. You could denounce Betsy Cardew—nitwitted rich girl who used sex and your vestigial pride to unload a deadly menace on you. You could get written up as a patriotic citizen of the North American People's Democratic Republic, get a life pension as a Hero of Socialist Labor. And then there would be nothing for you to do but cut your throat in self-loathing.

In spite of himself he fell asleep at 3 a.m. with the 40-watt bulb shining on his face and the unread book open across his chest.

VII

HE WOKE with a panicky start at eight-thirty. What was wrong? Something was terribly wrong.

At the window he saw the cows turned out to pasture. But they should have been bellowing, un milked, for an hour or more...

But the milk cans were stacked on the loading platform for the pickup truck. Gribble had milked them! With only a few words from yesterday afternoon to go on he had worked the milking machine and turned the cows out.

And that meant he had been in the barn where...

Justin dashed downstairs, his heart thudding, and then slowed deliberately to a walk. He found the little man in the yard before the barn scouring the milker and pails. "Good morning," he said.

"Good morning, Mr. Justin. I don't know if I did the right thing, but the cows were stamping around and I remembered what you told me—it wasn't hard."

"You did exactly the right thing. I couldn't get to sleep last night. And when I did I guess I couldn't wake up. I'm sorry I left it all to you. Have you been in the—kitchen?"

Gribble smiled nervously and shook his head.

"I'll fix breakfast."

Justin kept himself, by an effort of will, from walking into the barn, in plain sight of Gribble, and looking to see whether that bale of hay had been disturbed. He turned to the house, started the stove and cooked oatmeal. Half a pint of withheld butterfat made oatmeal breakfast enough for a morning's hard work. When it was cooked

he called Gribble, who stopped on the porch apologetically until the door was held open for him.

They ate silently.

"Mind washing up?" Justin asked at last. "I'll be working in the kitchen garden." As he left he latched back the screen door, feeling like a fool.

He was heading not for the garden but for the barn when the chug of a worn-out truck sounded along his road. It was Milkshed arriving ahead of time, he absently supposed, and went over to the loading deck to give a hand with the cans. But it wasn't the milkshed truck

that rounded the turn. It was a worn blue panel job throbbing and groaning out of all proportion to its size. On the near panel was lettered: *Bee-Jay Farm Supplies and Machinery, Washington, Penna.*

It stopped by the milk cans and a nondescript driver leaned out. "This the Justin place?"

"Yes. I'm Justin. You have anything for sale, mister?"

"Might let you have some plastic pipe."

"Got an electric pump to go with it? My spring's downhill from the barn."

"Yes, I guess I passed it. Sorry about the pump, but we don't have them yet. Maybe by next spring, the way things are going."

"That's good to hear. You know, you're the first salesman I've seen here in three years?"

"That's what they all say. Bee-Jay's an enterprising outfit. We got the first A-440 passes in the state. Say, are you by any chance a friend of Rawson's?"

Justin knew then who he was. "I know him," he said. "I guess I shouldn't take the pipe if I can't use it

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right away. Seen Rawson lately?"

"I heard he was somewhere around here. He didn't happen to leave anything for me, did he?"

"Just a minute." He went to the barn aware that this was the moment of decision. There was no reason why Rawson and Betsy couldn't be framing him. There was no reason why Gribble couldn't be a planted witness for corroboration. The heavy package was behind the bale of hay where he had put it in darkness. He couldn't possibly know whether Gribble had found it and replaced it or not. And now, picking it

up, carrying it, handing it silently to the man in the truck, he had completed his treason to the North American People's Democratic Republic. He had received, harbored and transmitted fissionable material. His head was in the noose from that moment on.

He felt all the better for it.

"Good old Rawson," the Bee-Jay man chuckled, hefting the package. "Well, Mr. Justin, I'll try to pass by again—with a pump."

"Do that," Justin said steadily. "And if you ever feel any need to call on me, do it. I'm available."

The man smiled blandly. The starting motor cranked and strained for fifteen seconds before the engine caught and the little truck lurched off down the road. Justin followed it with his eyes until it was over the next crest and out of sight.

HE TURNED to find Gribble staring at him from the corner of the barn. Justin wasn't frightened; the time for that was past. He realized that he would feel physical fear before long while he waited in some schoolhouse cellar for the NKVD to come clumping

in with truncheons and methodically reduce him to a blob of pain, shrieking confessions on demand. But he did not fear the fear to come.

He told Gribble easily: "The first salesman in three years. He had some pipe but he didn't have a pump. Maybe by spring, he said. I guess things are picking up all around."

"Yes," Gribble said vaguely, his eyes full of tears.

They worked steadily through the morning and afternoon. Gribble spent two hours on the milk cooler, which had been grunting, gurgling and creaking for a month, on the verge of a breakdown. Whatever else he was besides—a quoter of Molière, Pentagon colonel—he was unquestionably an able refrigeration mechanic and bench hand. He serviced the motor and coils, disassembled the pump, cut new gaskets from a discarded inner tube, filed a new cam from scrap metal and installed it. The cooler whispered happily and the red line of the thermometer dropped well below the danger mark for the first time that summer. He showed Justin his work, dimly proud, and then joined him in cultivating the knee-high field corn until it was time to haul water from the spring again. They had a late supper at three-thirty; a dubious piece of boiled salt pork, potatoes from the barrel in the cellar, milk. It was then that Gribble asked whether Justin happened to have anything to drink.

"Some local brandy," Justin said, wondering. The little man was tightening up again. If you were an artist you saw him as taut cords vibrating in the shape of a human body. He had seemed almost happy and slack when he showed Justin the cooler...

"Could I please...?"

Justin got the carelessly hidden bottle of Mr. Konreid's popskull. Gribble methodically poured himself half a tumblerful, not bothering to rinse his glass of its skim of rich milk. Methodically he drank it down, his Adam's apple working. "Rotten stuff," he said after a long pause. Justin was about to be offended when he somehow realized that Gribble didn't mean his liquor in particular. "I was partly tanked when I had that trouble in the—department store." The taut strings were relaxing a little. "But sometimes you haven't got anything else and you have to get to sleep."

Uninvited, he refilled his tumbler to the halfway mark. Justin protested: "Man, what's the good of getting drunk in the afternoon? We have another milking and the corner fence post is sagging. Both of us will have to fix it. Pour that back in the bottle, will you? You can have it after supper if you can't sleep..."

Gribble methodically drank it down. "No point in fooling around," the little man said gravely. "You pretend you're somebody else, fine. But you know you aren't, especially when you're trying to sleep. You're still the fellow who closed the door. But that was only half the job, Justin. Funny part is, if you do the first half—that is, if you're a fellow like me—then you can't do the second half. They never thought of that. I must have looked pretty good on the profile. Hard-bitten, waspish executive and all that. But I didn't fool the combat boys. I went right out of Prudential—you should have seen my office, Justin!—and right into the Pentagon. I told them—what do you say?—I told them: 'Alert, capable executive desires connection with first-class fighting force. Feels his abilities are not being used to the utmost capacity in present employment.' I went through the lieutenants and captains like a hot knife through butter. I've handled kids like that all my life. G-1 checked me



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"Tailors of clothes to play in"

"You don't need brains to say 'Attack!'" barked Clardy. So the neurotic Gribble never got to fight the Russians

through. You know why? Because G-1's just office management in uniform. We talked the same language. I was exactly like them so they thought I was good. So I got my appointment with Clardy. Three stars. Colonel Hagen—imagine having a chicken colonel for a secretary—Hagen briefed him first, told him I was talent, hard-boiled talent, kind of talent they needed fast for a battalion, then a regiment, then maybe a division. You go up fast in wartime if you've got the stuff. So Clardy talked to me for a few minutes and then he turned to Hagen. As if I wasn't there. Cussed Hagen out for wasting his time. 'Good Lord, colonel, get him something in G-1 or G-4, but don't ever give him a combat command. Look at him! Can you imagine him committing troops?'

"You see, Justin? He was onto me in two minutes. They never say it, even among themselves, but they know combat command doesn't take brains. They talk about brilliant field generals, but when you try to find out what the brilliance was it's always this: G-1 gets the brilliant general his men; G-2 gets the brilliant general his information; G-3 trains the men and plans the attack; G-4 gets the supplies. Then the brilliant general says 'Attack!' and it's another victory.

"You know, you don't need brains to say 'Attack!' Plenty of them have brains and they don't seem to do them any damage, but brains aren't essential. What you need's character. When you've got character you say 'Attack!' at the right time. And Clardy saw in two minutes that I didn't have it. That I'd wait and hang back and try to think of ways around when there aren't any ways around at all. That when G-3 told me it was time to attack I wouldn't take his word for it, I'd hem and haw and wonder if he really believed what he was telling me. Clardy saw clean through me, Justin. I'm a man who can cheerfully commit a battery of IBM card punches to the fray and that's all."

The little man lurched to his feet and stared, red-eyed, at Justin. Waiting.

Slowly and unwillingly Justin said: "What do you want, Gribble? What am I supposed to do about all this?"

Staring, Gribble said: "Very cagey, Justin. But you've got to help me. I know you're committed. I milked the cows this morning. I'm a picture straightener; I always have been. So I started to straighten that bale of hay. Package behind it—heavy package. So heavy it's got to be gold or lead or plutonium. And I know it isn't gold or lead.

"The farm salesman came by. I looked in the barn—no package. You're in it, Justin. You've got to help me. I can't help myself. Five thousand of them! And then, of course, I couldn't pull the second half of the job. Clardy was right..."

He stood up, swaying a little. "Come along, Justin. You've got to do something for me."

Gribble lurched through the doorway, past the latched-back screen door, down the cement walk to the road.

Justin followed slowly. "It's about fifteen miles," Gribble said over his shoulder.

I've got to go along, Justin told himself. The little man's guessed—and he's right—that I'm a traitor to the People's Democratic Republic. He might tell anybody if it takes his fancy. Perhaps,

he bleakly thought, I'll have to kill him. Meanwhile, he doesn't get out of my sight.

"What do you want me to do, exactly?" he asked Gribble in a calm, reasonable voice.

The little man said abruptly: "Open a door."

VIII

THEY walked for two hours, Gribble in the lead and mumbling.

Justin tried at first to get him to make sense, then to at least accept a cover story. "We're going to Bert Loughlin's about a calf, Gribble. Okay? Will you tell them that if we get stopped? Bert Loughlin's about a calf..."

"Cobalt," Gribble said, preoccupied. Six miles along the road they were overtaken by a wagon, Eino Baaras at the reins. He was returning from Clayboro to Glencairn—"Little Finland"—with locust poles. He scowled at them and offered a ride.

"Thanks," Gribble said. "We're going to see Bert Loughlin about a calf."

Baaras shrugged and waited for them to get up before he said: "Loughlin ain't got no calf." He touched up the team and the wagon rolled.

"Selling, not buying," Justin said. "Loughlin ain't got no money," Baaras said unconcernedly.

"Maybe something to swap," Justin said. He was clenching his fists. What came next? Loughlin ain't got nothing to swap. Where you really headed, Justin? But Baaras just dipped some snuff, spat into the dust and said nothing.

Silent Finns, Justin thought, suddenly drowsy with the afternoon heat. Worse for them than for us. They've been followed halfway around the world by the neighbors they fled while we sat and waited and perhaps were happy in our blindness...

He dozed for a while; Gribble shook him awake. "We get off here, Mr. Justin." The wagon had stopped and Baaras was sardonically waiting.

"Thanks," he said to the Finn, and looked uncertainly at Gribble for a lead. The little man started up a rutted and inconsiderable wagon track that angled from the black top. Justin followed him, disoriented for a moment. Then he realized that they were on the west side of Prospect Hill and heading up it.

Baaras looked at them, shrugged and

drove on. Justin thought flatly: a total botch. I said the wrong thing, we got off at the wrong place. I couldn't have botched it worse if I'd been waving a flag with TRAITOR embroidered on it. The only thing to do now is wait and hope. Baaras is going to talk about my peculiar goings-on, and the people he talks to will talk. Eventually it'll get to somebody like Croley and that means I'm dead.

Meanwhile, you keep climbing Prospect Hill.

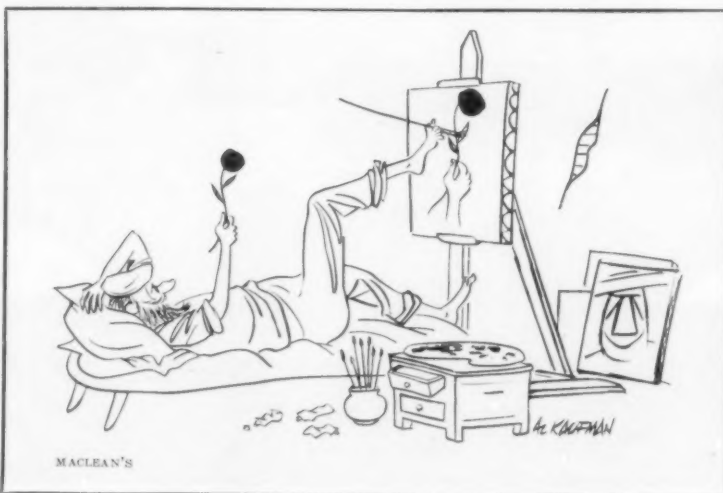
THE HILL was about twenty-five hundred feet high and heavily wooded. It was supposed to be owned by one of the great New York real-estate fortunes. Farmers who tried to buy small pieces adjoining their fields for wood lots were rebuffed. A fair-sized local mutual insurance company that tried once to buy a big piece for development got an interview in New York City and a courteous explanation that the Hill was being held against the possibility that the area would experience major growth. The president of the company considered that interview one of the high points of his life, and Justin had heard all about it. So had practically everybody who spent ten minutes with the president.

The Hill was posted against hunting and fishing, but not fenced in. Farmers around it had more or less fenced it out with their own wire, but there were gaps like the one Gribble had found. Kids and hunters stayed clear of the Hill for the most part. Among the kids there was a legend that the Vanderbilts—or was it the Astors?—would jail you for twenty years if you got caught trespassing. And the hunters knew that the Hill had no springs and only one intermittent stream. It was against local custom to carry a canteen for a day's hunting; you were heavily joshed for dressing up like a Boy Scout. So you pretty much stayed away...

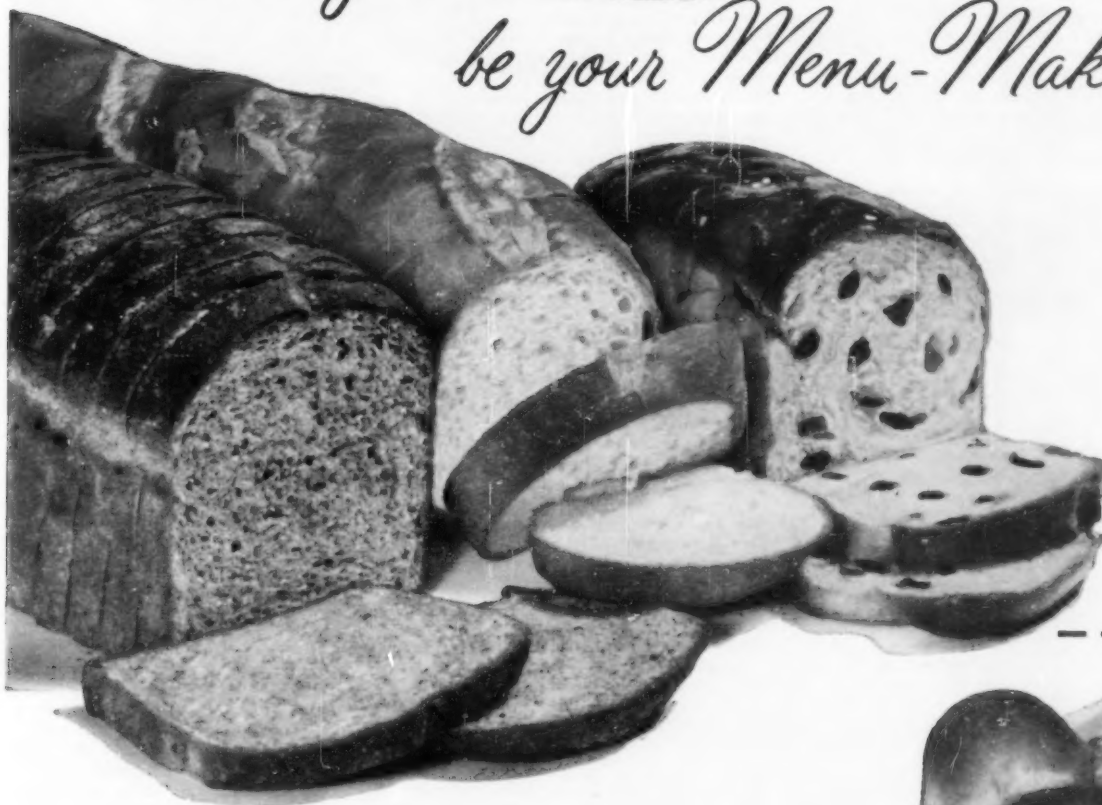
But what wheels had worn the twin ruts up the Hill?

Justin kicked at an angle of crushed rock. It should have flown up and away from the loose gravel it was embedded in and Justin should have strode on feeling infinitesimally better for the release of tension. It didn't happen that way at all. The rock stayed where it was and blinding pain shot through Justin's foot. While he stopped and swore Gribble turned. "Wasting time," he said mildly.

"In a minute," Justin said. The pain



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● When you "eat out", you admire the tasty rolls the waiter brings, and you notice sometimes friend husband is ready to make a meal of them! So here's another way your baker can help make your menus more interesting! Order some of these treats for dinner tonight—hard rolls, Parker House, clover leaf, etc. See how an ordinary menu is lifted by this touch of distinction.



● If you "did nothing but bake", maybe you would turn out fascinating dessert treats like these. That's where your baker fits in as your menu-maker—he *does nothing but bake!* He's baking luscious fruit buns, Danish pastries, Swedish tea-rings and English jellied doughnuts every day! Let your baker supply some of these goodies for dessert tonight.



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was dying down, but he wasn't ready to go on walking. He stooped and tried to wiggle the fang of rock protruding from the gravel, work it loose and throw it away. It had wounded him and it must surely die.

The rock wouldn't wiggle. Evidently it was a protruding corner of a really big chunk. He pawed at the loose gravel to investigate. It wasn't loose gravel. His fingers skidded over the surface without disordering a single one of the round and oval glacier-ground stones.

"Come on," Gribble said impatiently, and resumed climbing. Justin followed thoughtfully. The rutted worn secondary road, this road that was clearly on the very verge of breaking up, was a very remarkable road indeed. It looked bad. It was bad. It would give the springs of a truck a very hard time.

But it would never get worse. It would never break up. It was a good road disguised as a bad one. Reinforced concrete a yard down, no doubt. On top of that the crushed rock and gravel

mortared into position. A heavy-duty highway that would pass air reconnaissance and even a ground patrol.

"Yes, yes, yes," Gribble was muttering ahead of him.

A heavy-duty highway to where?

"Gribble," he said.

The small man turned on him in fury. His voice was an almost womanish screech. "Leave me alone, Justin! Don't distract me. This thing's hard enough without you yammering and yipping at my heels. I'm fighting with myself to keep from turning around and running down the hill. I could break down right now if I let go. I could have a fine time crying and kicking and screaming and letting the clouds close in on what I have to do. But—I—won't. Shut up and follow me!"

Justin followed, confused and burning with resentment. He had been in contact with psychopaths before and, as now, it was never pleasant. A girl in the ad agency, years ago, at the next drawing table to his, took six months to go thoroughly insane, a little more each day. Toward the end there were worried conferences behind her back, long wrangles about when eccentricity slips over into mania, and always the stolid unimaginative confrere who spoke what was in everybody's mind: all she has to do is get hold of herself; she doesn't have to act like a nut. Naturally in the age of Freud no really informed person spoke those words; naturally you were shocked to hear them. But, oh, the resentment that filled you when you had to humor and defer to and make your life miserable because of a crackpot!

A FADED sign nailed to a tree pointed up the peculiar road: PROSPECT VISTA, it said, which made no sense at all. A prospect is a vista and a vista is a prospect. Justin could have said something about it but dared not, bullied into silence by the little man who wouldn't control himself.

The road shot suddenly upward and ended at a big, littered clearing. The litter was the debris of a housing development that had never come to pass. Justin never knew it was there. This was Prospect Vista, a big rain-dimmed sign said. Below, in smaller letters, the sign announced split-level homes, no down payment, seventy dollars a month, pay like rent.

Bulldozers had been at work tearing out trees and piling them like jackstraws. Dirt streaks had been hoed out of the forest duff long ago—long enough for underbrush and scrub to spring up again in barbed-wire tangles. The bulldozed roads-to-be were now more impassable than they had been before the bulldozers came. But hopeful signs marked them: Onondaga Avenue intersected Seneca Street where they stood on the clearing's edge.

Sewer trenches were dug clear down to hardpan, an elephantine checkerboard converging on the principal landmark of Prospect Vista, which was a huge hole, obviously the excavation for a treatment plant. And that was as far as things had got. Here and there was a load of rusty pipe, or pencil rod to reinforce concrete that had never been poured. Gravel and sand stood in low cones dotted through the clearing. In the years that passed they had found their angle of repose and would slump no lower. It occurred to Justin that one pile of gravel may be alive and another dead. These were dead.

Gribble was saying suddenly in a tone of sweet reasonableness: "Of course, I wasn't in on the planning end. I came in fairly late, after Clardy turned me down for a command. But you can guess how they put it together.

The techniques the Scandinavians developed, plus the brute-force Manhattan District idea plus a security plan borrowed from the Japanese and improved on by the supply system of the Czarist Army. The one that kept losing them all their wars."

As he spoke he moved up and down a few yards of the steeply inclined end of the road, like a hound trying to pick up a scent. Now and then he knelt and fingered a stone.

"All that planning," he chattered, "and then in a weak moment they turned it over to me. A fuzzy-faced West Point second classman would have been better, of course. I was supposed to be a hard guy. Once I signed orders for a twenty-percent firing effective Christmas Eve. Deliberately, to make the surviving eighty percent cringe a little. But there's a difference..."

He had found whatever he was looking for. "Lift here," he told Justin, indicating two shards of concrete that projected from the good-bad road. His face was deathly pale.

Justin hadn't been listening. He had been thinking: A total breakdown. He's completely irresponsible, in a dream-world. He's likely to say anything to anybody. Perhaps I ought to pick up one of these reinforcing rods over there and...

"What's that?" he asked the little man.

Gribble patiently repeated: "Lift here," and showed him the hunks of concrete.

Murder was on Justin's mind. "Stand over there," he said sharply. He wasn't to be caught bending over with the lunatic behind him and reinforcing rods conveniently near. Gribble, pale and exhausted, stood where he pointed, yards away, and nevertheless Justin watched him as he heaved on the shards. Because of that he missed seeing the miracle, but he felt its weight through his back and shoulder muscles and heard its creak and hum.

A great slab of the good-bad road came up like a door, twelve feet wide, easily twenty feet long. He crazily thought at first that he had pried it up with his fingers, and then he heard a motor and the whine of a gearbox.

Justin leaped back and the hinged slab continued to rise. It was a yard thick, supported on I-beams.

To where?

The good-bad road ended at the gateway to a tunnel angling sharply down. At the gateway the masquerade ended. The tunnel flooring was plain concrete. Lights had gone on, one every couple of yards along the ceiling. He had a confused impression of huge counterweights moving down as the slab moved up, and then motion stopped; the tunnel lay open.

Gribble's voice penetrated his stupor. "Come on, Justin. Inside." He stepped in and let Gribble show him a lever which he pulled, and which lowered the ponderous slab down on them again. He let Gribble, stammering and sweating, lead him a hundred feet down the inclined tunnel to a huge door, to Justin's eyes exactly like that of a bank vault.

"That's it," Gribble said, his voice charged with poisonous self-hatred. "Open it, Justin."

The artist stammered a question about the combination. Gribble whispered: "No combination. Just that lever..."

No—it wasn't like a bank vault's door after all. There was just the one lever. This door was meant to open easily. From the outside.

Justin turned the lever and pulled. The door glided open and starved concentration-camp corpses tumbled out into the tunnel. Justin leaped back; his own scream of horror yelled back



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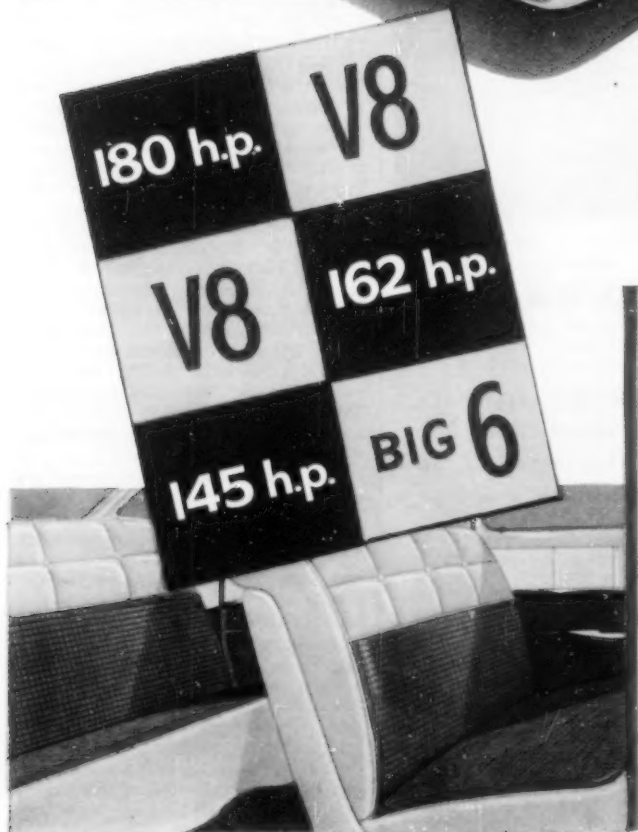
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at him, reverberating along the tunnel's smooth walls.

He was turning to run blindly back when Gribble took his arm. "Look at them," Gribble said softly. There was no pain. I was never sure of that. Naturally I was told it would be painless, but they'd tell me that anyway. But it was true. They never knew what hit them, Justin. I feel just a little better now."

Justin finally forced himself to look. There was no distortion of agony on the faces; they were people who had gone to sleep and never wakened. He became conscious of a cool, dry, gentle draft from the open doorway. "Pseudomummies," Gribble said. "You find them in high dry places. The Andes, the Iranian upland." He looked earnestly into one of the calm faces. "Dr. Swenson. A very good man. I suppose he guessed what had happened, got a few people together and went to work on the door. Quietly—no panic."

The dry, brown hand of the man he looked down at was cramped around the twin pipe of an oxyacetylene torch. Another pair of dry brown arms held cylinders of gas. Another had been straightening a kinked tube when time became eternity.

"No panic," Gribble mused. "His watchword used to be 'step back and take a long, calm look.' He kept us together after the polio epidemic. I for one was ready to yell for help. 'Step back...' he said, and I did and we decided we could swing it as we were. That Swenson. He felt the air go cold and dry, he figured it out, he got his men together, they got to work on the door. And then the gas came. Without pain."

All Justin could make of it was that Gribble had killed—or thought he had killed—some people beyond the door. "Tell me about it," he said calmly.

"I'll show you," said the little man. "After all, it's your baby now. I couldn't be expected to go on with it now, could I?" His eyes were wild.

"Of course not," Justin said very steadily. "You just show me what you have to and don't worry. I'll see that the right thing's done."

"Come on," Gribble said.

THEY stepped around the bodies and through the door into a garage. The little man absently went from wall to wall turning on lights. It was quite a place, and it was crowded with servicing equipment and trucks. No two trucks were built alike, painted alike or marked alike. Some of them Justin vaguely recognized. There was the two-ton stake-bed job, very battered, marked P. DiPumpo & Sons, Contractors. He had absent-mindedly registered the odd name a few times during the past few years. The battered truck of P. DiPumpo and Sons had intersected his orbit on the highway, or in town, or perhaps during the early months of the war passing his farm. Trucks came and went.

A half-ton cab-over-engine job: Hornell Florists.

A huge, ordinary, bright-red gas truck: Supeco Refining Company.

A tractor-trailer job, special trailer with the bed sunk between the axles: U. S. Bridge Building Corporation. He had seen that one, noticing the odd profile of a bulky load covered with roped tarpaulins.

Thirty more of them, reefers, pickups, vans, dumpers, tow cars—you name it and it was there. Two hundred feet under Prospect Hill was a haunted garage with dry, brown people sprawled here and there, as they would fall from timing an engine, cleaning spark plugs, turning down brake drums, and—in one small corner—stamping out counterfeit license plates for 1966.

In the rock was a rocket to circle the earth and wipe out whole sinful cities

"Come on," Gribble said again.

He led Justin from the garage into a bewildering underground industrial complex. There were drafting rooms, with dry brown draftsmen slumped forward on their tables. Offices, foundries, machine shops, welding bays, sheet-metal shops, laboratories, and desiccated corpses everywhere. Gribble kept pausing to look into faces. Sometimes he would name a name; usually he would turn to Justin and ask shrilly whether it wasn't obvious that they had died painlessly and in peace. Justin reassured him over and over again.

The living quarters, below the working level, were the same. Spartan cubicles tunneling deep into the hill—Justin guessed dazedly that there might be five thousand of them strung along twenty corridors radiating from a plaza. The library, the cafeterias, the gymnasium. Sun lamps there, of course. And brown figures sprawled on the board track that circled it.

"What was it?" he had been asking for some time now of the unhearing little man. "I can't help if I don't know what it was, Gribble."

The little man led the way up from the living quarters to a freight elevator on the manufacturing level. He jerked the starting cable and the platform rose slowly with them to a square of blackness in the roof. . . . "The satellite," Gribble said. "The super-gadget, the ultimate doohickey that was going to win the war and keep it won."

"The satellite's lost, Gribble," Justin said evenly. "They overran it in the sweep south. Betsy Cardew told me about it."

Gribble looked at him scornfully. "Not that one, you bloody fool," he said. "This one. The real one."

The freight elevator passed through the square of blackness and lights went on in a huge domed chamber of rock. In the centre of the chamber stood a towering, spidery structure. Even Justin's untrained eye could see that it was a three-step rocket. Even he could see that the third step was designed to circle the earth as an artificial satellite. And that it was heavily armed with bomb-launching racks.

YOU'RE a well-read average man, thought Billy Justin, so you're aware that the human race is about to take its next giant step. It's a pity that it takes a war to do it, but that seems to be the way people are. British imperial greed long ago caused a Mr. John Harrison to fuse metallurgy, physics and genius into the first marine chronometer, by means of which the captains of His Britannic Majesty's Navy were able to find a not-yet-plundered island twice in suc-

cession. Before that Signor Tartaglia, under the necessity of battering down medieval walls sheltering medieval thugs for the benefit of Renaissance thugs with Renaissance cannon, stole sine cosine and tangent from the philosopher's toy chest and gave them to the world for tools. You know it was war that put jigs and fixtures on our machine tools, which is to say mass production: muskets to sewing machines, washers, kitchenware, Grand Rapids furniture and the American standard of living. And another put planes in the air. And another avalanched radar, atomic bombs and the first crude space-ships on us. You knew, therefore, like everybody else, that the current war was going to bring space flight, particularly the bombardment satellite *Yankee Doodle* a-building in the northwest somewhere in Alaska. The marvellous satellite would circle the earth like the eye of God, but improved by American ingenuity; its more-than-Jovian thunderbolts were to strike down not one sinner at a time but whole sinful cities and—if they didn't disperse into ineffectiveness—sinful army groups. It was going to be a harsh, just world for sinners when the satellite *Yankee Doodle* roared up to begin its swift circling of the heavens, troubled though the progress of its construction was by sabotage. Troubled though it was by paratroopers. And there wasn't a dry eye in the house when the radio told you how *Yankee Doodle* was steamrollered by the fifty thousand death-or-glory Chinese fanatics, hopped up to the eyebrows, of Task Force Tsing. The announcer brokenly announced: "Our men and women fought to the end against the human sea that engulfed them. The last weak radio communication from the site announced that thermite and demolition bombs had been fired to utterly destroy all components of *Yankee Doodle* so that the fanatical barbarian invaders . . ."

"Not that one, you bloody fool. This one. The real one."

BILLY JUSTIN craned his neck to study the monster. Its nose was lost in the upper gloom of the chamber. He emitted a sound like a nervous giggle. "I never thought we were that smart," he breathed.

Gribble was very happy. This was the ultimate in the pleasurable game of giving away confidences. "It's nothing new," he said with elaborate casualness. "We suckered the Germans this way when we invaded Europe the last time. There was this Army Group, see, waiting in England to make the real attack on the Pas de Calais. The Germans knew it; they knew Patton was in

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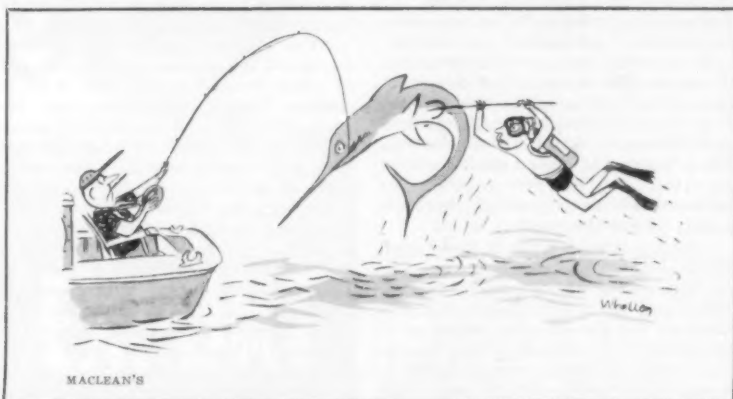
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command, they intercepted the radio traffic of the Army Group every day. Orders, acknowledgments, rations, troop movements, supplies, personnel transfers. So they almost ignored the feint by Bradley on the Cotentin Peninsula; they held forty divisions ready to meet the real thrust by Patton's Army Group. When it was too late they found out that Patton's Army Group consisted of Patton and a couple of hundred radio operators. By then Bradley had broken out and was chewing his way across France.

"It is—ready?" asked Justin.

"No." The little man squatted on the concrete. "I'll begin at the beginning. You've got to know it all anyway."

"Why?" Justin asked sharply.

Gribble screwed up his face and his eyes began to leak tears. "I thought you agreed," he said miserably. "Didn't you say you'd handle it? I'm shot, Justin! I can't take any more..." His voice was soaring into childish shrillness.

"All right," Justin said hastily. "All right. Don't worry about a thing. If I've got to, I've got to. Just tell me."

Gribble blew his nose and shuddered. Shrilly at first, then more easily, he said: "It hasn't got any name. It's a three-step hydrazine-fueled bombardment satellite. It has a fishbowl reactor for housekeeping current. It has a hydroponics room in action now under sun lamps. It's built for two. The TV-tape and film library includes fifty thousand movies and books. An all-transistor radio sending and receiving set will function for an estimated seventy-five years without requiring servicing. Efficient waste and water regenerators are patterned after those aboard our long-cruise atomic submarines. Up there you can see the bomb deck, which accounts for half the weight of the third stage, neglecting fuel. A radar-computer bomb sight is capable of directing missiles to any point on the earth's surface; delivery within five square miles is guaranteed. The satellite is armed with thirty-six hydrogen bombs and two special cobalt-jacketed bombs. I don't know why I'm telling you all this. You must have been reading about it since 1950."

Justin nodded. He had. Sandwiched between do-it-yourself pieces in the mechanics magazines, sandwiched between boy-and-girl stories in the slicks. He had. Everybody had. And here it was...

"Well, 1950's when it began. 1950's when I went to Clardy and offered my services. 1950's when all those ads appeared everywhere for engineers, scientists, technicians, toolmakers, mechanics. Remember the deluge?"

He did. Suddenly the United States seemed to have been gripped by a terrible hunger for trained men. It was as if—as if they were being drained off the normal labor supply. He said as much.

"That's right. And we're the ones who drained them off. We recruited for a year. Half the ads you saw during that time might have been genuine; the rest were ours. From '51 on they were all genuine, and believe me, the aircraft and electronics industries were desperate. We'd drained off five thousand of the best people in the country. I sat in hotel rooms—Mr. Simpson of Aero Research, Mr. Blair of Pasadena Electronics—and interviewed around the clock. So did fifty others. We boiled down two hundred thousand people to five thousand.

"All the final selections knew was, 'hard, interesting, remunerative work, draft-proof but with a spice of danger.' When our table of organizations was filled we had the darndest collection of specialists ever assembled, and practically every one of them could double in construction work and the rest could

learn. We trucked them in April '51 to Prospect Hill. The construction and excavating machinery was here. I made my little speech telling 'em they were dead for the duration to the outside world. No passes, no furloughs, no anything. You see, Justin, there were spies among them. Had to be. But what's wrong with a spy if he's a good worker and can't get word outside the project? My security boys shot four people who tried to sneak out in the first month and after that nobody tried. Were they spies? I don't know. Or care. They'd been warned...

"Nobody brought supplies to us; we went for our own. With my boys riding along in the cabs of the trucks. There'd be a freight car at an abandoned factory siding, we'd transfer the load and that was that. We were under canvas through the first winter, but the Hill was beginning to take shape. It was the best cave in the northeast. We enlarged it, braced it, squared it up.

"They were wonderful boys and girls, Justin. I don't know how to tell you. You know what a count means in prison? That's how we treated them. Work gangs of twenty, always, and my security people roving around with whistles and guns. Blow the whistle at a gang, everybody drops everything and comes to attention and then you count them. If it's nineteen or twenty-one you check. Immediately. Well, somehow they managed not to mind it. Maybe they were thinking of the pay cheques piling up against their accounts, maybe they were worked too hard to care, but maybe they knew they were shock troops too.

"The last of them was underground by October of '52. It was still primitive in here—camp cots, no privacy, lousy food. Three good men went violently insane. What could we do? We locked 'em up and our medics cared for them and one of them recovered. We started stockpiling structural members for the satellite that winter. By then they knew what they were working on. Terrific lift. And by then—well, it was a good thing we had a computer man who also happened to be an ordained minister. Yes, Justin, I didn't show you the nursery. I think I'm behaving very well, but the nursery would be just a little more than I could take..."

HE BEGAN to cry silently. Justin got up and walked the circuit of the huge ship's base. When he returned Gribble was dry-eyed. "We acquired more trucks at that point," the little man said precisely. "For one year we did very little but warehouse supplies. Between times we improved our living quarters and recreational facilities. The monotony of the work had a bad effect. There were fads for painting, sculpture and intramural competitive sports. I had to crack down on the waste of time and became utterly unpopular, which I was used to. The little stenos back in my insurance days called me 'The Monster,' you know. Things took an upturn when actual construction of the satellite began.

"The next year something unusual happened. There was somebody in one of those freight cars at one of those sidings. They brought him to me. He was a CIA man, and he knew he'd never be able to leave until the operation was over one way or another. He had a message that was a little too hot for our code room, since it involved code-room personnel as well as the rest of us. Luckily—or by design—he was a former cafeteria manager, and was responsible for a great improvement in our mess. But the message, the message... when I decoded it in my own quarters I laughed and said, 'Melo-drama.' And I went ahead and obeyed it. It was to install, under the guise of

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an air-conditioning device, masked tanks of lethal gas. And I was placed under standing orders to release the gas if certain circumstances should arise. Melodrama.

"The war came, of course. They worked like demons; our medics had very little to do except circulate and snarl at sick people to lie down for a half hour if they didn't want to drop in their tracks. Our supplies chief broke down from frustration when supplies became a trickle, an erratic one. Our sponsors in the defense department could hardly tell a desperate major-general whose division was headed for Yellowknife without anti-tank guns that rail space was needed for something nebulous but infinitely more important. Or the navy that a carrier launching must be postponed two months because control-system components had to be shoveled down a hole in Prospect Hill.

"Many, many times our trucks went to the appointed places at the appointed times and found only half a dozen crates in the freight car—or no freight car at all. Thank God, the bombs came through. AEC must have interlocked with our operation somehow; they never shorted us, ever.

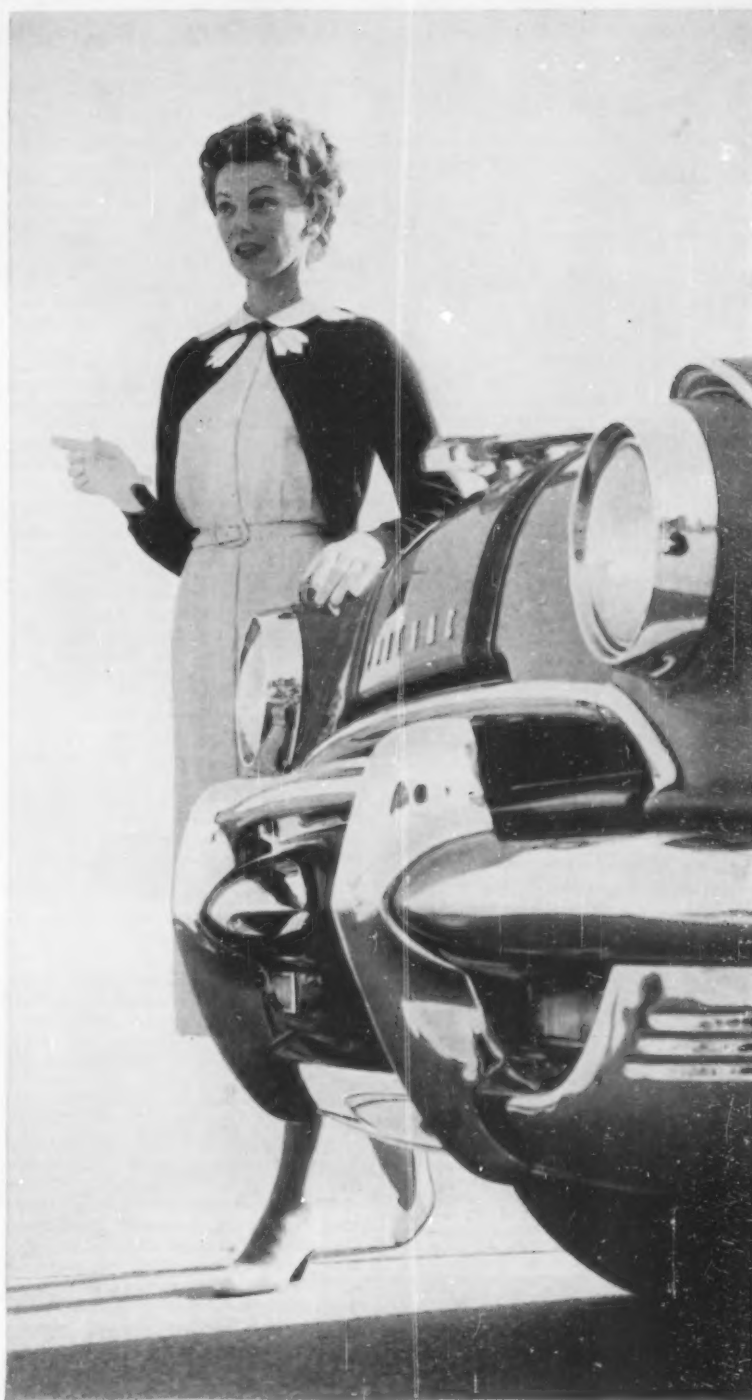
"We had a polio epidemic last year, Justin! And no vaccine! It swept through our electronics department like a prairie fire. We lost a dozen of our best men. Scores of them were crippled to the point where they could work only at benches, assembling. Only three men who really knew what they were doing were left to climb around the girders installing and testing. Volunteers made a lot of mistakes which the specialists had to undo. But things were drawing to a close. Our pilot and bombardier arrived and trained on the controls. They were good boys, just right for the job.

"It's an awesome thing, Justin. That roof up there—it's skilfully undermined. Push the button and it blasts away the crest of the hill and we stand open to the sky. One bright young man does the right things with the controls and the satellite soars and circles. The other young man does the right things with his controls and she spits hydrogen bombs one thousand miles straight down at speed far beyond detection or interception. That was to end the war, Justin. Thirty-six hell bombs. And to keep it ended, to prove to the enemy the final insanity of continuing, there are the two specials with their cobalt jackets. Drop one special somewhere over Finland. It blows, generating lethal radioactive dust. Southwesterly winds drift the dust across most of Russia, wiping out all plant and animal life in its path. The other cobalt job's for China, even though the dust would kill as far as California. Last-chance weapons, Justin. Almost-but-not-quite bluffs. Break glass only in case of insane continued resistance after thirty-six H-bombs destroy thirty-six Russian and Chinese population centres.

"Very close, Justin. Very close. A few hundred man-hours of electronics installation remaining, a few hundred components to procure. But then there was the surrender broadcast and my orders were clear. This was what the spies in the operation had been waiting for. Come hell or high water they'd get out and turn us in. My orders were—One, to release the gas in case of military defeat and capitulation. And—Two, to contact responsible parties,

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"Thirty-six lousy bombs and two specials," Justin thought.
 "Well, in the rocket you could wipe out Russia and China"

assuming leadership of a project to complete and launch the satellite.

"I carried out the first half, Justin. You'll help me, won't you? They really can't expect a person who's been through so much to keep on going, can they? Is it reasonable? Is it fair?" His eyes were leaking again.

"If you only knew," he groaned, surrounded by his five thousand dead, immured in his guilt.

"We've got to get out of here," Justin said quietly. "We've got a long walk. Those cows'll be bellowing to be milked. Somebody might notice."

A last look at the towering satellite and they started home to milk the cows.

THE SHELVES at Croley's store were filling up. Farm supplies were coming back. For the first time in three years neat tubes of aureomycin ointment for udder sores were neatly stacked in the old space on the shelf. Under the familiar red trademark was something new in small type about the State Antibiotics Trust. That was perfectly all right with Justin; they could call it anything they wanted as long as they were pitching in to keep his milk production up.

And then he sneered at himself for the thought. It was exactly the thought they wanted him to have, and they wanted him to chop it off right there. Not to go on and reflect: milk production for whom, where?

Half a dozen farmers were waiting for Croley. The old man came out of his miniature office, looked blankly at them and went back in again. They sighed, studied the salt pork in his meat case, the sacks of rice from Louisiana—back after two years—and the comic books. Billy Spencer, Northeast Farm-boy, True Life Heroes, the Story of Klaus Fuchs. Justin flipped through them, waiting. Billy Spencer was a clean-cut kid who lived only to make his milk norm and thereby build peace and the North American People's Democratic Republic. Disaster threatened when his butterfat production slumped fifty percent and all the other kids jeered at him. But one night he saw a sinister figure skulking around his barn and who should it be but Benny Repler, the loudest of the jeerers. Benny, caught in the act of administering an unspecified slow poison to Billy's cows, broke down and confessed he was a tool of unreconstructed capitalist traitor-saboteurs, and was marched off, head high, to expiate his sins by hard labor for the NAPDR. Billy, in a final blazing double spread, was awarded a Hero of Agricultural Labor medal by the President himself, and took the occasion to emit a hundred-word dialogue balloon pledging himself anew to the cause of peace and the people's democracy under its great protector the Soviet Union.

And as for Fuchs, the saintly worker-scientist in his long martyrdom at Wormwood Scrubs Prison . . . Justin carefully closed the comic book and replaced it in its wire rack. Croley had emerged from his office again with a wrapped parcel. You could tell from the size and the neck that it was a quart bottle. "One of you call Perce," he said to the farmers. His half-witted helper was lounging in the sun on the bench outside. Justin was nearest the door. "Mr. Croley wants you," he told the boy.

The storekeeper handed Perce the wrapped bottle and told him: "Like

yesterday. For the soldiers up at the truck station."

Perce giggled slyly: "Soup for lunch. Like yesterday." He glanced at the farmers to see that they got his joke. They were as stone-faced as Croley and he went on his way. Croley stared sullenly at the first man in line—his way of asking: "May I help you, sir?" A haggle began about tobacco. Croley was an industrialist now; he had started a small sweatshop business in Norton. Somehow he had located a bale of prewar king-size cigarette papers; the widows and orphans of Norton worked at home turning them into Russian-style cigarettes with cardboard mouthpieces at a cent a dozen. With dependency allotments from the



MACLEAN'S
 "I'll have this floor done in no time!"

army discontinued, it fended off starvation.

"Last batch stunk," Croley said flatly. "Dime a pound and that's that. Should be glad to make a payment on your bill, Hunzicker."

Hunzicker looked half around, shame on his face; everybody studiously avoided his eye. Justin wished the conventional wish that he could sink into the earth rather than see Hunzicker's shame and Croley's gloomy arrogance.

"Right," the farmer muttered. "Dime a pound. But it's better than last time. You'll see." Croley stared, impassive. He sold the cigarettes to the garrison at Chiunga Center. The 449th Soviet Military Government Unit winked at such rampant capitalism when it was practiced by handy, steady, centrally located Mr. Croley.

Bomb him, Justin thought vacantly. Bombardment satellite's ready and waiting, short a few hundred man-hours and a crew. Find yourself the engineers and the crewmen, send 'em up and then they drop an H-bomb on Mr. Croley and all's well.

Thirty-six lousy bombs and two specials.

He remembered a story by H. G. Wells in which the world had been threatened by nothing worse than intelligent, three-inch ants. A gunboat captain—what else could he do?—fired the big gun at the ants and steamed away knowing that he had accomplished nothing and furthermore would catch hell for shooting off the expensive ammunition.

Let's see, then. One H-bomb for Croley left thirty-five. One H-bomb for the 449th SMGU left thirty-four. If they weren't skipping numbers, that left at least 448 SMGUs to be H-bombed, leaving a deficit of 414 bombs if you didn't count the cobalt-jacketed specials, and what were they good for?

Well, you could wipe out Russia and China, including the slave laborers who used to be the North American Armies. This would leave the occupying troops here cut off from their home bases but still top dogs with their weapons, armor and aviation. There was no reason to believe that their political bosses at home did not exert a moderating influence on the military commanders here.

And of course you couldn't even find anybody who could locate the electronics men and crewmen you needed to fire the big gun at the ants. Rawson? A hardboiled ex-sergeant, ex-hobo, probably ex-petty criminal, somehow involved in a bomb-smuggling ring of unknown potentialities. He had not dared tell Rawson; the thing was too big for the legless man, too big for anybody who thought only in rough-and-ready action terms.

THE battered, unpainted Keoka bus stopped outside the store with a scream of brakes and sizzling radiator. Justin glanced at the schedule and the clock. It was thirty-five minutes late—about average for the service.

He recognized the man who swung down from the bus and came in. The salesman. The bomb-runner. Bee-Jay Farm Supplies and Machinery, Washington, Penna. The man pleasantly elbowed his way through the crowd, explaining to one and all: "I don't want to break in on the line, gentlemen, but you'll thank me for it in the long run. The driver tells me—How are you Mr. Croley?—the driver says we're stopping for ten minutes to let the engine cool down so I thought I'd let Mr. C. in on the big news. Gentlemen, we have milk cans again, ready for delivery and I'm sure you're all glad to hear it. Mr. Croley, would you be interested in six dozen hundred-pound tin-lined steel milk cans of the famous Bee-Jay quality for your customers?" He had his order book out.

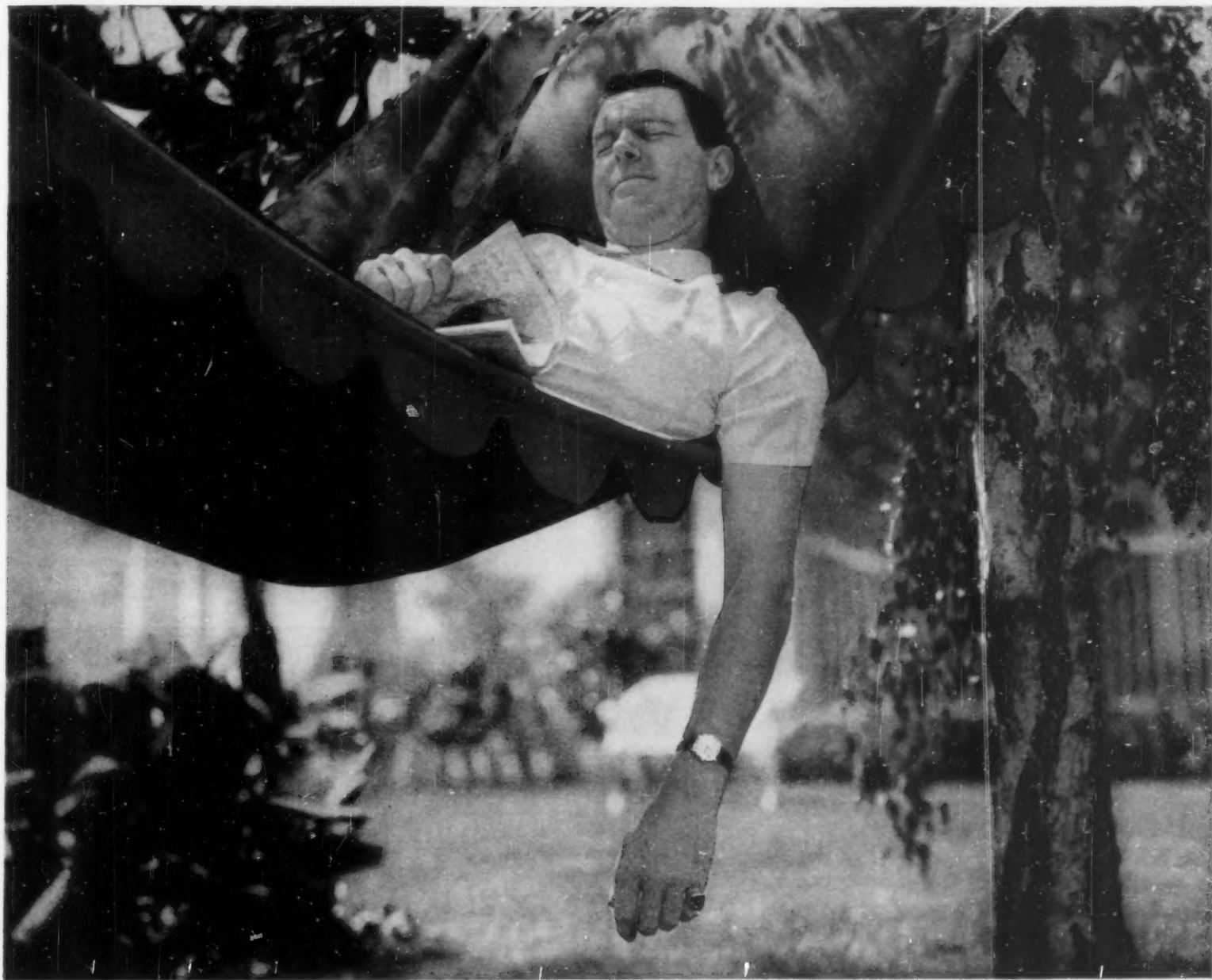
"C'm into the office," Croley grunted, and they disappeared.

"Things are picking up all over," a little old man said hopefully to Justin. "If the price's right I could use a dozen myself. Sick of scouring and patching the old cans. Don't you think things are picking up?"

Somebody else snapped: "For Croley they are. Crooked skunk." The little man looked alarmed and started to move away. The dangerous talker—Justin thought he was one of the Eldridge brothers from Four Corners—took the little man's arm and began pouring into his ears a tale of how Croley paid off every week to a SMGU major who pretended to inspect his freezer room . . .

"Mebbe, mebbe," the little man kept saying as he tried to get away.

Justin told himself: there's my man; in Croley's office. I wait for him to come out, I walk along as he heads for the bus, we whisper an appointment and I meet him somewhere. And then, thank God, it'll be over. No more bombardment satellite for me. A smooth conspiratorial group somewhere will take it over, do what has to be done. I'll have done my share, I'll



PICTURE OF A MAN WINDING HIS WATCH

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1 "Our Deepfreeze Freezer helps us to eat better than we ever did, and save money, too," says Mrs. Reynaert. "We buy in quantity when the price is right, always have lots of delicious food on hand. For example, I put up this wonderful asparagus last summer, when it was at its best, and priced low."

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2 "We buy a whole flank of beef at once and not only save money, but many trips to the butcher shop, too. Our meat is much more tender and tastes better. The saving is wonderful, but it's the convenience that makes us love our Deepfreeze Freezer."



3 "When I feel like baking, I really let myself go," says Mrs. Reynaert. "I just pile the pies, biscuits and coffee cakes into the freezer and bring them out all month long, whenever I need them. We keep bakery bread and rolls fresh for weeks."



4 "Leftovers are no problem now. I put 'em away in the Deepfreeze Freezer and bring them out when the family is glad to see those dishes again. Another thing, we're always prepared for company with plenty of sherbet and ice cream."



5 "My husband loves to hunt, so we appreciate having a place to freeze those fine ducks and pheasants. We always get a bushel or so of those wonderful Great Lakes smelts each spring. We really enjoy eating fish and game out of season."



6 "We looked at all the makes of freezers before we decided on Deepfreeze," says Mr. Reynaert. "We think it's the best by a mile. It's economical to operate, adds very little to our electric bill. The chest never sweats, and the lid never sticks."



7 "Every family needs a Deepfreeze Freezer," asserts Mr. Reynaert. "Do like we did—let your Deepfreeze Dealer show you how a *genuine* Deepfreeze Freezer can benefit you. Look for the Deepfreeze sign—or check your phone book."

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watch and secretly know that some day I'll be in the history books as the daring civilian who contacted the organization at the risk of his life . . .

It didn't work out that way at all. The bus driver called: "Board!" and the salesman appeared at the door of the little office, still talking to Croley and shaking hands. He talked Croley out through the door of the shop with him, swung up the steps of the bus still talking and collapsed comfortably into a dirty oilcloth-covered seat while Justin gaped and the bus chugged off down the road.

Contact broken.

Justin found himself swearing, almost frenzied, as he stumped along the dirt track to the Shiptons' wood lot. The flies were bad in the summer heat; he slapped viciously at them missing oftener than not, knowing that frustration was making him behave like an idiot. *But he had to dump this load!*

Rawson came into sight about where they told him he'd be. The crippled veteran was strapped into his gocart, leaning far out to bore a hole with a post auger. The Shipton milk quota had been stepped up again. To meet it

they'd have to breed their heifers early; to feed the calves that would come they needed more pasture. So here was Rawson boring post holes to enclose land supposed to be set aside as wood lot for the future.

Justin hailed the legless man abruptly. Rawson gave the pipe handle of the auger a final turn and hauled it up, loaded with sandy clay, his huge shoulder muscles bulging. "Good day's work," he said proudly. "What brings you here, Billy?"

"I know where the bombardment satellite is," Justin said flatly.

Rawson grinned. "Why, so do I. Poor old Yankee Doodle's a few miles south of Yellowknife, what's left of her. Too bad they didn't get her up in time . . ."

"I mean the real one," Justin said. "Yankee Doodle was deception. I know where the real one is. Rawson, you've got to put me in touch with your higher-ups. Don't act dumb, Rawson! You've got something to do with the suitcase A-bombs. I saw that salesman who picked up the assembly from me that time. He was in Croley's store but he was gone before I had a chance to talk to him."

"Nearby?" Rawson asked thoughtfully.

"Skip that. Just let me know who's your boss and how to get in touch. I want to dump this business. I don't know what to do with it, where to begin. I've got to turn it over to somebody."

"You're nuts," Rawson said. "I don't know about any A-bombs and you don't know about any bombardment satellites lying around. What A-bomb was this—that liquor you helped me out with?"

"Liquor be damned! Who's your boss?"

"Convince me, Billy. You haven't yet. And if it'll help you talk, you might as well know I used to be, in my time, the youngest general officer in the Corps of Engineers."

"You're in command?"

"Of what? I'm not giving information, Billy. I'm only taking today." So, Justin thought bitterly, I don't get to lay it down. Instead I get involved deeper. Now I have the burden of Rawson's identity on me—unless he's lying or crazy. He began to talk.

Gribble, the psychosis, the satellite. When there was no more to tell, the legless man said: "Very circumstantial. Maybe even true."

"You'll take it from here?" Justin demanded.

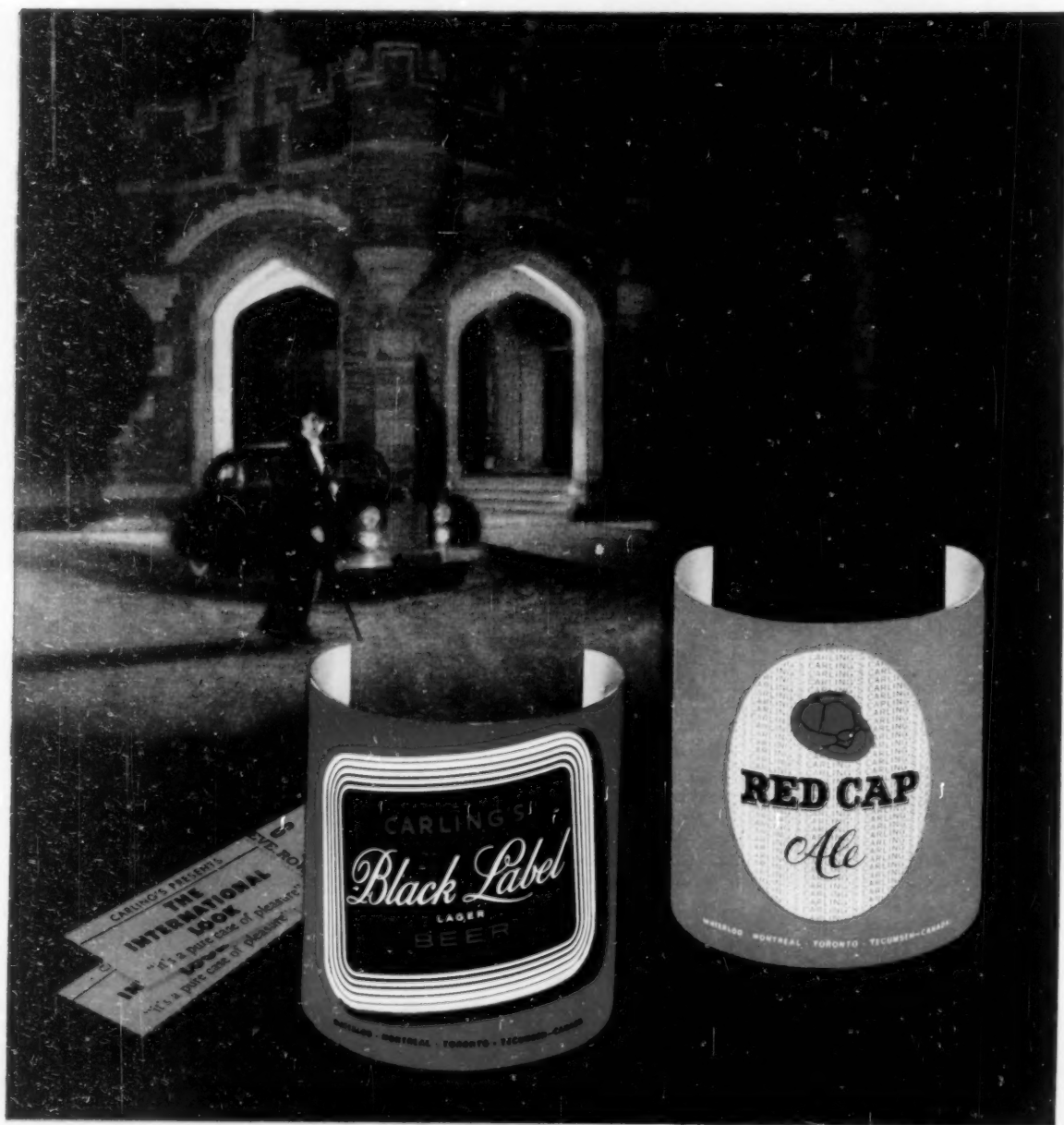
"Go home and wait, Billy. Just go home and wait." Rawson shoved his gocart five feet farther down the line and stabbed his auger into the sod for the next post hole.

Justin started down the dirt path, the burden still on his back. He thought of blood-spattered cellar walls against which men exactly like him, but with less than a millionth of the guilty knowledge he possessed, were beaten and killed. When would they let Billy Justin be Billy Justin again? It went far back into childhood, his involvement. Were the old wars like this rolling, continuous thing of which he had been a part for as long as he could remember, this thing that would not end even now that it was ended? Item: childhood games. Item: high-school ROTC. Item: propaganda poster contests. Item: Korea (and an infected leg wound from a dirty, nameless little patrol). Item: War Three (and cows). Item: defeat and occupation. And still he was entangled in spite of his fatigue, his hundred-times-earned honorable discharge.

JUSTIN waited through two weeks of summer drought and flies, having the minimum of talk with Gribble, collapsing every night in exhaustion. They came very close to meeting their milk norm.

The signal was a long blast of the mailwoman's horn—it meant registered mail, an insured package or something of the sort. Justin climbed the steep short hill to the mailbox suspecting nothing more. But Betsy Cardew told him: "Think up a good reason. You're going to Chiung Center with me."

"Rawson?" he asked. She nodded. "Can you wait while I throw a bucket



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of water over myself and change my shirt?"

"I can't. Please get in."

They chugged the long mail route almost without conversing. She had nothing to say except that he would meet some people. He tried to tell her that she shouldn't be mixed up in anything like this and she said she had to be. They had to have the mail carriers. And, after reflecting, he realized that they did. Mail carriers were daily travelers who met everybody and carried packages as part of the job. Mail carriers were essential, and if one of them happened to be a slim, clear-eyed girl entirely unsuited for torture and death in a cellar, so much the worse for her.

She showed no fear at the check points. The Red Army men who stopped her and signed her through on their registers were friendly. She said to them: "*Prohsteetye, chtoh behspohk-hyoo vas,*" while Justin stared and the soldiers grinned.

"Very difficult language," she told Justin as they drove on. "I'm making slow progress."

"Those soldiers looked pretty sloppy to me."

"Colonel Platoff's got a girl. Mrs. Grauer."

Justin whistled. The Grauers were Chiunga Center aristocracy. Young Mr. Grauer was president by primogeniture of the feed mill, Mrs. Grauer was an imported Wellesley girl and very slim and lovely. The husband, of course, was whereabouts unknown after surrendering his National Guard regiment in the debacle at Edmonton. "Goes right to the house?" he asked.

"Right to the big red-brick Georgian showplace," she said, concentrating on her driving. "I don't know if they're in love or not. There's an awful lot of it going on."

So Colonel Platoff had a girl and the soldiers at the check points had murky brass and had skipped shaving. The soldierly virtue was running fast out of SMGU 449. Justin was suddenly more conscious than ever that he smelled like what he was: a farmer in a mid-summer drought.

Justin got out when they reached the post office by late afternoon. Betsy Cardew said she had two hours of sorting ahead of her, and would he meet her at her house on Chiunga Hill.

He wandered through the town unmolested. Mr. Farish, the bald, asthmatic young pharmacist, called to him from behind his prescription counter as he strolled down High Street. Mr. Farish and he had been fellow members of Rotary in the old days before the Farm-or-Fight laws; the membership of a free-lance commercial artist made Chiunga Center Rotary more broadminded and cultured than the other chapters down the valley. They valued him for it, especially Mr. Farish who daydreamed of escaping from pharmacy via a long historical novel he was writing.

Justin stepped into the store and nervously blurted out his cover story, an unconvincing bit about buying seedcake from the local feed store, Croley's price being too high for comfort.

Mr. Farish, completely uninterested, waved the yarn aside and set him up a root beer. "Red Army boys are crazy about root beer," he said. "Nothing like it where they come from."

"How're they behaving?"

"Pretty fair. Say, did you hear about Colonel Platoff and Mrs. —?"

"I heard. Customer, Harry."

It was a Red soldier with a roll of film. "Sredah?" he asked, grinning.

"Pyatneetsah," Mr. Farish told him. "Okay?"

"Hokay," said the soldier. He contorted his face and brought out from

the depths: "Soap?" And grinned with relief.

Mr. Farish sold him the soap and put away the film. "He wanted it on Wednesday and I told him Friday," he said casually. "You saw how he took it, Billy. There's no harm in them. Of course you farmers are eating a lot better than we are here but after they get food distribution squared away—"

Justin gulped his root beer and thanked Farish. He had to find out about that seedcake, he said, and hurried out. The bald young man looked hurt by his abruptness.

The bald young idiot!

He headed for one of the elm-shaded residential streets and paced its length, his hands rammed into the pockets of his jeans. Farish didn't know; Farish knew only that farmers were always griping. He didn't realize that the problem facing the Reds in the valley was to squeeze the maximum amount of milk from it and any time spent battling the mercantile population around would be wasted. After the pattern was set, after the dairy farmers were automatic serfs, then they would move on the shopkeepers. Currently

they were being used, and skilfully, to supply the garrison and the farms.

And still there was a nagging thought that these Red GIs were just human, and that their bosses were just human, that things seemed to be easing into a friendlier pattern of live-and-let-live.

And beneath that one there was the darker thought that it was too good to last, that somehow the gigantic self-regulating system would respond to the fact that Red GIs were treating the conquered population like friends and that Colonel Platoff had a girl.

An off-duty soldier and his girl were

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SHELL WHITE

Margaret smiled at the Russian. "Da, big boy, let's go." Off they went, arm in arm

strolling the elm-shaded street with him, he noticed. The girl he vaguely recognized: one of those town drifters who serves your coffee at the diner one morning and the next day, to your surprise, is selling you crockery at the five-and-ten. Margaret something-or-other—

A sergeant bore down on the couple, and the soldier popped to attention, saluting. Without understanding a word Justin knew that he was witnessing a memorable chewing-out. The spitting, snarling Russian language was well suited to the purpose. When it ended at last the chastened soldier saluted, about-faced and marched down the street at attention, with Margaret something-or-other left standing flat-footed. The sergeant relaxed and smiled at her: "Kahkoy, preeyatnyi syoorpreez!"

Margaret had her bearings again. She smiled back: "Da, big boy. Let's go," and off they went arm in arm.

Justin walked back to High Street, deeply disturbed. He liked what he had seen. It was too good, too warmly human, to be true.

MR. SPARHAWK was established on a crate at the corner of High and Onondaga outside the bank preaching to a thin crowd, none of whom stayed for more than a minute. The pinched British voice and the bony British face had not changed in the months since Justin last saw him. Neither had his line:

"My dear friends, we have peace at last. Some of you doubtless believe that it would be a better peace if it had been won by the victory of the North American Governments than by their adversaries, but this is vain thinking. Peace is indivisible, however attained. It is not what it has come out of but what we make of it. Reforming ourselves from within is the way in which we shall reform society. In the lonely individual heart begins what you are pleased to call progress. I rejoice that there is a diminished supply of meat and pray that this condition will reveal to you all the untruthfulness of the propaganda that meat is essential to health, and that from this realization many of you will progress to vegetarianism, the first great ascetic step toward universal life-reverence . . ."

Justin could not stand more than a minute of it himself. He headed north along Onondaga Street toward Chiunga Hill and the big white house where Betsy lived. He knew why it hadn't yet been requisitioned, even after the guilty flight of her father, the National Committeeman. The Russians were supposed to live like Spartans in their barracks, officers faring not much better than the troops. But he thought he scented a trend in town that would end only with the expropriation of every decent dwelling in the Center.

The second and third floors of the house were closed off. There was still plenty of room for Betsy and a Mrs. Norse, the last of the servants. She was tottery and deaf; actually the two women waited on each other. Betsy matter-of-factly offered Justin a bath, which he eagerly accepted. When he emerged from the tub she called to him: "I've found some of my father's gardening things for you to put on. I don't suppose you want me to save your clothes?"

"No," he called back, embarrassed. "You caught me by surprise today, you know. I was wearing them just to clean the barn —"

"Of course," she said politely. "I'll have Mrs. Norse burn them, shall I?"

Clean socks, underwear, and clean, faded denims—he had to take up six inches of slack with his belt—left Justin feeling better than he had in months. Mrs. Norse was noisy about the improvement. She remembered the day when a man wouldn't dream of setting foot outside his bedroom unless he was decently clothed in stiff collar, white shirt, tie and jacket. She told Justin about it and Betsy cooked dinner.

A panel truck pulled into the driveway while they were eating Spanish rice, the main dish. It proceeded to the back of the house, but Justin had time to read the lettering on it as it passed the window.

"Department of Agriculture," he said to Betsy. "And in smaller letters, Fish and Wildlife Survey."

She was blank-faced. "Go into the library when you've finished," she said. "Mrs. Norse and I will clear things up."

He found he was gobbling his Spanish rice and deliberately slowed down. Then the stuff balled in his mouth so he couldn't swallow.

"Excuse me," he said, gulping coffee and standing. He went into the library.

There were three men, all strangers, all middle-aged. One was the lean-little-gnome Jewish type, one was heavy and spectacularly bald, one was a placid ox.

Mr. Ox said, "Put up your hands," and searched him. Mr. Egg said: "I hope you don't mind. We have to ask you some questions," and Justin knew at once who he was—the Hon. James Buchanan Wagner, junior senator from Michigan, nicknamed "Curly." He had shaved his head, and for safety's sake really ought to do something about his superb voice. Though perhaps, Justin thought, he as a commercial artist was a lot quicker than most to fill in the outlines of that bushy head.

Mr. Gnome said: "Sit down, please," and opened a brief case. He laid a light tray and variously colored tiles before Justin and said: "Put them in the tray any way you like." Justin built up a nice design for the man in about a minute and sat back.

Mr. Gnome said: "Look at this picture and tell me what it's about." The picture was very confusing, but after a moment Justin realized that it was a drawing of one man telling another man something, apparently a secret from their furtive expressions. He said so.

"Now what about this one?" "Two men fighting. The big one's losing the fight."

"This one?" "A horse—just a horse."

There were about fifty pictures. When they were run through Mr. Gnome switched to ink-blot cards which Justin identified as spiders, women, mirrors and whatever else they looked like to him.

Every now and then Justin heard Senator Wagner distinctly mutter "fiddle-faddle," which did not surprise him. The senator, known as a man who saw his duty to the United States and did it, was nevertheless not distinguished for broad-gauged liberal leadership.

There followed word-association lists. Not only did the gnome hold a stop watch, but Mr. Ox calmly donned a

stethoscope and put the button on Justin's wrist.

Then they seemed to be finished. The gnome told the senator: "I guess he's all right. Yes—he's either smarter than I am or he's all right. Sincere, not too neurotic, a reasonably effective person. For what it's worth, senator, I vouch for—"

The senator said angrily: "No names!"

Mr. Gnome shrugged. "His reaction time on 'Congress,' 'hair,' 'wagon'—he recognized you all right."

"Very well, doctor," rumbled the celebrated voice. "Mr. Justin, I wish to show you something." The senator turned down his collar on the right. He was still bitterly hostile—fundamentally scared, Justin realized, with two kinds of fear. There was the built-in animal fear of pain, mutilation, death. There was the abstract fear that one wrong decision at any stage of this dangerous game would blow sky-high any hope that America would rise again.

The senator was showing Justin a razor blade taped inside his collar. "You can seem merely to be easing your collar, Mr. Justin. With one swift move, however—so—you can slash your carotid artery beyond repair. Within seconds you will be dead. Your orders are not to be taken alive," the senator said. And he added grimly: "My psychologist friend indicates that you have sufficient moral fibre to carry them out." He tossed a blade and an inch of tape at Justin. "Put them on. Then tell your story. General Hollerith assures us through Miss Cardew that it is of the utmost importance."

"Is Hollerith Rawson?" Justin demanded.

"I don't recall his cover name. No legs," said the psychologist.

HIS FRIEND Rawson a general after all. Then what might not be true? The psychologist slipped out while Justin told Senator Wagner and Mr. Ox—of the FBI?—about his bombardment satellite.

The senator was apoplectic. He fizzed for minutes about abuse of the executive power; apparently Congress had been told as little about the bombardment satellite as an earlier Congress had been told about the atomic bomb. Well—sigh—what's done is done. Now the problem is to integrate the windfall into existing plans.

Mr. Gnome returned and said: "Miss Cardew will brief you, Mr. Justin. We have to be on our way now."

They left and Justin heard the Fish and Wildlife Survey panel truck move out of the driveway and down the road.

Back in the dining room Mrs. Norse was dozing in a corner.

"Well?" asked Betsy Cardew.

He turned down his collar and showed her the blade.

"The man said you were in and I was to brief you. What do you want to know about us?"

"What's there to know? How many. What you plan. Whether you think you can get away with it. Who's the boss."

"I don't know how many there are. I don't really know whether there's anybody in it except a couple of local people and those three. They came around a month ago—I used to know the senator. I don't know who's in charge, if anybody."

"They told me it's a war plan, one of those things that lies in the files until it's needed. Well, it was needed when the collapse came at Edmonton. The orders were for as many atomic-service officers as possible to grab all the fissionable material they could lay their hands on and go underground. The same for psychological-warfare per-

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sonnel. Then start recruiting civilians into the organization."

"And what do we do?"
"They've mentioned a winter uprising. They hope by then to have a large part of the civilian population alerted. There should be food caches, caches of winter clothing, weapons and ammunition stolen from Red supply dumps. Then you wait for real soaked-in, no-see flying weather and fire your suitcase A-bombs. Washington, of course, to behead the administration. Ports to prevent reinforcement. Tank parks. Roads and railways. Simultaneously a scorched-earth guerrilla war against the garrisons while they're cut off."

"Oh, and you asked me whether I think we can get away with it, didn't you? The answer is no. I don't think so. I don't see anything coming out of it except defeat and retaliation. But is there anything else to do?"

"No," he said gravely. Nor was there.

"What did you tell General Hol-lerith, anyway?" she asked. "Some-thing to do with Gribble, wasn't it?"

"Sorry. They asked me not to say." He fished for a change of subject. "How did you arrange the meeting, get in touch with them? If it's all right for me to know."

"I suppose so. Believe it or not, our conspiracy has a complete secret tele-graphic network covering most of the United States. I didn't believe them when they told me, but it's true. Like finding out that you don't have to dig a tunnel under the English Channel; there's one already dug. The senator found out about the wires when he was

on the crime commission. They call them dry wires. They're the old Postal Telegraph network from before your time and mine. Public clocks in all sorts of places used to beget correcting pulses over the wires. When Western Union absorbed Postal Telegraph they just blanked off their clock wires be-cause radio had come along by then and any disk jockey could give you Naval Observatory time. I located one of the painted-over terminals in the Lackawanna station. Ticket clerk there's in with us. All you need to activate a link of the circuit is a bat-tery, a key and a buzzer. He covers the wire for us. A brave man, Billy..."

"We're all heroes," he said bitterly. "Yes, I suppose we are. Would you like a drink?"

"I ought to start for home. Maybe I can hitch a ride."

"Nonsense. Stay the night and take the Keoka bus. If you stay for break-fast it'll improve your cover story. I think I told you—there's a lot of it going on."

"I think what you said was, 'It isn't love, but there's a lot of it going on.'"

"Something like that. There isn't much love around these days. A lot of loneliness, a lot of monotony, a lot of shattered pride."

"I'll take that drink, please," he said.

THEY walked together down Chi-tunga Hill toward the town, savor-ing the still cool morning. The reservoir off to the north was a sheet of blue glass and the pumping station a toy fort in the clear air.

"I'm glad they never bombed us,"

(Advertisement)

How important is "AGE" in a whisky?

by KEN OGILVIE

Some pointers on how to get the best for your money when buying
a Canadian rye whisky

If there is such a person as a typical Canadian, then many writers both at home and abroad like to think they have him taped as a quiet, conserva-tive, middle-of-the-road individual. You and I are described as modest people, somewhat reactionary in our outlook, not exactly cautious about spending a dollar, but quite determined to get our dollar's worth when we do spend it.

Last year Canadians spent approxi-mately \$200,000,000 on the products of Canada's distilling industry, out of which roughly \$160,000,000 went to the Federal and Provincial governments. Whether or not we always received our dollar's worth is a matter worth studying.

By far the largest number of our liquor-buying dollars go towards pur-chases of Canadian whisky, usually referred to as "rye". Oddly enough, however, the average consumer knows surprisingly little about rye and the difference between the better quality products and the ordinary ones.

All whiskies have their birth on com-mon ground, with selected grains from the prairies. But once the grain has reached the railroad siding at the dis-tillery, there can be considerable varia-tions in technique and method. Some distillers, for instance, have more mod-ern equipment, more experienced tech-nicians, more advanced blending theo-ries, better all-round facilities than others. Some are especially careful in their selection of grain and other in-gredients. And some, to the supreme, if unwitting satisfaction of the con-noisseur, emphatically embrace the most important ingredient of all in a whisky—age!

Immature whisky is not too palat-able. It lacks body, bouquet and char-acter. The only way to improve the quality of whisky is to age it in a white oak cask. Many years ago it was dis-covered that charred white oak pro-duces a mellower, better matured whisky. What the charred oak does is evident to any lover of fine whisky. How it does it is still one of nature's most closely-guarded secrets.

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Betsy said, "I really like this place."

He thought of reminding her what a scorched-earth guerrilla campaign meant, but did not speak.

"Convoy," Betsy said, pointing down at the highway. The buglike trucks must be hauling supplies—but the tanks? "Manoeuvres," she said.

They walked on in silence, and Chiunga Hill Road became Elm Street and they joined other morning walkers to work. A letter carrier in grey said: "Morning, Miss Cardew. What do you suppose those trucks are up to?"

He meant the convoy. Instead of bypassing the town they had turned off the highway and were rolling down High Street, three blocks farther on.

"Maybe they're going across the bridge to the Tunkhannock road, Mr. Selwin. Mr. Selwin, do you know Mr. Justin?"

"I don't believe I've had the pleasure," the old man said. "You a farmer, Mr. Justin?"

"Yes." "You're a lucky man, then, I can tell you that. At least you get all you want to eat. Say, Mr. Justin, I hear that sometimes you people up in the hills have a few eggs or maybe a chicken or some butter left over and I happen to know a family with a little girl that's real sick with anaemia. Blood needs building up. Now if I could fix it up with you—"

Justin shook his head. "I can't get away with it, Mr. Selwin. I'm very sorry. And by the way, the farmers may be eating better than the city people, but they're sweating it, you know. Soon as you catch up it jumps again."

(Advertisement)

According to Government regulations every distiller must age his whisky in oak casks for at least two years before it can be sold to the public. It is then up to the individual distiller to decide to what extent he wishes to improve his product by ageing it, e.g., four, six or eight years. But it will only improve during the period or time it continuously remains in the small, charred, white oak casks.

It must be remembered, too, that whisky does not and cannot age in bottles. In your cellar, for instance, you may have a bottle which you purchased a year ago last Christmas. The whisky in that bottle has not "aged" a minute since it was taken out of the oak cask! For whisky can only age properly in oak casks under correct maturing conditions.

Once we realize that age is the greatest single factor in determining the quality of a whisky, we find ourselves with a shopping problem: how can we know the age of the whisky we are buying? How can we find proof that it has been correctly aged for a certain number of years in small charred oak casks? All of which means: how good is the whisky we are selecting.

Until very recently there was no conclusive proof of exact age on any bottle of so-called "8-year-old" Canadian whisky. Some labels carry ambiguous references to age. The words "old" and "aged" are used freely but without certification on many brands. You'll find many a stamp or seal

"He's telling the truth, Mr. Selwin,"

Betsy said. "Ask any of the rural carriers. Surely those trucks aren't stopping for our little traffic light, are they?"

"They never have before," Mr. Selwin said. They were now only a block from High Street. The postman peered over his glasses at the standing trucks. "But then," he said, "they don't seem to be regular Red Army trucks. Instead of the red star they have—let's see—MBA. What's MBA mean?"

"In the first place," Betsy said slowly, "it's MVD."

"Beats me, Miss Cardew. I don't know how you and the other young people do it." He winked at Justin privately.

"They're the border guards. And the political police," Betsy said.

Two trucks turned out of line on High Street and came roaring down their way along Elm. Justin got only a glimpse of young faces and special uniforms. Green, with polished leather.

They can't have come for us, thought Justin incredulously. There's a regiment of them. Fifty personnel-carrier trucks, command cars, half a dozen medium tanks. They can't have come for Betsy and me!

Walking in frozen silence they reached High Street. The main body of the convoy was parked there, the young men in their special uniforms impassive under the eyes and whispers of five hundred work-bound men and women. At the far end of High Street, the old bridge across the Susquehanna, stood two of the tanks. The other four tanks were crawling northeast from

which implies a certain age, but which does not state the number of years of continuous ageing in small oak casks.

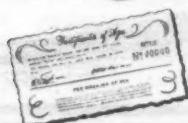
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The certificate on the back of the Canadian Schenley O.F.C. bottle will prove to you and to your guests that you are enjoying Canada's finest whisky.

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At each corner a sound truck announced: "All persons on the street will be shot"

High along Seneca. Nothing was in that direction except the high school—the 449th SMGU garrison.

A fat man in a high-slung command car got up, looked at his watch and blew a whistle three times. The convoy erupted into action. People laughed shrilly; it was comical to see almost one thousand young men who had been stock-still a moment ago begin to climb out of their trucks, hand down equipment, consult maps and lists, snap salutes and pass low-toned commands and acknowledgments.

A pattern appeared. Justin knew it from Korea. There are only so many ways to occupy a town. This outfit was doing it the expensive, foolproof sledgehammer way. The strings of sixteen burdened men in double column were machine-gun sections streaming out to the perimeter of the area; they would set up a pair of cross-firing guns at each main road into the Center. The squads double-timing ahead of them would be pickets linking the machine-gun points. And there was a mortar section, sagging under its bedplates and barrels and canvas vests stuffed with bombs; they were on their way to the Susquehanna bridge embankment to reinforce the pair of tanks. A cheap little mortar bomb would sink a rowboat unworthy of a 155-millimetre shell from the tank; a white phosphorus bomb would be more effective against forbidden swimmers than machine-gun fire.

And the specialist squads moved down to the railroad station to hold all trains, and into the small A.T.&T. Building to take charge of communications, and into the Western Union office with its yellow-and-black hanging sign and varnished golden-oak counter and scared nineteen-year-old girl clerk.

And riflemen consulted maps and went and stood like traffic cops, a pair at every intersection, sweeping the crowded sidewalks with stony eyes.

Beside Justin Mr. Selwin gibbered: "It must be some kind of drill, don't you think? Just what you call a dry run, don't it look like?"

A vast relief was blossoming inside Justin. "I think so," he said. "I can't imagine what else it could be. Just practice in case." *In case of me—but not yet.*

A SOUND truck rolled down the street, stopping at each corner to make an announcement in Russian and one in English. They saw the crowds melt from the sidewalk and into shops as it approached; from three blocks away they caught the English: "All persons off the streets at once and await inspections. Persons on the street in three minutes will be shot—"

They dived for a store the instant it sank in. The store happened to be Mr. Farish's pharmacy. "Thank God," said Betsy. "A place with coffee." Her voice shook.

The sound truck stopped only a couple of yards away at the intersection and bellowed in Russian and English. The score or so of people crowded into the store debated on the Russian announcement. They more or less agreed at last that the announcement had been orders for all SMGU troops to report at once to the high-school athletic field.

Bald young Mr. Farish was behind his soda fountain making and serving coffee mechanically. When he got to Justin, Betsy and Mr. Selwin he twinkled: "Little break in the monotony, eh?"

Mr. Selwin said: "I ought to be in the sorting room. I've been late before this year, no fault of my own. It's going to look awfully bad."

The coffee was some terrible synthetic or other.

Betsy said from the window: "They're arresting the SMGU men—I think." Everybody crowded up to see a couple of regular-detachment people being marched along by MVD troops. The green-uniformed young men had taken the regulars' tommy guns.

"It's something like a visit from the Inspector General," said a man who actually took a short step through the door onto the sidewalk to see better. "Only—Russian." One of the MVD men posted like traffic cops yelled at him and brandished his rifle. He grinned and ducked back into the store.

"Russians don't scare me any more," he announced. "You know what I mean. I thought it was the end of the world



MACLEAN'S

when they came, but I learned. They're GIs, and so what?"

A woman looked around, scowled and said: "Speak for yourself."

It precipitated a ten-minute debate in the crowded little store. Chiunga Center had not yet decided on the relationship between itself and the Russians. We might be across the Mississippi, said somebody. How'd you like to have a bunch of Chinks swaggering around? Yeah, the Russians aren't so different from Americans. It says in the Times they both have characters shaped by frontiers—A Toynbee's view was that the occupiers would be softened and democratized by their contact with the occupied.

Through it all Justin and Betsy stood in a rear corner, their hands nervously entwined. Mr. Selwin left them long enough for a worried glance through the window. While the old man was gone Justin had time to mutter: "Have you got a blade? I could buy one for you."

"I have one," she said, barely moving her lips.

Mr. Selwin came back. "I believe it's all over," he said. "The streets are clear and those soldiers are just standing there and I ought to get to the sorting room."

"Better not, Mr. Selwin," Betsy said. "You don't understand, Miss Cardew. You just took a mail job because you had to work at something. I've got thirty-two years in and absences don't look good when a man's my age. They start to say you're slipping. Young people don't understand that. I believe I'm going to ask that soldier

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standing over there if I can go now."

"I wouldn't, Mr. Selwin," Justin told him.

Selwin went anyway. He shouted from the doorway at the pair of riflemen: "Is it all right now? We go? Free?" They stared at him.

Some of the other Americans stranded in the store called out hopefully in Russian. The faces of the young men in green didn't change. "Better not," a man told Mr. Selwin.

Mr. Selwin said: "I'll try a few steps out. It all seems to be over anyway."

He stepped out tentatively, keeping

his eye on the Russians. They simply watched incuriously. The postman turned and grinned for a moment at the people in the store and took a couple of cautious steps down the street, then a couple more.

One of the Russians raised his rifle and shot Mr. Selwin in the chest. The big bullet blasted a grunt out of the old man, but after he fell he was silent. Apparently the sentry had been waiting for Mr. Selwin to step past the glass window of the drugstore to brick wall that would provide a backstop.

The man who wasn't scared any

more said slowly: "I think this is a different kind of Russian we have here."

A middle-aged woman began to shake and sob with hysteria. Mr. Farish yelled: "Don't let her knock those bottles over, please! I'll get some ammonia spirits—"

He fed them to her from a glass, nervously stroking his bald head. She calmed down, took the glass in her own hands and gulped it, coughing.

They heard the boom of the sound truck in the distance again, and another sound: machine guns, a pair of them

firing short carefully spaced bursts. "It isn't combat firing," Justin said in bewilderment. "It sounds as if they're shooting for badges on a range."

Then a spattering of rifle shots confused the sound and then the truck rolled down High Street and drowned out the small arms with its yammer.

"All persons registered with the 449th Soviet Military Government Unit are ordered to report at once to the athletic field. Stragglers will be fired on. All persons registered—"

AFTER THE case of Mr. Selwin they did not hesitate. The shops along High Street erupted civilians who streamed towards the field, some of them running.

The field was clear on the other side of town from High Street. The congestion as they neared it was worse than it had ever been for a Saturday football game, even the traditional rivalry of Chiunga Catamounts versus Keoka Cougars. The bellowing sound truck dimmed behind them. The queer and prissy bursts-of-four machine gunning became louder, with the occasional spatter of rifles still occurring now and then.

Green-uniformed MVD men were posted around the field, gesturing the crowd through. One man was going the wrong way; he charged out of the gate beneath the stands, stumbling and caroming off the incoming civilians. Justin dodged and yanked Betsy aside as the man leaned over and was sick. Then the crowd swept them on through the narrow gate. They popped out inside on the cinder track that circled the field; MVD men gestured them along. The small bleachers across the field from them and the small stands sloping back behind them were full; these late arrivals were to be standees.

The field itself was crowded with something Justin at first—idiotically—took to be a dress parade. As he and Betsy shuffled sideways along the cinder track under the pressure of more arrivals his eye gradually sorted out the two thousand-odd soldiers on the field.

First there were the disarmed men of the 449th rigidly at attention behind their officers. They were drawn up in a solid block of companies that stretched from the north goal line to the thirty-yard line. Everybody was there, down to the medics in their hospital coats and the cooks and bakers in their whites.

Then he saw the tanks, one at each corner of the field, their machine guns and cannon depressed to fire point blank into the 449th. Then he saw the green-uniformed MVD men with rifles and tommy guns and a pile of new dead directly before them on the fifty-yard line.

Machine guns roared above his head. Betsy screamed and clapped her hands to her head. The muzzle blast was terrific—

He turned and saw where they were coming from. A pair of them were mounted in the little press box hung from the roof of the stands, the box where the Valley News used to cover the games and WVC-TV used to broadcast the traditional rivalry each year. The guns hammered with that firing-range artificiality for a while and then stopped. Justin noticed that directly in front of them in midfield five soldiers of the 449th lay butchered.

Somebody in the field bawled: "Roy-tah—gay!"

MVD men began to hustle officers and men from one of the company blocks. All the officers, one enlisted man in four. The uneven rifle shots were explained while the selection was going on. One of the enlisted men broke loose and ran, screaming, when a green-uniformed youth tapped his



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"It's THE right touch and the skillful technique that wins. Of course," went on the friendly lion, "I'm thinking of Molson's Golden Ale—the new ale that sports my picture on the bright blue and gold label."

"Would you care to continue?" asked his partner.

"Delighted!" said Goldie. "Long before the first brew kettle was filled thousands of Canadians were asked just what they looked for in an ale. Molson's Golden is the happy result—an ale that's lighter, smoother. Quite the most modern ale to be had today."

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chest. He was shot down as he sprinted sweatily towards the bleachers. The rest moved like zombies to the killing ground. In a few seconds they too were sprawling and screaming while the plunging fire from the press box hacked up the carefully tended sod of the stadium.

THE WORD was traveling from early arrivals in the stands to those who had come late and were jammed onto the track. "They made a big speech in Russian and English first," a man next to Justin reported, after whispers with his neighbor. He spoke to Justin, but he couldn't take his eyes off the charnel heap in the infield. His face and voice were just a little insane. "Fella says they called the 449th traitors to international socialism. Stuff about sloth, negligence, corruption, disgrace to the army. Then they shot all the top brass starting with Platoff. Say, did you hear about Platoff and Mrs. —?"

"I heard," Justin said. He turned away.

"Rohtah gay," Betsy whispered. "Company G. That's only the fourth in their alphabet. They'll be busy all morning."

They were.

At noon the last of the job was done. The weeping, or blank-faced, or madly grinning survivors of the 449th were loaded onto trucks and the field PA system cleared its throat.

"Proclamation. To the indigenous population of the area formerly under control of the 449th Soviet Military Government Unit. You are ordered to inform all persons unable to attend the foregoing demonstration of what has happened. You are advised that this is the treatment that will be accorded to all such betrayers of international socialist morality as the late Platoff and his gang of bourgeois-spirited lackeys. You are advised that henceforth this area will be under the direction of the *Meeneestyerstovh Vnootrenikh Dychl*, the Ministry of Internal Affairs. You are advised that all laws and rules of the Occupation will be rigidly enforced from this moment on. You are ordered to disperse within ten minutes. Troops will fire on stragglers."

This might have been intended to precipitate a panic and an excuse for slaughter. It did not. Justin, sated with the horror of the morning's work, still had some room for pride in him when the people in stands and bleachers rose and slowly filed from the stadium, turned their backs on the green-uniformed young monsters and their pile of carrion without cringing.

Justin walked with Betsy to the post office and left her there with a silent squeeze of the hand.

At the restaurant that doubled as bus station an old woman told him: "No buses been along all morning, mister. Should of been the Keoka bus at eight, ten and twelve. And this fella in the green with the fancy belt, he walked in and he ripped down the bus schedule right off the wall. I guess he didn't speak English, but then I guess he didn't have to, did he?"

"I guess not," Justin said.

He went out and started the fifteen-mile walk home under the broiling midsummer sun.

NEXT ISSUE: PART TWO

THE SURVIVAL of freedom in the world lies in the weakened hands of two ordinary men. Can they pierce the conquering Russians' roadblocks and get their vital news to the leaders of the Underground?

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The Struggle for the Border

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

that the Canadian rebellion and its aftermath had become an international concern, that he expected Washington to enforce its own laws against pirates and raiders. He then sent his brother-in-law, Colonel Grey, to see President Van Buren and demand an end to American interference.

Next he solved the problem of the hundreds of rebels in the overcrowded Quebec jails by releasing all of them save eight ringleaders, who were mercifully exiled to Bermuda, since no Quebec jury would convict them anyway. That was the fatal step of Durham's career and would soon end it.

Ignorant of the conspiracy now under way against him in London he set feverishly to work, examined witnesses, questioned delegations, read mountains of documents, dashed about the country by boat, carriage or horse and began to compile the famous Durham Report.

It has been called, with some justice, the greatest state paper in the history of the British peoples. Certainly it was to have an effect on their affairs comparable to that of Magna Carta or the Bill of Rights. It was to be, indeed, the starting point of the future Commonwealth, even if few students in Britain, Canada or the United States seem to have realized its importance at the time.

Who actually wrote the report has never been clear. Durham had brought with him an odd brain trust that reflected his contempt of convention. Thomas Turton, after drafting the Reform Bill of 1832, had acquired a soiled reputation in a disagreeable divorce case. Charles Buller was an able secretary but practiced a sharp wit, wounding to Canadians. Gibbon Wakefield, not a member of Durham's official staff, worked closely with him and undoubtedly wrote some part of his findings. This notorious man had been in jail recently for abducting an heiress. Altogether it was a somewhat gamey group of men to represent the virgin Queen.

Durham's enemy, Lord Brougham, meeting the historian, Macaulay, in a London street said of the report and its authors that "the matter came from a felon, the style from a coxcomb and the Dictator furnished only six letters, D-u-r-h-a-m." That rather shabby aphorism was typical of Brougham, the prince of cads, who would be remembered chiefly as the inventor of a new kind of carriage. Durham would be remembered for the unconscious invention of the Third British Empire.

No single hand could possibly have written the report in the available time, but it was essentially Durham's work and could hardly have been implemented without his prestige behind it.

There was nothing new in its two principal recommendations. A legislative union of Upper and Lower Canada in one colony had long been discussed by Canadians, had been proposed by the British government a few years earlier but abandoned in the face of Quebec's protest. There was nothing new either in Durham's proposal to give a united Canada and the other Canadian colonies of the Atlantic coast responsible government. That revolutionary reform, which might have prevented the American Revolution sixty years before, had been urged on Durham in York by a Canadian, Robert Baldwin.

In accepting it Durham proposed to alter the whole course of the Empire's

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business. Once responsible government had been granted to the Canadian colonies the process could not be halted. It must be the watershed of the Second Empire leading to the Third and to the modern Commonwealth.

Durham had seen the first fact of Canada clear and whole—Canadians must be allowed to govern themselves or they would finally leave the Empire as the Americans had. The issue, as he accurately concluded, was self-government, more rebellion or annexation to the United States.

His second conclusion was totally, almost comically erroneous. He believed that if the French-speaking Canadians of Lower Canada were joined in legislative union with the English-speaking Canadians of Upper Canada they would be quietly engulfed and anglicized. Their separate language, church and culture would gradually disappear. One can hardly understand why a man so intelligent could not see that once the *Canadiens* were given the power of self-government they would use it primarily to protect their separate life.

These things lay some distance ahead. As Durham was starting work on his report at Quebec he read in a New York newspaper the news of his betrayal at home. The malignant Brougham had attacked him in parliament for exceeding his authority in banishing the eight rebels to Bermuda, a colony outside his jurisdiction.

His Legacy—a Time Bomb

The power of Brougham, who might have been the most notable British figure of his age if he had possessed virtue equal to his talent, was too much for Durham's fair-weather friends. Melbourne yielded to the pressure and disallowed Durham's ordinance. The lucky prisoners of Bermuda, as guilty as men could be of treason, were released. Durham instantly resigned. After only five months of office in Canada he boarded his ship with another ceremonial procession and sailed for England. Quebec townsmen burned Brougham in effigy.

The deposed dictator reached Plymouth in November. Hastening his work with the ruin of his health, he pushed his report into print by early February. About a year later he died of exhaustion, first of four British governors who would go the same way. His last words—"Canada will one day do justice to my memory"—were an understatement. His countrymen built a Greek temple over his grave. His proper monument is the modern Commonwealth.

Durham was dead, but he had left a time bomb in the politics of Britain.

The practical politicians of London asked themselves whether his proposed experiment would work, whether it should be allowed to work at the risk of smashing the centralized Empire. That question was hardly less important to Americans than to Canadians. If the experiment worked it must produce a second American nation not long hence and only such a nation could permanently secure the boundary, still unfixed in Maine and Oregon and no more than a geographical expression from the Lakes to the Rockies.

If the Canadian colonies could not learn to govern themselves and join together as a nation, annexation to the republic must ultimately ensue.

On the other hand, if the colonies governed themselves and decided to unite, how could they be compelled to serve the interests of Britain? What kind of empire would it be if its several members could go their own separate ways in great affairs? Obviously it would be no kind of empire ever known before.

Faced with this apparently insuperable dilemma of logic, the British government instructed its new governor to mark time and feel out the Canadian situation. Responsible government was indefinitely delayed; only legislative union of the two colonies was to go ahead for the present.

The union was formally approved in 1840 under Durham's successor, Charles Poulett Thomson, a timber merchant and candlestick maker. For Governor Thomson, now established in the shabby little capital of Kingston, this was only the beginning. He must try to get on with the Canadians and accept the advice of his appointed Council so long as it did not damage British interests. He thus became his own prime minister and began to erect a political party in his own support among politicians who had each been a party unto himself. He appeased his sulking Assembly by securing British subsidies to finance the suspended work on roads and canals. At his death the depression had begun to lift and an orderly administration had been established. Britain's rejection of responsible government in form was gradually dissolving in fact.

The issue was raised, but hardly joined, under the next two governors—Sir Charles Bagot, an English gentleman of the old school who found Canada almost impossible to govern, and Sir Charles Metcalfe, an able but stuffy civilian administrator from India, who regarded Canadians as subject to the same imperial laws. Both locked horns with Robert Baldwin, a reformer of cold and lofty mind. When his advice was rejected or ignored, he resigned from the Executive Council under each of them in turn to prove that responsible government did not exist.

But these crises were brief back eddies in the current now flowing. For there now strode upon the scene the greatest governor since Frontenac, the man who would establish responsible government, inaugurate the Third Empire and, almost singlehanded, introduce a novel sanity into the joint affairs of Canada and the United States.

James Bruce, Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, was the son of a famous father who had carried the Elgin marbles out of Athens and set them up in England. He had been well educated in government and he nourished a devout Christian's faith in humanity. His square John Bull's face shone with noble sentiments, his manners were disarming, his methods mild, but he could manipulate even the senators of Washington and he turned out to be one of the toughest men ever sent across the Atlantic.

He needed all those qualities. A man less idealistic or less tough might well have smashed the great experiment, ended the chance of an independent Canadian state and assured the disruption of the Empire.

Elgin was sent to Canada with instructions to follow the advice of his local advisers, at least to the point where they might seriously damage Britain. The danger point was not defined and, with luck, might not be reached.

At the same time the old colonial system was obviously falling to pieces on the Atlantic coast. In Nova Scotia Joseph Howe, a man of burly frame and square granite face, a graduate printer, an editor who wrote classic English, a poet who wrote inferior jingles, a coarse raconteur in the back concessions, a platform orator of magnetic eloquence, a politician loyal to Britain but implacable in his demand for self-government, now emerged as the chosen tribune of his people. He had fought a duel, had driven two governors home in disgrace to England,



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and, in his control of Nova Scotia, could no longer be resisted. The new governor at Halifax, Sir John Harvey, was instructed, like Governor-General Elgin, to accept the advice of his councilors.

Thus quietly, by secret instructions and official hints, almost by osmosis, the British government had ended the Second Empire, in theory anyway. In practical politics the ending was not to be easy or peaceful.

When Elgin arrived in Montreal, the new Canadian capital, it was to find much more than two races warring in the bosom of a single state. The old racial split remained unhealed and newer sores had developed.

Quebec, under the surface of politics, had changed little since the conquest but the English-speaking community was divided between Tories and reformers by the apparent disaster of British free trade and the loss of Canada's essential markets, by the struggle for responsible government and by ferocious sectarian feuds among the Loyalist Church of England, the Methodists, the Presbyterians and minor communions. A sudden flood of starving and plague-stricken immigrants from Ireland—dying like flies on the Montreal docks and spreading cholera along the St. Lawrence—had introduced the ancient Irish hatreds of Orangemen and Catholics into religion and a new violence into politics.

Weakened by absentee government, by inability to erect a working government of its own, by internal strain and by the loss of overseas trade, Canada had fallen far behind its neighbor, economically, politically and spiritually. Its meagre population of less than two and half millions was frustrated, splintered and poor while the republic to the south had burst into the southwest, now owned Oregon, was about to find gold in California and, with its new railways, was building a continental economy of unprecedented wealth.

What was a Christian gentleman out of London's genteel politics to think of such a country? What could be made of a parliament in which the shameless figure of Louis Joseph Papineau, the rebel of 1837, had reappeared after his treason, exile and long indoctrination in the radical notions of Paris, actually demanding his back pay as a former Speaker of the Lower Canada Assembly? Elgin, for all his faith in human progress, was appalled.

"Property, especially in the capital," he reported, "has fallen fifty percent in value within the last three years. Three fourths of the commercial men are bankrupt, owing to Free Trade; a large proportion of the exportable produce of Canada is obliged to seek a market in the United States. It pays a duty of twenty percent on the frontier. How long can such a state of things be expected to endure?"

Not long, it appeared. "No matter what the subject of complaint," Elgin added, "or what the party complaining, whether it be alleged that the French are oppressing the British, or the British the French—that the Upper Canada debt presses on Lower Canada or Lower Canadian claims on Upper—whether merchants be bankrupt, stocks depreciated, roads bad, or seasons unfavorable, annexation is invoked as the remedy for all ills, imaginary or real."

Annexation, then, was the overriding issue and it must settle Canada's future one way or the other, soon and forever. The turning point, long foreseen, had been reached. There would be a self-governing nation or no nation at all, and the outcome depended at the moment more on Elgin than on any other man. "To render annexation by

This great story concludes in the next issue

In the seventh, and final, part of his new book, *The Struggle for the Border*, Bruce Hutchison presents the stirring saga of the men who ensured that our nation would stretch from ocean to ocean. There was Douglas, the swarthy governor; Begbie, the "hanging judge"; Smith, who was called Lover of the World. A weird trio, but . . .

THEY SAVED THE PACIFIC COAST FOR CANADA

MACLEAN'S MAY 28 ISSUE

ON SALE MAY 17

violence impossible and by other means as improbable as may be," he wrote, "is the polar star of my policy."

The catalyst of all these forces—political, racial, religious and economic—appeared overnight in a piece of legislation called the Rebellion Losses Bill and designed to award generous compensation to the victims of the 1837 disorders. While convicted traitors were excluded from its benefits, many persons who had participated in the rebellion would be paid handsomely for their treason.

The Loyalists of Upper Canada indignantly rejected the idea as an outrage and petitioned Elgin to disallow the hateful legislation. He listened but refused to commit himself, waiting for the boil to ripen. As he knew, this was the absolute test of the great experiment. The Rebellion Losses Bill had been passed by a two-to-one reform majority in the Assembly. It was recommended by his chief advisers. If it was disallowed, responsible government would become a farce.

An Issue Too Big for Duels

On the other hand, by approving the advice of his Council and the decision of the Assembly, Elgin must face the fury of the Loyalists, who would accuse him of betraying them and the Queen. By disapproving he probably would foment a new rebellion among the *Canadiens* and Upper Canada reformers. The war of words might well become a war of muskets and pikes again—or, more likely, Canada's voluntary annexation by the United States. The issue had become stark clear. Either Canada must manage its own affairs, however foolishly, accept the management of the Crown through its agent or seek escape from the Empire. The birth hour of this Third Empire had arrived. So Elgin, knowing everything, waited and said nothing.

No one else in all Canada seemed to be silent. The introduction of the indemnity bill had revived all the passions of the rebellion. "No pay to rebels!" shouted the Tories and attacked the *Canadiens* as "aliens and rebels." W. H. Blake, Solicitor-General for Upper Canada, retorted in the Assembly that the Tories were "rebels to their constitution and country." At which Sir Allan MacNab, an old soldier and deep-dyed Loyalist, leaped up to give Blake "the lie with circumstance." The two men rushed at each other, were pulled apart by the sergeant-at-arms and taken into custody until they cooled off. Early use of MacNab's famous silver-mounted dueling pistols was expected, but the struggle was too big for settlement on the field of honor.

The country writhed in speeches, demonstrations, parades and riots.

Baldwin, Blake and William Lyon Mackenzie were burned in effigy. A reporter of the New York Herald viewed this spreading anarchy with satisfaction and predicted "a complete and perfect separation of those provinces from the rule of England."

This was a well-worn prediction and as unsound as it had always been. In his lonely residence of Monklands, outside Montreal, Elgin was watching not the death of the Canadian colonies but a new state and a new empire in their first labor pangs.

His mind was made up: "If I had dissolved parliament I might have produced a rebellion, but assuredly I should not have produced a change of ministry." The alternative of "reserving" the indemnity bill and leaving the British government to approve or reject it he considered cowardly. The responsibility "rests and ought, I think, to rest on my shoulders. If I pass the bill, whatever mischief ensues may possibly be repaired, if the worst comes to the worst, by the sacrifice of me. Whereas if the case be referred to England, it is not impossible that Her Majesty may have before her the alternative of provoking a rebellion in Lower Canada . . . or of wounding the susceptibilities of some of the best subjects she has in the province."

The ice of the St. Lawrence broke early in the spring of 1849 and with it the brittle substance of Canadian society. The first ship was sighted in the river on April 25. The Assembly having passed a new tariff act, little noted in the larger excitement, the government proposed to apply it to the cargo of this approaching vessel. Francis Hincks, the treasurer, drove hurriedly out to Monklands and asked Elgin to appear in Montreal and approve the new customs duties. At the same time he could sign the Rebellion Losses Bill.

Elgin, expecting trouble, was staggered by his reception in the city. A restive crowd watched him approach the remodeled market building that housed the Assembly. There he signed all the legislation laid before him. The news passed swiftly to the townsmen waiting outside. Elgin left the parliament buildings to be greeted, in his own words, "with mingled cheers and hootings from a crowd by no means numerous . . . A small knot of individuals, consisting, it has since been ascertained, of persons of a respectable class in society, pelted the carriage with missiles which they must have brought with them for the purpose."

The missiles included a rotten egg, smashed against the cheek of the Queen's representative. He drove on without turning his head. One rotten egg would be a small price to pay for responsible government. But he

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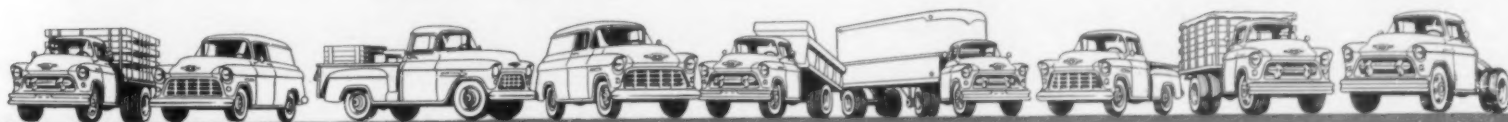
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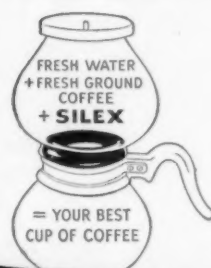


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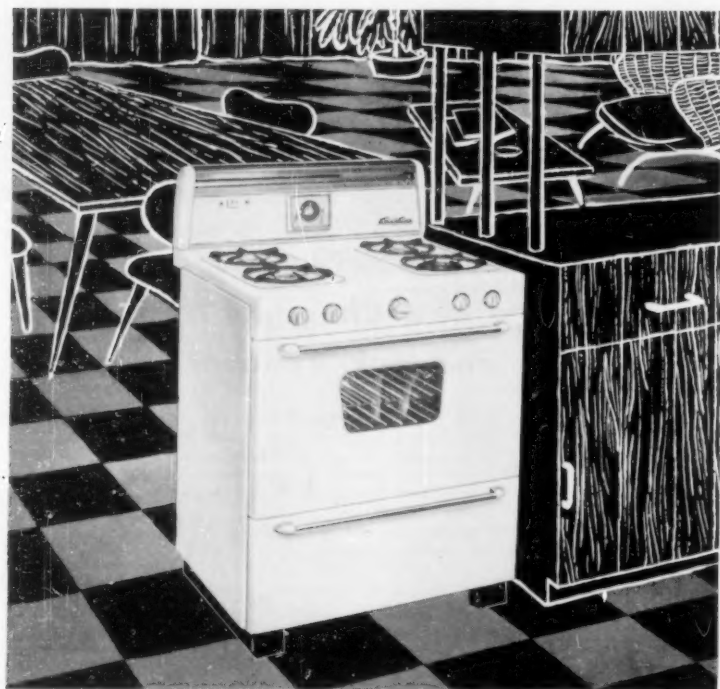
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That night Canadian democracy took leave of its senses—clanging fire bells; streets filled with mobs and flaming torches; on the Champ de Mars a riotous multitude, hoarse orators screaming "Tyranny!"; then the shout, "To the parliament buildings!"; mobs surging into town, smashing Hincks' newspaper plant on the way, breaking into the Assembly, driving out the members, splintering the furniture; "a man with a broken nose" in the Speaker's chair declaring: "I dissolve this House!"

It was in truth dissolved. Was Canadian democracy dissolved with it?

The mob had no time for these abstractions. It was lighting balls of paper and tossing them about the wrecked Assembly hall. In a moment the centre of responsible government was aflame. Firemen turned back by the rioters, the seventy-two city policemen helpless, the militia called out too late, the buildings soon smoking ruins, all official records burned, the Queen's portrait carried through the flames by some intrepid young men—thus had responsible government achieved its agonizing birth.

But not quite born yet. Next day attacks on the reform leaders' houses; arrest of ringleaders by Lafontaine; destruction of his home and stables; a thousand special constables, armed with pistols and cutlasses, and regiments of militia patrolling the streets; four days of civic revolution.

He Kept a Sense of Humor

The Assembly, though homeless, was unafraid. It drew up an address protesting its loyalty to the Queen and Elgin and decided to present it to him not secretly and safely in rural Monklands but publicly, in spite of the risk, in the heart of the city. For this ceremony it ostentatiously chose the Chateau de Ramezay, ancient residence of the French governors, headquarters of Montgomery and Franklin in '75. The story of this notable building was to have another violent chapter.

Elgin had been assaulted once with rotten eggs. He was warned that on a second visit to Montreal he might be murdered. It did not occur to him to avoid this danger. On April 30 he drove into town again, escorted by a troop of dragoons and looking straight ahead, motionless and cool, when the stones began to fly. A howling crowd tried to block his entry into the chateau. His dragoons shouldered a narrow passage for him.

The Christian gentleman had not lost his sense of humor. He entered the chateau carrying in his hand a two-pound rock that had fallen into his carriage.

The address of loyalty was read and accepted. Elgin started home again by a back street. The mob soon discovered him and followed in "cabs, calèches and everything that would run... the carriage was bitterly assailed in the main street of the St. Lawrence suburbs. The good and rapid driving of his postilions enabled him to clear the desperate mob, but not until the head of his brother, Colonel Bruce, had been cut, injuries inflicted on the chief of police and on Captain Jones, commanding the escort, and every panel of the carriage driven in."

The Loyalist counter-revolution had demonstrated its loyalty to the Queen and Empire by hounding their representative out of the Canadian capital. He escaped into the protection of Monklands within an inch of his life. But Elgin had won. By refusing to meet violence with violence, rejecting the use of martial law, sitting quietly in his house and writing his cold, factual dispatches to London, he had

at last established responsible government. Could the Canadians manage it? That was the only question remaining.

The counter-revolution, failing by violence, now attempted to destroy Canada by lawful means.

A lunatic fringe of Canadian Toryism had imitated the left-wing lunatics of '37 in riot, had assaulted the Queen's deputy, burned the centre of government and compelled the Assembly to move the Canadian capital from Montreal to Quebec and Toronto, which would be occupied alternately. All this it had done in loyalty to the Queen, in defense of the Empire and in punishment of the former rebels.

And what had been the Loyalists' reward? They had been betrayed by a British governor when he signed the Rebellion Losses Bill. They had been betrayed by a British government when it introduced free trade. The poison of betrayal turned the Montreal Tories sour and a little mad. They swallowed their past, their principles and their pride by proposing that Canada be annexed forthwith to the United States.

If Canada could not be saved for the Empire in their way it was not worth saving. If it could not provide Montreal with the satisfactory profits of preferential trade the businessmen must forget all their battles of the border, all their martial memories and, if necessary, their sacred honor. They must follow, like the Tories of Britain, the new god called the Market and find that deity in the republic, even though they had been resisting it since Carleton's time.

The Annexation Manifesto issued in the autumn of 1849 was the work of embittered Loyalists and desperate businessmen. It argued, with economic determinism worthy of Adam Smith, that annexation was Canada's natural future (a fact oddly overlooked before) and that Britain desired it (a slander instantly denied by the British government which called the manifesto a document "scarcely short of treason").

More than a thousand merchants and politicians, some of them the leading figures of Montreal, signed the manifesto and soon wished they hadn't, for it was to become in the Canadian mind a register of infamy. Outside Montreal the plan of national suicide received no serious support. Quebec would never approve annexation because it would assuredly mean the destruction of the *Canadien* race and culture. The radical English-speaking elements had listened to Mackenzie's republican ideas sympathetically twelve years before but were now pacified by the grant of responsible government. Most Tories refused to trade the British connection for a chance of business in the United States. Few Canadians in any party believed that annexation would be profitable even commercially.

In this test, as in all others previously and afterward, the Canadian instinct was clear and overwhelming—these people, somehow, sometime, would build a nation of their own. Thus the manifesto, exciting for the moment and humiliating in retrospect, failed to reverse and only swelled the tide of Canadian independence. The work of Carleton at Quebec and Brock at Queenston was confirmed again. ★

NEXT ISSUE: CONCLUSION

**They Saved
the Pacific Coast
for Canada**

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The Panic Over Halley's Comet

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

almost-forgotten rituals to ward off the glowing menace. Newspaper services reported that Moslems had accepted the fiery stranger as a messenger from Allah, and were awaiting only a further sign to launch a holy war on the infidel.

Peasants in West China, according to other correspondents, were lopping off

their queues as a gesture of emancipation as they broke out in open antidynastic demonstrations. Russian muzhiks near St. Petersburg, accepting their lot with characteristic fatalism, simply sat in their fields and starved.

In New York's teeming Little Italy, a cruel prankster launched a homemade fire balloon from the roof of a tenement into a crowded street. When the balloon exploded, five hundred fright-maddened people trampled one another in a hysterical effort to escape.

A sheriff's posse thirty miles south of Aline, Okla., was just in time to prevent

Henry Heineman, leader of a religious cult called the Select Followers, from plunging a knife into the breast of sixteen-year-old Jane Warfield. The girl, clad in snow-white garments, with a crown of white roses about her head, had been chosen as a human sacrifice to make "a blood atonement" for the sins of the world. It was God's wish, said Heineman, revealed only to him, for without such a sacrifice "the world would end and the heavens be rolled up like a scroll following contact with the tail of the Comet."

In Jersey City a well-born young

woman was restrained at the water's edge from her avowed desire to "follow the comet where'er it should lead." Winnipeg inexplicably found itself in the midst of an epidemic of suicides, chiefly of newly arrived immigrants.

In Pittsburgh Mrs. Clementian Derenzo looked out of the window and saw a dark cloud on the horizon. Rushing into the street, she herded eighteen bewildered school children into her living room, locked the door and then shot herself through the brain.

And at 14 St. Elizabeth Street in Montreal, a sudden gust of wind slamming a door shut caused invalid Delphine Gaulin to leap to her feet screaming "The comet has struck!" before slumping to the floor, dead.

The unreasoning terror that gradually gripped parts of the sane practical world of 1910 was not new in the long catalogue of the comet's appearances over the earth. What undoubtedly made it more widespread than ever before was the speedy communication facilities created by a science that should have quelled rather than fanned the flame of fear. In its 1910 role, however, science was only being consistent with its medieval equivalent.

For the ancient Hebrews wrote in the Talmud of "a star which rises every seventy years and causes sailors to lose their bearings." Aristotle told of such a visitor from space appearing over Aegos Potami in 467 B.C., identified it correctly as a comet, but refrained from attributing to the comet the downfall of Athens at this same spot sixty-three years later.

Seneca, the Roman philosopher, also identified comets as true heavenly bodies, subject to whatever laws governed the movement of such bodies.

It might have been reasonably expected from such auspicious beginnings that the real nature and characteristics of comets would speedily have been uncovered by an enlightened Western science. Quite the contrary. Between Roman times and the seventeenth-century Britain of Edmund Halley, European astrologers, kings and clergy used every manner of humbug and chicanery to convince their gullible peoples that comets were *not* regular heavenly bodies, but special messengers from heaven to them alone, ready to do their bidding and smite any subject who got out of line.

Edmund Halley, who was to end all this buncombe, was a gentleman of some means and a genius for mathematics, born in London on Oct. 29, 1656. When Peter the Great toured England to learn how a modern state actually functioned, he and Halley became fast friends. The Englishman undertook to show the royal visitor civilization at first hand. History records that after a whole night of partaking of civilization's benefits at a local tavern, Peter I, Czar of all the Russians, trundled Edmund Halley, English gentleman, all the way home in a wheelbarrow, causing severe damage to several hedges, for which Peter subsequently paid.

Halley was also an intimate and staunch supporter of Isaac Newton. He paid for the publication of Newton's famous Principia, in which the young physicist outlined his celebrated theory of the laws of gravity. In the Principia Newton proved that the path of a body in space could be calculated mathematically. Halley and Newton realized at almost the same time that the observed movements of the comets conformed to Newton's calculations.

Both men had carefully studied the great comet of 1682. Applying the new theory to their observations at that time, they surmised that perhaps some comets moved around the sun in elongated ellipses or parabolas ("conic

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sections," as they are called). Perhaps the only time man glimpsed them was during the small fraction of their orbit in the solar system.

This supposition led Halley to collect the observations made of comet appearances for more than three hundred years back. In those days, Halley knew, people spent a lot of time outdoors, so that anything strange in the heavens was bound to be noticed and studied. A Spanish monk's careful fixing of a comet's position on one night might jibe nicely with a Dutch squire's rule-of-thumb observations on a subsequent date. An English knight's pamphlet on a "hairy star's" path might fit or conflict with a Roman work on the same comet.

Since only three points of reference are required to compute the probable orbit of any heavenly body, Halley was not at all surprised to find in 1704 that he had gathered enough data to compute the orbits of twenty-four comets, starting with that of the year 1337. When he had done so he noticed that three of these—those of 1531, 1607 and 1682—had almost identical orbits.

He concluded that these three were one and the same comet, doing a regular circuit of the solar system every seventy-six years or so. The slight differences in time could be ascribed to the influence of powerful planets on the comet's orbit.

"If the Comet should return . . . about the year 1758," said Halley, now Astronomer Royal of England, "posterity will not refuse to acknowledge that this was first discovered by an Englishman."

A Contemptible Refusal

Halley was almost around to see his prediction come true. In 1720, at the age of sixty-four, he undertook to observe the moon through a complete series of its nodes—a period of eighteen years—and actually completed the project. He died in 1742 at eighty-five, firmly reiterating his belief that the comet would appear within the next seventeen years.

As the prophesied time drew near, expectation reached a fever pitch among astronomers on both sides of the Atlantic. Some, reviewing Halley's thinking, calculated that Halley had erred slightly, and that his comet—by now they were calling it "Halley's Comet"—would be visible in 1757, instead of the following year.

A comet did appear in September of 1757, but its characteristics were woefully short of the glories attributed by Halley to his comet. Blame for the apparent failure fell, illogically, not on the living astronomers but on the dead Halley.

On Christmas Day 1758, George Palitzsch, a farmer and amateur astronomer who lived near Dresden, Germany, picked up the first glow of the approaching comet on a powerful telescope he had made. He recorded the discovery privately in his diary. Three weeks passed before Messier, the greatest French astronomer of his day, located the comet. He immediately reported it to his chief, Delisle, director of the Observatory of Paris. The latter, "through contemptible motives" never quite brought out even during the official enquiry before the French Academy some months later, refused to allow Messier to announce his discovery to the world. It was therefore well into April 1759 before fog-girt England and distant America knew that Halley's Comet had appeared exactly as the great English astronomer had predicted.

When British scientists did learn of its appearance and had confirmed it with their own eyes, they were deeply

moved. A flood of articles appeared eulogizing Halley and castigating the French for their vindictiveness. One of these appeared in the April 1759 issue of Gentleman's Magazine between an article by B. Franklin on The Effects of Electricity in Paralytic Cases and a Mr. Smeaton's Remarks on the Difference of Temperament of Air Between Edystone and Plymouth. Written by a Herr Klinkenburg, of The Hague, the essay claimed that the dismal comet of September 1757 could not possibly have been the one predicted by Halley. Comments on this article in other jour-

nals somehow inferred from this that it had been French astronomers who had tried to make a fool of Halley. At this the bitterness broke out afresh.

Meanwhile there was a great rush to trace the appearances of Halley's Comet at seventy-six-year intervals before 1531. Thus historians soon claimed it was Halley's Comet that lit up the sky when Methuselah died in 2616 BC and again in 240 BC when Rome defeated Carthage. Seventy-six years later it appeared when Judas Maccabaeus entered Jerusalem. A year or two of discrepancy in dates was

loosely attributed by historians to "the influence of the planets."

Halley's Comet, they now noticed, appeared sometimes in different shapes in different parts of the world. Therefore, beyond a doubt, it was the legendary "Sword of Fire" that hung suspended over Jerusalem in 66 AD shortly before the city was destroyed by Titus. It was undoubtedly too the same heavenly herald which announced in 451 the forthcoming demise of Attila, "The Scourge of God," two years later.

In the French town of Bayeux, travelers saw the comet in 1066 and

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reported its brilliance to be one quarter that of the moon itself. William the Conqueror—publicly attributing his defeat of Harold partly to his astral ally's aid—caused his Queen Mathilda to incorporate the then unnamed comet in the Bayeux tapestry she was supervising. This world-famous *objet d'art*, still on display in the Bayeux museum, is two hundred and thirty-one feet long and twenty inches wide. Among the hundreds of different scenes of the conquest worked in the fine linen with eight different shades of worsted, is one showing William and his men gazing confidently up at a comet with a hairy tail. Across from William is Harold, looking up at the same comet in terror. Under the comet is inscribed the Latin phrase, *Isti mirantur ellam*, which loosely translated means "They marvel at the star."

Tennyson made use of the information supplied by astronomer-historians in his long drama, *Harold*. Just before the fatal battle of Hastings, King Harold is made to stand looking up at the comet and declaim,

*Lo! there once more—
This is the seventh night
You grimly-glaring,
Treble-brandished scourge of England...*

The comet was nowhere around when the Turks captured Constantinople in 1453, but showed up three years later when they turned their wrath on Belgrade. It appeared once more in the shape of a sword, this time in conjunction with the moon in its crescent phase, and the combination was so much like the familiar Turkish emblem that all concerned, for some reason, took it as a *bad* omen for the Turks, who lost heart and gave up the siege.

When the list of the comet's appearances was fairly complete, even the most naive citizen of the eighteenth century could discern one fact through the murk: the comet had often appeared when great events were occurring on earth. But far more often it had appeared when nothing at all of importance was taking place. The comet then was governed only by natural laws. This premise was perhaps the greatest contribution made by astronomy to the humanities in almost two thousand years.

The 1835 appearance of Halley's Comet was right on schedule, some astronomers being only a week or so out in computing its perihelion (closest point to the sun). By 1910 this margin for error had been cut to two and a half days and two Englishmen shared a thousand-mark reward from a German organization for computing the closest date.

By 1910, too, every astronomy freshman knew there were at least sixty comets, each making visits to our solar

system at intervals of less than eighty years. There were hundreds more, of course, that came at greater intervals, some possibly every million years or so. There were Donati's Comet with its two-thousand-year round trip, Faye's, at 7.3 years, and everyone owning a telescope could glimpse each 3.3 years that veritable commuter, Encke's Comet. None compared in size or brightness with Halley's.

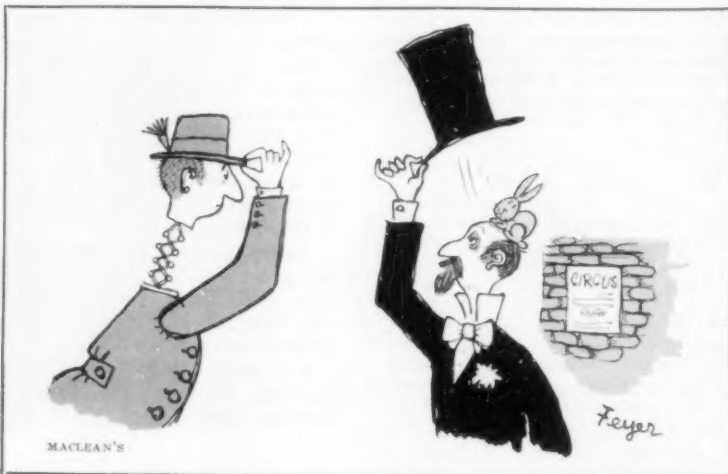
With all these data the world should hardly have expected the kind of fireworks it experienced during the third visit of the comet since it was identified.

What made the terror so universal perhaps was that it appealed both to educated and unlearned people. The educated were impressed by the reasoning of astronomers Flammarion and Deslandres, and with the fact that no scientist of any calibre had actually denied that the earth would probably pass through the comet's tail on May 18. The unlettered saw only the flaming orb growing brighter, and where in another age their fears might have passed unnoticed, now they were kept alive by daily bulletins from newspaper correspondents. The two fears served as fuel for each other, though all literate men openly scoffed at the idea that the comet was a portent of human disaster. Their reasoned scepticism was in for a severe strain.

Deslandres gave out his tentative endorsement of Flammarion's holocaust theory on May 5, 1910. On May 6, King Edward VII died suddenly, an earthquake killed fifteen hundred people in Costa Rica and bubonic plague broke out in Amoy, China. Within two more days a hundred and twenty-five men died in a coal mine near Birmingham, Ala., and a hundred and thirty-seven miners perished in another colliery at Whitehaven, England.

In vain did newspapers point out that King Edward had been secretly ill for some time and that earthquakes were an annual affair in Costa Rica. In vain did students at the Sorbonne subject themselves to stronger and stronger doses of cyanogen—the gas supposed to make up the comet's tail—to prove it would take a very strong dose indeed to affect humans. Too late did eminent scientists declare that the whole multimillion-mile-long tail of the comet was so fine it could be packed into a woman's portmanteau. A celestial cobweb, they called it, nothing wrapped up in naught. They pointed out belatedly that the dimmest stars could be seen through the comet's tail, that it contained fewer molecules than the most complete vacuum ever created in a laboratory. They predicted blithely that the earth would probably notice nothing as it passed through the tail, if it passed through the tail.

But the time for such assurances was past.



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In Hamilton, Bermuda, as the last thunder of the guns welcoming the new King George V died away in pre-dawn darkness, the comet was seen by hundreds of dock workers to glow at head and tail. Work stopped immediately. Wailing with fear the Negro population paraded the streets, predicting dire events and a dread war that would shake the world during George V's reign, if the world survived that long.

At Harbour La Cou, Nfld., and at Burin, two hundred miles east of there, the comet appeared in a blood-red sky from which rained sulphur, covering the districts to depths of a quarter inch or more. Off Gaspé, too, the frightened skipper of the freighter Minnie Maud reported his ship enveloped in a dense cloud of sulphur for more than an hour, making any sort of navigation impossible. Neither of these phenomena has ever been explained.

Now a self-styled U. S. prophet named Lee Spangler, who had predicted to the day the San Francisco earthquake, the death of Victoria and the assassination of President McKinley, stepped into the limelight once more. It was true, he said, that the reign of King George V would be disastrous for humanity, if it should survive. That was extremely unlikely, however, because his inner voice told him that the earth would not pass through the tail of the comet but would collide with the comet's head!

Now the deep-seated fear leaped in hearts hitherto indifferent to all argument, and every unexpected local disaster was wildly traced to the baleful effect of the comet. On Sunday, May 8, four tons of virite, a powerful explosive, blew up at the General Explosives Plant in Hull, Que. The blast killed a dozen people and injured scores more in the immediate area, and broke almost every window on Sparks Street in Ottawa, three quarters of a mile away. The first thought in everyone's mind, newspapers reported, was "The comet has struck!"

People tumbled wildly into the streets, expecting momentarily a second shock that would annihilate them all. Eight men rushed out of a hotel on Queen Street in Ottawa still clutching the poker hands they had just been dealt. All turned back, a trifle sadly according to eyewitnesses, when they saw it wasn't the comet after all.

In Carleton Place, forty miles west of Ottawa, fire leveled part of the business section. The crackling of the flames, the screams of those in danger and the terrified whinnying of the horses startled many from their beds convinced that the comet had slammed them into the next world.

A porter touching the outside of the Alberta Hotel in Wetaskiwin was killed by an electric shock. Though it was later shown that faulty wiring had caused the fatality, many were convinced the comet had done it.

Residents of Duluth and Superior, Wis.—though laughing sheepishly as they did so—were vacating the houses nearest the shore of Lake Superior, fearing a tidal wave if the comet should strike. In Nebraska, lightning rods were torn from the roofs of barns and houses in case they should "attract the comet." In South Africa, riots broke out in the Rand when it was learned that the wife of a diamond-mine manager was spending the time until the comet should strike at the bottom of her husband's mine. And in Johannesburg, as in many other cities of the world, appeared a pathetic newspaper advertisement:

Gentleman having secured several cylinders of oxygen and having bricked up a spacious room, wishes to meet others who would share the expenses for Wednesday night (May

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The idea, as many Parisians who were doing the same thing said, was that if they could survive the first suffocating blast of the comet they stood a good chance of being alone in a thinly populated world when the comet had passed.

It was with some dismay therefore that The Times, surveying the scene from London, was moved to report on May 13 that "even the cultured people of France are said to await the comet's approach with dread."

Of course there were many people who paid no attention whatever to the imminent visit of the strange comet, many prominent newspapers that ignored the whole thing as far as possible. And then there was the humorous side. Hotels in Brockville, Ont., reported a definite slackening off among "the timid drinkers"; every bank, post office and church received its share of conscience money from people eager to ease long-standing guilt; and a bartender named Tom Sharkey, of East 14th Street, New York, attained local immortality by his "discovery" that

cyanogen gas is soluble in alcohol and plain water.

"Drink nothing but plain-water highballs, me buckos," Tom roared at all his patrons, "and you'll live to be a hundred!"

Four scientists headed by Professor David Todd, of Amherst College in Massachusetts, went aloft in a balloon to get a better look at the comet. They never did see it, for a heavy cloud bank rolled in. Moreover, a twenty-mile-an-hour wind blew them two hundred and fifty miles off their course, depositing them early next morning almost on

the main street of St. Hyacinthe, Que.

Making the best of a bad job, the scientists sent their balloon back by rail, and then motored into Montreal. There they laid claim to the trophy offered by the Automobile and Aero Club of Canada for the balloon that should leave either Massachusetts, Connecticut or New York State (south of Poughkeepsie) and land nearest Dominion Square, Montreal, in the years 1909 and 1910.

"You must wait till the end of the year," they were primly informed. "After all, someone else might come closer."

The Toronto jewelry firm of Ryrie Brothers announced in the local papers the sale of "Halley's Comet Jewelry" described as "tie pins and brooches set with opals, moonstones or peridots. Peridot is of meteoric origin and is the fashionable stone this season." Another Toronto firm, Sherman and Hargrave, was prepared to send anyone—on receipt of fifteen cents in coin—a detailed sky map of Halley's Comet and the solar system. This prompted the Globe to comment editorially, "One wonders at the conceit of the inhabitants of earth, which planet is relatively a mere bubble on a boundless sea."

The occupants of a rail car traveling between Niagara Falls and St. Catharines asked the conductor to dim the lights so they might look for the comet. When he did so, however, they saw no comet but an island in the sky, complete with houses, lakes and trees. One of the passengers claimed it was a mirage of Hanlan's Point near Toronto.

In Istanbul, Turkey, the police took the heaven-sent opportunity presented when the entire population crowded the roof tops to pray each night, to round up ferocious dogs that the citizens had always kept them from capturing.

Who'd Collect the Debts

In Montreal a group of hatters told newspapermen that the so-called hysteria was not nearly so bad as the papers would have the public believe. "There has been no appreciable increase in the purchase of headgear," they declared, "as there naturally would be if the public feared the comet's approach." A finance company that specialized in lending money to young couples to start them off in married life reported, on the other hand, a vast increase in the number of loans. This they offered as proof of a sublime confidence in the future.

"Not so," said the Gazette. "Rather does it suggest a devil-may-care attitude, for if the comet should prove fatal to life on this planet, who would be around to collect these debts?"

In Virginia it was reported, "Halley's Comet did more in one week for the church than all the revivals and camp meetings in a decade. Never before . . . have so many new members got the religious fervor at one time." Many residents of Cleveland obtained groceries and then refused to pay for them, arguing that the end of the world would make money useless.

As the fateful day—May 18—dawned, an expectant stillness gripped many parts of the world. Most newspapers by now featured the comet on page one. They gave daily accounts of its speed (1,678 miles a minute), its distance from the earth (only a few million miles) and the local time it was expected to make contact with the earth. About 9 a.m. an Italian named Luigi Cieface, who had secretly murdered his neighbor Patrick Cahill three days before, was taken into custody by police in Newark, N.J., not for murder, but as a suspected member of the Black Hand, which had recently tried to blackmail Caruso. All morning



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Claire submitted to questioning without the slightest sign of wilting. At noon he was taken to a cell, where he saw a daily paper for the first time in weeks.

The result, even to blasé Newark police, was most unexpected.

"He became like a madman," the chief told reporters later. "He fell on his knees and prayed . . . crying out frantically for someone to come and hear his confession. 'The world is coming to an end,' he yelled, 'All the people will be killed. I will be killed. I cannot die without confessing I killed Patrick Cahill. I put him in the ground behind my house.'"

"He's mad but he's right," the chief concluded. "We found the body right where he said it would be."

At an oil refinery a few miles away in Bayonne three hundred workers laid down their tools and spent the rest of the day in a nearby church. Across the Hudson the four great bridges poured millions of people into Manhattan, a milling, chattering yet unexpectedly subdued mob of people.

At 5 p.m., the earth officially made contact with the tail of the comet. A whole world held its breath. Five hours was the time calculated for the earth to traverse the tail completely. What would those five hours bring?

The answer was not long in coming: Nothing, absolutely nothing!

If, as scientists said, the tail of a comet was nothing wrapped up in naught, then the long-awaited meeting of earth and comet was nothing wrapped up in naught, suspended in less than nothing.

Toronto saw only a faint aurora. Winnipeg glimpsed no sign of the comet itself, but was treated to a fine display of Northern Lights. Magnetic instruments at the Dominion Observatory in Ottawa registered a deflection of forty-two minutes of a degree, but there was no visible disturbance. Even in Europe, where the comet was plainly visible, it was reported in a different part of the sky and at a different time from that predicted by astronomers. What's more, it had lost its tail.

The following day, to add to the confusion, the comet produced a broad spectrum of light across the face of the sun at high noon. The astronomers' only explanation was that the earth must have passed between two sections of the comet's tail.

The newspapers had a field day.

"Those who feared for the earth when the comet's tail enveloped it were concerned about the wrong factor," said the Montreal Gazette. "Earth came out of the encounter without harm. The comet lost its tail. Earths must be dangerous to comets."

The Toronto Globe chuckled just as heartily. "The approach of a few million cubic miles of gas in Halley's Comet," the paper declared ironically, "did not perceptibly affect the quotation of gas shares on the Toronto Exchange."

"Now you fellows who crawled into gopher holes to escape the baleful effects of the comet," admonished the Calgary News, "come on out!"

The Victoria Times reminded its readers that it had predicted weeks before that no collision would take place between earth and comet.

The Yale observatory now came lamely forward with its theory that the tail of the comet had bent away from the earth just prior to the passage. Other astronomers swore that the earth had not yet passed through the tail, but might do so in days to follow. The Dominion Observatory claimed that some mysterious change caused the comet's lack of lustre. They would not elaborate.

Among the flood of letters received

by the Montreal Gazette was one the editors felt they must print, for it said just about what they themselves were thinking.

"Science itself," wrote the subscriber bitterly, "will be discredited through the ostentatious parade of imbecility we have just witnessed."

In the days that followed many humans got a glimpse of the spectacle they had expected on May 18. A lunar eclipse on May 24 enabled thousands to witness the breathtaking beauty of the comet against a dark sky. By May 26, the comet had even regained

its lost tail. Comet parties, which had folded for lack of heavenly support, became popular again. The Niagara Navigation Company's excursion steamer Corona, which had journeyed almost empty from Toronto to Lewiston for several nights, now had to ask its clients to make reservations to see "the supremely brilliant comet."

But the heart had gone out of it. The anticlimax, after weeks of buildup, was like a physical letdown. True, daily bulletins still traced the comet's return course to outer space. People were interested to learn that it would

travel some three billion miles, passing Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and even its mother planet, Neptune, at ever-slackening speed, before swinging earthward again. And they marveled that it would still be within camera and telescope range until June 1911.

But by mid-June 1910, when it passed from ordinary human eyesight, Halley's Comet was already forgotten. For a brief while it had caused men to relive their dim primeval terrors. Now it sped on its own mysterious way, unheeding, a silent wraith on an eternal pilgrimage. ★

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Our Strange Stay At Miss Pickering's

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

The man came from the gas company and he and Joe spent several hours trying to find the gas meter. The regular man for the neighborhood was on his vacation and would not return for two weeks. Joe and the replacement crawled around among the innumerable pipes under the house without success. Finally they decided we'd have to do without gas until the regular man returned. So that we could cook on the electric plate, Joe began to follow wires to find where the light could be turned on.

The light meter proved to be in the landlady's house, across the garden from ours. We telephoned the real-estate agent who obligingly brought the key and opened the door for us. Then he hurried away to another appointment, leaving us to lock up after ourselves.

I took advantage of the chance to look into the living room. The house was beautiful and much like ours. The doors were fine-paneled and there were lots of hand-wrought nails and polished brass. I stood in the lovely big-beamed room and admired the priceless colonial antiques and the beautiful shutters.

Joe said from the doorway, "What's the name of the woman who owns this property?"

"Miss Pickering," I told him, quoting the real-estate agent. "She's a sea captain's daughter from Massachusetts."

"Come and see this," he said.

Like ours, this house had two kitchens. One, the very small one, had only one door which opened on the garden. It was necessary then to go outside to enter or leave this room.

"Isn't it beautiful?" I said. "Look at that handmade spice cabinet! It must be very old. Did you notice the Sheratons and Hepplewhites in the living room?"

Joe said, "Try to open the oven door."

I did. As I lowered the door of the stove I had to back out into the garden. The kitchen was very small.

"What about it?" I said, getting pretty defensive. "All you see are the peculiar things. I never knew you were so conventional."

"I'm not," he said.

In our own house we discovered other eccentricities. The bedroom fireplace wouldn't draw and I rearranged all the furniture and put the head of the bed under the mantel. Joe found that the third chimney came down in the wall of the huge linen closet and that there was a preserve pantry next to that, with a heavy storm door closing it off from the rest of the house. Every room was, reasonlessly we found, on a different level.

"I admit that the house is weird," I said. "But where else could we find a place with a peaked ceiling and a chestnut floor in the living room for eighty-five dollars a month? And near the college? Or a house with one bedroom and one kitchen floored in solid maple, or with three usable bathrooms, or with a garden an acre in size with at least a hundred trees on it?"

"Nowhere," Joe said promptly.

Next day a man clumped into the yard and began pruning bushes. His manner was proprietary, but I went out to investigate anyway.

"Are you the gardener?" I said.

He said his name was Armitage and that he was not the gardener; he was the landscape artist. Propitiously I told him he was quite right; the property was beautifully landscaped.

"Wait till Miss Pickering gets here," he said dourly. "She'll give me hell for the falcon."

"The what?" I said, feeling the century drop away from me.

Armitage pointed to the far branch of a tall evergreen. I saw a large black hawk looking down at us. "I'm supposed to kill it," Armitage said, "before she comes back."

Brian came struggling up the uneven flagstone walk with a flower in his hand. "Who's he?" Armitage said.

"That's my baby," I said. Brian was smiling at him fearlessly. "I have an older boy too."

He grunted. "Miss Pickering know you got children living here?" he said. When I said no, I didn't think so, he gave a snort of disapproval. "Don't take to them," he said.

I told Joe about this when he came home from his three o'clock class. "Well, that's too bad," he said. "I hate to give up the kids but I guess a house like this is worth just about any sacrifice." He grinned at me. "Maybe the hawk will have carted Brian off by then."

"Falcon," I said.

WHEN WE had been in the house a month, Miss Pickering came home to the house next door. I did not meet her immediately but I saw a lot of her. She was an elderly spinster with thin greying hair which she drew tightly to a lemon-sized knot at the nape of her neck. She wore horn-rimmed glasses and flapping black coats and she was always in a hurry.

Coincident with her arrival there appeared a slow-moving Negro maid, two men in overalls and Armitage. To these Miss Pickering shouted directions all day long in a high falsetto voice which I soon realized could be the

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result only of deafness. The maid and the men strolled about the grounds ignoring her wants as often as possible, joking among themselves in high good humor and carrying things in and out of the house only when Miss Pickering stamped along beside them in her high black shoes.

The third morning after her arrival when I went sleepily to the front door to get the milk, I found a covered dish and a note waiting beside the milk bottles. I brought them in. On the dish were four collapsed popovers. I set them down on the desk in the first kitchen and ignored the baby's pester-ing while I read the note.

"Dear Neighbor," it said. "I haven't been over to meet you because it is difficult for me to meet people. I do not hear well. I know you love the house because you've taken such wonderful care of it and I'm happy that you have it. I didn't know you had children, however, or I wouldn't have had it rented to you. Children trample the garden and frighten the quail more than the falcon does. I love the quail in the early morning. Have you seen them? Here are some popovers for the children's breakfast and please don't let them play in the garden. One day I'll call on you. Yrs, Emily Pickering."

I tore that note up and said nothing about it to Joe. I said instead that I had begun to feel that doing the washing was too much for me, even with a Bendix, and that henceforth I'd like to send it out. I hadn't been feeling too well lately, I added, which was true enough. Joe insisted that it would be wiser to hire a maid to help with the other work as well as the washing, but I said I did not want a stranger in the house. Reluctantly, he agreed.

From that day on, there was a note under the door every morning. Some-times the note suggested no changes

in my life at all, but most often, timidly couched among the innocent *non sequiturs*, there was a little helpful criticism.

I met Miss Pickering one morning when I had gone out about seven o'clock for a walk in the garden. She came up from the back cliff, clambering ungracefully over the top and racing through the trees in her nightgown like an elderly nymph. The nightgown was long, white and full. In her arms she carried a spray of flowers.

"Oh, there you are!" she shouted tonelessly as though she'd been looking for me. She rushed over to me, tripping over the hose, and pushed a gaunt hand under my eyes. I shook hands with her. "I've been up since five," she cried. "So much to do, to do, before Mabel gets here. Mabel Hildebrandt Gage... my great friend. Do you know her?" I said no. "Of course you know her... the famous lady attorney on the Prohibition ticket?" Still I shook my head. "You know her. My great friend. I call her Portia. Aren't you well?"

"Fine," I shouted through my head-ache.

"Do you like the doors in the house? My father... Captain Pickering... brought them from Massachusetts in his ship. They're very old. You won't scratch them. No, I know you won't. I planned the house myself, you know. Went out there one day with a piece of string and planned it all. Silly old architects make such work of simple tasks. Is it true you have a kitten? The maid says you have a kitten."

I screamed, "Yes. A Persian."

"Beautiful," she cried. "I love Persians. I hate to ask you to give it up. Cats frighten quail. Did you see them this morning? I was watering at five thirty when they ran through the garden, right over there. Kitten has to go." She wagged a bony finger under my nose. "And so must I. So much, so much to do..."

I waved good-by and started back to my house. When I was at my door, she called me again.

"Kitten must go," she screeched and I saw the maid behind her, smiling. I shrugged and went inside.

I had decided to keep the kitten.

From that moment on, things moved at a swifter pace. In her frenzy of preparation for Mabel's coming, Miss Pickering left no unkind word unturned. "Isn't it wonderful," one morning's note said, "the way the ginger is blooming so richly? I'm going to send my maid over every morning to sweep your screen porch first thing. Mabel Hildebrandt Gage will be able to see it from her bedroom when she awakens in the morning and I know she couldn't bear to see anything unswept. She loves the sight of polished wood. You must come and see my fiddle spoons one day. Yrs, Emily Pickering."

Every morning at five, Miss Pickering watered the garden, beginning just outside the French doors of our bedroom. Several mornings while we lay awake listening to the noise of the hose and Miss Pickering's joyful shouts, water squirted through the window. Miss Pickering then screamed an apology into our silent, hostile room and rushed off to hose some other part of the garden. Armitage arrived at six and they held a conference (at top volume, of course) about the day's work, a ritual religiously followed by his taking pot shots at the falcon, and just as religiously missing it. When, hollow-eyed, I dragged myself out of bed, I would find a note beside the morning's milk.

The children were not happy. It was not Miss Pickering's fault of course that Jamie had found the only child of his age in the neighborhood to play with and that he turned out to be what he

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was. But it was her fault since she complained about the noise they made playing in the vacant lot (and how she heard it was a question that tormented me) that Jamie left Brian at home alone and went off to play every day in the other boy's yard. His friend was a little psychopath named Victor Van Reed Morris, whose chief occupation and delight was the capture of goldfish.

I was not particularly happy either, for I was now under a doctor's care. He said that what was wrong with me might necessitate surgery but that first we would try the effects of a rigid diet. Once or twice I had to send for him late at night and on these occasions Miss Pickering saw the doctor's car.

"I was so disturbed," her next morning's note said, "to see the doctor calling last night. I do hope this morning finds you well. The Mexican lilies (*lirios*, I think they call them) beside the pool are showing BUDS! If you are well enough, you must walk out to see them. Incidentally, I noticed that last night there were two liquor bottles in your weekly can box, one wine and one whisky. Do you think that perhaps drinking harms you? Why don't you give it up and see if there's any improvement in your condition? And if you don't, I wonder if you'd please hire a little man with a cart to take them away. After all, Mabel Hildebrandt Gage did run on the Prohibition ticket and people passing the house might think the bottles in the can box were hers. Best wishes, Emily Pickering."

I believed then that after a while Miss Pickering would adjust to our being in the house and cease sending me notes that received no answers.

One day when Joe came home at four o'clock, Miss Pickering stopped him at our door. She wanted, she explained, to plan a surprise for Mabel Hildebrandt Gage. She would like to take over our two garages and have us use one of hers. Mabel had been given a robin's-egg-blue Cadillac by a grateful client and it was too large to fit into any one of the four garages. She wanted them to turn our double garage into a wide single one and to have it painted a matching shade of robin's-egg blue—the matching was to be the surprise. Joe agreed to this, necessarily at the top of his lungs.

Victor Van Reed Morris, attracted no doubt by their lively shouts, and full of a new sense of rebellion since he had only that day been expelled from school, appeared high on the bank and turned the hose full force on Miss Pickering. Jamie's shouts of laughter

could be heard even over Miss Pickering's shrieks and Brian, who had been playing quietly on the screen porch, sat chuckling with delight and clapping his hands.

It took quite a while for Joe to calm the victim and find her glasses, which had been washed away by the force of the water, and lead her finally, soggy and tearful, to her door. Then he came into the house and, grinning and perfectly dry, mixed himself a tall and hefty drink.

"To Mabel," he said and closed his eyes and drank.

That night I persuaded Joe of the necessity of our calling on the landlady to see if she were suffering any untoward effects from her dousing. The maid, wise-eyed, let us in and directed us to the back bedroom where Miss Pickering huddled under a patchwork quilt in a four-poster. She regarded us dourly and hoped that since Mabel was due in two days she would not have to greet her with a cold.

"How about a hot toddy?" Joe asked pleasantly. "Hot buttered rum? Something like that?"

"Professor," she shouted hoarsely, "I don't drink!" Then she talked about Victor Van Reed Morris for a while and went on smoothly into the question of how much it was going to cost us to have her car repainted. We stared at her blankly. She flung off the covers and, austere in her great nightgown, led the way to her garage where she showed us the long scratch that traveled the entire circumference of her car, made, presumably, by a pin.

"I'll ask the children if they did it," Joe said in a controlled way. "If they did, of course we will have to pay for the repainting of your car."

We came back home and awakened Jamie. He admitted, to our infinite disappointment, his guilt.

"But why?" Joe said to him.

"We don't like her," Jamie said.

"Hate her," Brian said from his crib.

Joe settled down to giving them a long talk and then we reworked the budget to cover the cost of the paint job.

The next day an officer from the juvenile authorities came to the house to ask if I were the mother of a child named Brian? I was. He had come in response to a complaint of vandalism and malicious mischief lodged against Brian by a Miss Pickering. She declared that he had let all the air out of her tires. I introduced him to Brian and when he saw that he was not quite two years old, he apologized for bothering me and tore up the complaint. He was



"Martha never lets me forget anything."

MACLEAN'S

both embarrassed and annoyed. When he was gone, Brian said, "When you stick a little pin in the valve stem it goes SSSSSSS," and he beamed with pleasure.

Two men worked all night painting the rebuilt garage. Even the floor was painted robin's-egg blue and when the Cadillac was finally ensconced in it, it looked like a nursery housing a monster mechanical child.

That morning, Miss Pickering watered the garden at four thirty and the maid came over and swept our screen porch at five. Two workmen began carrying benches and settles—old and beautiful—onto our porch and arranging them according to Miss Pickering's top-volume directions.

Her first morning note announced, "I'm having a few ladies from Pasadena in for a lawn party this afternoon to welcome Mabel Hildebrandt Gage and I should like it very much if your screen porch could carry on the colonial motif of the property. Will you please not permit the children and the kitten to scratch these pieces? These are my TREASURES! My father, the Captain, brought them in his ship all the way from Massachusetts. I shall be most grateful if you can manage to take the children away for the afternoon. But of course you may not be well enough to do that. Could I have my maid make you some ginger tea? Father drank a lot of it before he died. Yes, Emily Pickering."

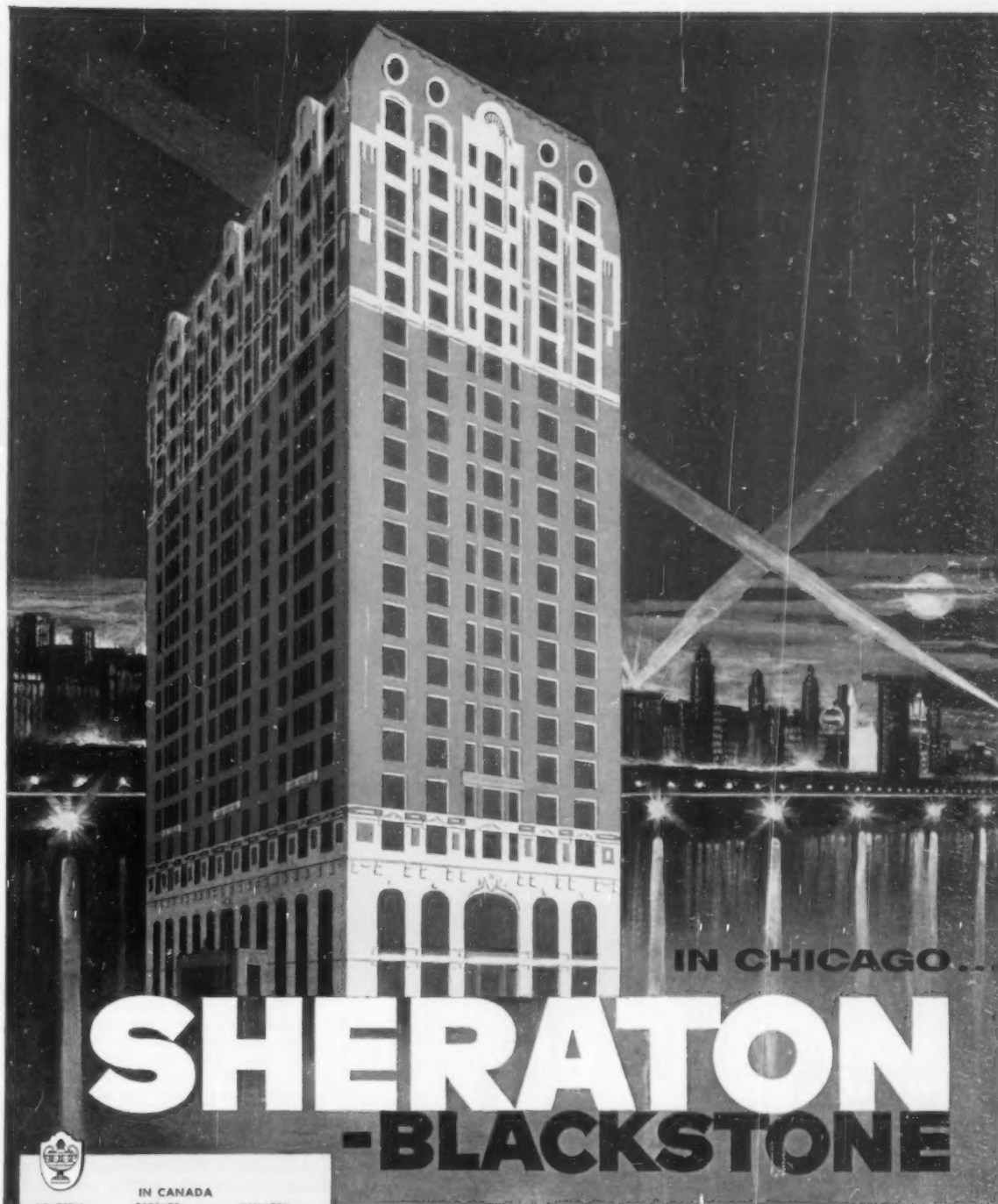
The second note said, "Wonderful news! I have bribed Victor Van Reed Morris' maid to take him to the cinema this afternoon. Meanwhile, I have hidden the hose in case, as he so often does, he breaks away from her. Can you please take your children away? I'm afraid for the ladies' cars. Mabel has told me to tell you that she looks forward to meeting you and it is she who sends you this bottle of grape juice, which, she tells me, is health-giving. She received a whole case of it from a grateful client."

At ten o'clock two workmen carried several Oriental prayer rugs up into the garden and laid them out over the lush green lawn. They covered it completely with the rugs. At eleven, Miss Pickering (still in her nightgown) supervised the moving of a colonial refectory table to the centre of the rug-covered area. On this table she placed a huge crystal punch bowl. Around the table she grouped fireside chairs, Boston rockers and Hepplewhite side chairs. The garden had the air of a gala outdoor antique store.

For the next hour I kept circling back to the window to watch the increasingly bizarre preparations. A fresh breeze had come up and the multi-colored Japanese lanterns leapt and pulled on their strings. The punch bowl was removed and a fine damask cloth spread over the wonderful wood of the table. Great chunks of ice were sloshed into the bowl and bottle after bottle of fruit juice.

A side table was brought out and Miss Pickering studied it for quite a while. The truth was it was near-Victorian and finally the anachronism was too much for her and she had it carried away and a colonial lowboy was brought out to take its place. First a rug was hung across its gleaming curved front lest the sunshine—bright by now, and quite hot—parch the wood. A cloth was placed on the rug and the glasses (Waterford of course) were lined up winking and glittering beside the crystal and cranberry punch cups. The sidewalk was swept and two men scrubbed down the flagstones of the steps and the garden paths.

The maid tapped at my door and asked if I had any pink or blue ribbon. "Miss Pickering thought you might



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have some left over from the nursery on account of the children."

"No," I said. "I'm sorry. What does she want it for?"

The maid looked hard at the ground. "To hang up in Miss Mabel's new garage," she said.

I smiled at her. "It's going to be quite a party," I said.

"Yeah." She turned away. "A regular ball," she said.

Then the crepe paper was festooned from giant tree to giant tree. Armitage did most of this job until his ladder slipped and he fell and injured his knee. From then on, Miss Pickering scampered up and down the ladder—still in her flowing nightie, with her sparse hair in curlers—like the mouse up and down the clock. She cheerfully shouted directions at the maid and the two workmen who strolled around languidly, holding the other ends of the paper streamers like indifferent children at school.

The pilot biscuits, still in their boxes, were set on the table and a few bowls of some kind of spread. One of the men was stationed nearby with a large fan to keep the flies away from these goodies. Miss Pickering flew into the house at a quarter to three with an especially penetrating shriek; someone had just told her the time.

She was back in fifteen minutes, taking the pins from her hair and stuffing them into her mouth, directing the men and the maid as to the placing of the Capehart. Then, at the last possible moment, with the thin grey curls hanging around her face like the curls from newly milled lumber, she decided that more rugs were needed to lay across the paths between the two houses. These were brought, laid out and vacuumed where they rested on the bright green grass.

tissuey sound of their high voices and the soft anonymous drone of the Capehart. The chauffeurs drove slowly away.

Mabel began to pass the boxes of pilot biscuits, moving deftly among them like a visiting nurse, her smart suit and manner giving her the youthful assurance of the successful career woman. The maid slopped in and out of the house and the ladies began to dip their cranberry and crystal cups into the health-giving juices of the punch bowl and the hot sun beat down on their palsied, black-hatted heads.

We'd had no intention of granting Miss Pickering's request and taking the children away. But as it happened, we had to go out and we did. When we got home after a casual supper with friends, it was well on toward ten o'clock at night. As we came up the stairs we saw that the garden had a look of ruin. The lanterns swung crazily on the night wind and the crepe-paper streamers had torn loose and angled, melancholy and tawdry, among the trees. There were paper napkins like big snowflakes scattered about.

The guests were gone, all but for one, a dignified and tottering elder whom Miss Pickering was leading by the arm into her house. We caught fragments of her falsetto speech . . . " . . . you'll feel better as soon as you're in bed . . . nothing at all, really, if you'll just be calm, Pamela . . . Now there's a step up here . . ."

Next day the maid and Armitage cleared away the souvenirs the ladies had left upon the scene—large black purses, pairs and singles of gloves, and several incredible hats—and all day the white-haired chauffeurs came and went, taking them away. Late in the afternoon I received a note from Miss Pickering.

"Dear Neighbor," it said, and the ink shook upon the page. "Thank you and your dear husband for taking the children away during our little fete. (Mabel Hildebrandt Gage had to leave the city suddenly on a case, else I know she'd join me in this expression of appreciation.) The garden looked quite pretty, I thought. I was half expecting the quail to join us at any moment. But then, all in the space of a few minutes it seemed, some of the guests fell ill. One dear lady was stricken, first with an inexplicable euphoria and then a rootless melancholy that expressed itself in tears and . . . finally she found it necessary to remain with me for the night. Victor Van Reed Morris poured a full bottle of rubbing alcohol into the punch bowl. Doubtless he hoped to murder us all. All the ladies admired the handsome colonial settle on your porch and I do wish to thank you for letting me place it there. Your next rent payment is due on the first of the month and, in view of the deprecations of Victor Van Reed Morris, I must ask that you vacate my house that day. I trust that shortly you will find a residence more suited to your needs. Yrs, Emily Pickering."

I read the note several times. Then I went into the third bathroom and looked in the medicine cabinet for our quart-size bottle of rubbing alcohol. It was gone.

I turned to Brian who was playing in the doorway.

"Victor took it for the party," he said cheerfully.

I was still convalescing from my illness and far too shaky even to consider the thought of moving. Besides, I had received so many notes from Miss Pickering, packed with suggestions, requests, demands and reproaches, that I did not take this one seriously. I was certain, once she felt better and the memory of Victor Van Reed Morris' crimes faded from her mind, that she

MABEL Hildebrandt Gage drove up to the house and left her new Cadillac parked in the street. Her garage door was open and she looked at it, at the ribbons Miss Pickering had found and hung in the corners and across the top of the open door, and then she slowly came up the steps.

She was hardly what I had expected to see as the boon companion of Miss Pickering. True, the eyes were sharply blue, the aristocratic nose pinched and the hair white; but there was a modish, worldly look about her which seemed to me to be quite the antithesis of the crepe paper and pilot biscuits of our landlady's world. She spoke softly and distinctly to Miss Pickering, not raising her voice at all, sending her into the house to comb her hair. Then she gave the maid a frosty glare which spurred her into moving faster than she had all day. The guests began to arrive.

Slow long black cars—ancient Pierce-Arrows, still agleam with a generation's polish, top-heavy Packards and huge Cadillac sedans, ponderous Lincoln limousines and one old Franklin—all crept to a funereal stop in front of the house. Elderly chauffeurs stepped out and lifted caps from snowy heads.

From the back seats, like so many aged birds, the "ladies" were helped and led, faltering and tremulous, up the spotless white steps. Mabel Hildebrandt Gage, erect and smiling, received them all. From inside the house there were occasional wild squawks of alarm, but at last Miss Pickering emerged too, to dart here and there excitedly, pick up a dead leaf and toss it away a moment later—to press a shaking, black-gloved hand and shout a welcome into a faded ear.

The ladies assembled in orderly rows in the chairs in the garden and rested their pointed shoes on the Oriental rugs. The air was filled with the rusting,



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BUSY HOUSEWIFE GETS A LIFT

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The Canadian housewife is a pretty smart person. And, positive proof of this can be seen today on the roads of Canada, where we now find more and more housewives driving one of Ford's British-built cars. Let's see how they figured out this way to make life easier . . . a way that makes good common sense.

Take that all important problem—*shopping* . . . with one of these cars to call your own, there'll be no more struggling with heavy parcels . . . and less chance of catching cold, standing around in the rain, waiting for connections. What's more, think of the time you'll save . . . time that you can *enjoy* visiting friends, or use profitably in the home.

However, you've probably *already* worked it out, that a car of your own makes good sense . . . but you may not realize how little it costs. And this is one of the big reasons why so many people are choosing one of Ford's British-built cars, the Anglia, Prefect, Consul and Zephyr. You see,

these cars are inexpensive to buy, but even more important, they are real money-savers to operate. Just imagine, as little as one cent's worth of gas can take four people one mile in the Anglia or Prefect! And you save money all along the line . . . oil, tires, maintenance—all cost less.

And, these cars are far roomier *inside*, than you would think by just seeing them parked on the street. There's ample room for four adults in the Anglia and Prefect . . . room for five comfortably in the larger Consul and Zephyr models, and each has a *really* generous-size trunk! Then, too, you'll find them extremely easy to drive (and to park!) . . . and they let you take the corners firmly, confidently, as if "on rails".

And, *when it comes to service* . . . coast to coast you're *always* near a Ford of Canada Dealer . . . and he has the genuine spare parts and "know how" for these cars. See your *local* dealer today. He'll gladly let you drive the car of your choice . . . and explain just how *easily* it can be yours.

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would forget she had ever written it. And, just as I had assumed, in subsequent daily notes there was no reference to this last request.

ABOUT two weeks later I was well enough to spend the afternoon on the chaise longue on the porch. At sundown, Miss Pickering appeared at the top of the hill in her nightie, her hair wild and wisping. As she scuttled to her house, she waved at me and screeched a greeting. I smiled and waved too.

Next morning there was a note and a

bowl of parsley tea on the doorstep, "Dear Neighbor," the note said. "It was so nice to see you resting outdoors yesterday. I'm sure fresh air is helpful. Also this tea should be beneficial. It was Father's favorite before he died. Yesterday morning, Victor Van Reed Morris viciously assassinated every goldfish in the pond and played the hose steadily over the brow of the cliff, forcing me to remain on the hillside until sundown. But of course he will not dare to come onto the property when you have moved and your children are gone. Have you found a

suitable house yet? Yrs, Emily Pickering."

Again I decided to ignore the issue of our moving. I did not really believe that in Miss Pickering's mind I could be held accountable for the vandalisms of a child who lived in the neighborhood. And because I had learned that her whims were many and her mind flitted from one purpose to another, I believed that now there would be another peaceful hiatus which only Victor Van Reed Morris could disturb.

Every day brought a note from Miss Pickering and each of them was chatty

and pleasant in style. In some she made references to the next spring when we would be in the house "to enjoy the blooming of the hollyhocks. Father brought the seeds from Massachusetts long ago and I've been saving them." In others, just as warmly phrased and perhaps accompanied by a glass of homemade cloudy jelly or a new kind of herb tea, there would be, like the thorn on a rose, a postscript asking when we were moving.

I think if she had been consistent I might have considered any one of these formal notices, even though they failed in legality. But just when I was leaning toward the opinion that this time she really did mean it, she wrote that if we didn't mind, she would like to have our side porch newly screened. "It would be so nice for the children to use as a playroom during the rainy season of the coming winter," and I agreed and put aside any thought of moving. But the next day's letter was a request that we permit a young man to repaint our house . . . "so it will look attractive for the new tenant."

In any case, whether we were moving or we were not, we endured multiple inconvenience. Hammers rose and fell on the side porch through the daylight hours. And the young man who came to paint the house turned out to be Armitage's fifteen-year-old nephew who had never painted anything before, and who, I'm sure, judging by the fruitless hours he spent waving a brush ineffectually at the wood, would never paint anything again. Over all, came the persistent obligato of Miss Pickering's soprano shrieks of command.

Finally we decided that there were other things in life more important perhaps than chestnut floors, peaked ceilings and a lovely garden. And although in many ways I was still reluctant to leave so much that I had loved, it was with relief that I began to look for a new place to live.

The day we moved I received my last note. "Dear Neighbor," it said. I stood on the step reading it while the moving men pushed in and out past me. "I hope that you will be happy in your new house and that you will be soon completely recovered from your illness. You never told me whether the parsley tea helped you or not, but I suspect that it did. It helped Father. Before you go, you must walk out onto the back hillside and see the Cecil Brunners. They are just coming into bloom, late this year. Victor Van Reed Morris picked two of the blossoms before I could stop him. But he won't be coming over here any more now that you are taking your children away. You are taking the little kitten too, aren't you? Do write me from time to time and tell me how you are. And do, someday when you can leave your children and the kitten at home, pay me a visit. Yrs, Emily Pickering."

We drove away from the house and nobody looked back but me. I saw Miss Pickering darting along the path from her house to ours, in her nightgown, just ahead of her cortege—the maid toting mops, brooms and pails, and Armitage carrying a ladder and cans of paint. As we turned the corner I was able to see the steep hillside behind the houses, which Miss Pickering favored most of all her garden, where the Victorian carved benches, the small spraying fountains, the ferns and mosses appeared, beautifully like a scene from another world.

Something moved among the Cecil Brunners and I twisted around and strained to see out the back window of the car. It was Victor Van Reed Morris, intrepid and intent, sturdily pulling himself, bush by bending bush, to the summit. ★



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How the Seaway Is Swamping the Fruitlands

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

—they can't make fruit farming pay and so they're selling out.

One woman who bought fifty acres near Niagara Falls in 1934 for ten thousand dollars is now subdividing the farm and expects to make two hundred thousand dollars by converting it to housing sites.

In this way — acre by acre and thousands of dollars by thousands of dollars — the fruit belt is steadily going out of the fruit business.

When it's gone — and most fruit growers agree it's merely a question of time — Canadians will be phlegmatic indeed if they do not shed a few nostalgic tears and breathe a romantic sigh or two. For the Niagara fruit belt has long been famous as one of the proudest stretches of scenery in the country, as familiar as the Rockies, and, in spite of its lack of size, just as inspiring to look at. Thousands drive through the belt every May to see the show of trees in bloom. In the autumn the fragrant fruit harvest in bulging roadside stands lures additional multitudes.

"Blossom Sunday" in the fruit belt has become almost a ritual for Toronto families and the Niagara peach is as well known to most Canadians as the grizzly or the goldeye.

But last spring the Farmers' Advocate of London, Ont., carried a warning headline: "Good-by, Niagara Peach" — and not without reason. Throughout the strip For Sale signs were being nailed to slim fruit trees in front of stone houses that had stood for more than a century. Platoons of identical pillbox homes were going up in new middle-income subdivisions; torn acres of uprooted fruit trees were being cleared to make room for a supermarket or a homesite.

More Houses Than Trees

To some the destruction of these fruitlands was tragic; but to many, who had watched with amazement the growth of the immense arc of housing and industry from Oshawa to Hamilton, it was nonetheless inevitable.

One woman driving through the fruit belt last spring pulled her car into the driveway of a farm owned by Burton Corman, a small wiry man whose family has been growing fruit on the Niagara Peninsula since 1790. She indicated a peach tree covered with blossoms and asked if she could paint it. Corman told her to go ahead. He helped her set up her easel.

The artist said she had been driving through the belt for years to see the spring blossoms. "But it's getting so there are more houses than trees," she said, "and pretty soon there won't be any trees. So this spring I'm painting a few of my favorites—I want to have something to remember them by."

Like many fruitgrowers Corman, who is the reeve of Saltfleet Township, also thinks the fruitlands are doomed. His own farm has dwindled to nineteen acres from the eight hundred originally farmed by his family. "After all, you can't farm in a suburb," he says.

The whole recent story of the fruit belt was put in a nutshell by Dr. J. W. Watson, former director of the geographical branch of the Department of Mines and Technical Surveys, who said in an official statement on the conversion of the fruit-

lands: "There is tragic competition between the city and the farmer for the use of the land." However, Watson did not say what almost everyone in the fruit strip—canners, wine makers and growers—knows to be true, that, at current land prices, the farmers don't mind losing this kind of competition.

The land the farmers are giving up to housing and industry is a strip—far from majestic in proportions—stretching east from Hamilton for about forty miles to Niagara Falls in a widening ribbon. Here and there it is pierced by fjordlike creeks, and near St.

Catharines it's sheared in two by the Welland ship canal. Lake Ontario skirts the belt on the north and, like a twin fence to the south, there is the towering Niagara escarpment—once an ancient shore line. These two barriers—one water and the other a wooded cliff—are never far apart, only a mile and a half at one point and eight miles at another. Between them, on gentle northerly slopes, lies the fruit belt.

Once it was the bottom of a great lake that geologists have named Lake Iroquois, and the escarpment was a clifflike shore line. The lake covered

a large part of Ontario and New York State. In time it receded into Lake Ontario, leaving the rich sandy strip of fruitland between the old and new shore lines.

Here the Canadian climate literally does a double take—it is not Canadian climate at all. The strip at the foot of the escarpment is usually from five to ten degrees warmer than the land on top. Lake Ontario in front and Lake Erie on the other side of the escarpment exercise a sort of thermostatic control over sharp changes in temperature. The land slopes north, so that it's not

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exposed too early to spring sunshine which would leave orchards and vineyards at the mercy of spring frosts.

The result is a climate that has been compared to that of central France and growing conditions usually found in more southerly latitudes. Each year on the average the fruit belt has one hundred and seventy-four days between the last frost of spring and the first frost of autumn. This is anywhere from a week to a month more than other areas in southern Ontario. It also means there is seldom a crop loss from the weather.

In losing this belt to housing and industry, Canada is losing the source of about one third of its whole fruit crop—ten million dollars worth a year—and garden crops that sell for another fifteen millions. But the real value of Niagara is the fact that it's a specialty belt. It grows about half our peaches (twenty thousand tons a year) and almost all our grapes (fifty thousand tons).

As a result the fruit belt is vital to the Canadian fruit-canning and wine-making industries. There are eighteen canneries and eleven wineries along the

strip. Their representatives have taken a lead in urging farmers, the public and the Ontario government to save the land for fruitgrowing. So far nothing concrete has been done to halt the destruction of the fruitlands, although a recent amendment to the Assessment Act in Ontario promised some taxation relief for farmers. This amendment provides that in assessing farmland no account should be taken of the possible sale value of such lands for purposes other than farming. In other words Niagara fruitlands nestling up against housing projects would be assessed

merely as farms and not as a choice piece of housing property.

Even while fighting to save the fruitlands, however, some of the canners and vintners consider the problem insurmountable.

"You can't tell a farmer he can't sell his land when someone wants to buy it," M. J. Jones, president of the Canadian Wine Institute, said recently. "This isn't Russia. Any attempt to freeze the fruitlands for fruitgrowing would mean that farmers on marginal land not too suitable for fruit could sell for high prices, while farmers on the very best land would be barred from such profits."

Jones says the wineries are concerned about the land struggle but are still getting enough grapes to keep the industry going. "But the problem is more immediate for the canneries; they can see the day not far off when they won't have enough fruit to operate." Actually there has been no drastic reduction yet in the amount of fruit produced in the strip. A lot of the land taken over for housing and industry, especially near Hamilton, was not the choicest fruitland. However, the inroads on choice lands toward the centre of the strip have now started, and so have the canners' worries.

While the future existence of Niagara wineries and canneries is being threatened, the lives of between ten thousand and fifteen thousand people on farms and in the processing industries are being dislocated. But few of these people consider their predicament a tragedy. To the belt's four thousand fruitgrowers the high selling price of land is a solution to high taxes. To fruit-industry workers it's obvious that more and perhaps bigger industry is on the way.

Is Fruit Farming Doomed?

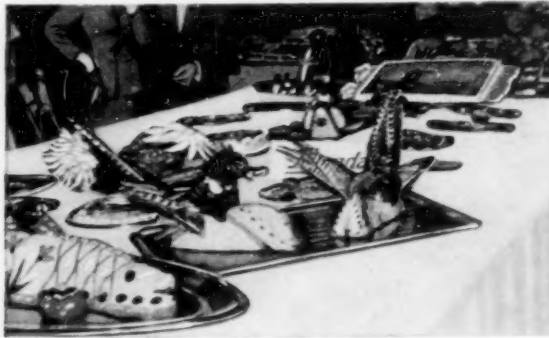
Throughout the belt they can see with their own eyes the swift changes taking place in their lives—changes that are also obliterating some of the most famous scenes of Canadian history—the fields where the War of 1812 was fought, the paths walked by the first United Empire Loyalist settlers and by Laura Secord.

In Saltfleet Township, adjoining Hamilton, the city's cramped housing and industry are squirting into the fruit belt like tooth paste from a tube. Here, where the critical battle of Stoney Creek was fought between the British and Americans in the War of 1812, the township's population has multiplied almost seven times in ten years—from six thousand to forty thousand—and most of the people are from Hamilton.

It's the same farther down the belt in Grantham Township adjoining St. Catharines. This area has perhaps a larger and richer concentration of industry than any other comparable region in Canada. Housing subdivisions have pushed into the fruitland so extensively that the Niagara district's agricultural representative, a young man named Grant Mitchell, says: "Farming in Grantham is just about through." Until a few years ago Grantham produced one quarter of all the fruit in the belt.

What has happened in these two townships probably tells the story of what is going to happen to the whole belt—unless the farmers voluntarily adopt a land-conservation scheme or the Ontario government forces one on them. At the moment both these prospects seem remote.

Burton Corman in Saltfleet Township is one of the pioneer fruitgrowers who are on the point of being overrun by the swift tide of settlement in the belt. Corman is a brisk intelligent man of sixty-six, with gentle blue eyes, a



Judges at the "Olympiade de Cuisine", held in Berne, Switzerland, sample the world's finest food—and its finest wines!

International Connoisseurs Praise Canada's Wines



Above, Hans Fread; at right, the menu on which his fellow Olympiade judges wrote their comments on Canadian wines.

REPORT FROM BERNE

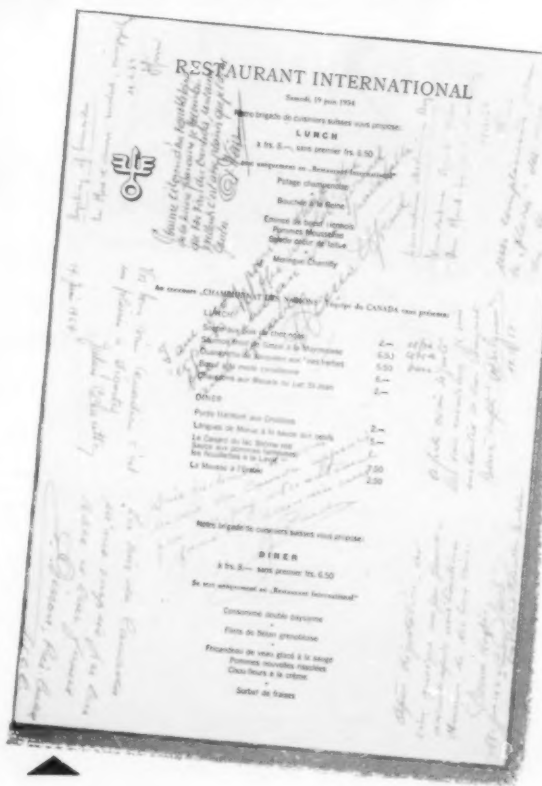
Berne, Switzerland was recently the scene of the International Chef's Convention—the famous "Olympiade de Cuisine." In this renowned culinary contest the Canadian chefs team won wide acclaim, being placed fourth among 17 nations! But that was not Canada's only triumph. For many of the judges it was their

first opportunity of savouring Canadian wine, served as the correct accompaniment to Canadian food.

One of the judges was Hans Fread, well-known Toronto restaurateur ("The Sign of the Steer") and television personality. Mr. Fread reports that the comments of his fellow judges contained "nothing but praise for the wines of Canada!"

"VERY, VERY GOOD"—Here are some of the comments made by the international food and drink experts who acted as *Olympiade* judges—on first sampling Canadian wines:

- *"The wines of Canada surprised me by their breeding and their bouquet."
- *"As an inhabitant of one of French Switzerland's most renowned wine-growing districts, I acknowledge that your Canadian wines are truly excellent and it is with pleasure that I tasted them."
- *"Having savoured Canadian wines, I am delighted with their bouquet. Very, very good!"
- *"My congratulations on the flavour of Canadian wines!"
- *"The wine we were served—outstanding."
- *"A wonderful... wine. The Sauterne... noteworthy."



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When we asked the experts of France what they thought of Canadian wines, they replied with such expressions as "delightful", "fine!", "delicious surprise." Now the world's connoisseurs have confirmed their verdict. The wines of Canada have indeed grown up and may be served with pride anywhere in the world! Try a good Canadian wine soon in your home. Canadian Wine Institute, 111 Richmond St. West, Toronto.

soft voice and powerful hands from fifty years of pruning trees and vines. His family roots are deep in the fruit belt. Johannes Jerrick Corman arrived there with the United Empire Loyalists in the 1780s. In the War of 1812 Johannes' son Isaac was said to have stolen the Americans' password while a prisoner at Stoney Creek. He escaped and sent the password ("Will Hen Harr," for the American general, William Henry Harrison) to the beleaguered British. They used it to penetrate the American camp at night and rout the invaders.

Six generations later great-great-grandson Burton Corman is on the point of being routed from the fruit belt by the modern invaders—housing and industry. His small farm is on the outskirts of Stoney Creek, which is practically a suburb of Hamilton.

"With a lot of young families in the township," he says, "we've had to spend two million dollars on new schools. Road costs have gone away up. Home owners want sewers and water; it's going to cost another two millions to give it to them. All that expense means higher assessment on land—and higher taxes. It's no place for a farmer with a lot of land."

Burton Corman is resigned to selling the last piece of the land his family has farmed for more than one hundred and sixty years. His cousin, Elvin Corman, also in Saltfleet, already had made the same decision. Elvin farmed a hundred acres on which taxes had gradually increased to more than a thousand dollars a year. He was offered two thousand dollars an acre for the land by a real-estate operator. Instead, Elvin subdivided sixty acres on his own; he made a profit of twenty-eight hundred dollars an acre and still has forty acres left.

At the other end of the fruit strip, on the outskirts of Niagara Falls, Mrs. Mary Scott, a widow of seventy-four, and her son David also have found themselves suddenly rich through being forced off their land by high taxes and the demand for housing room. On their fifty-acre farm they grew pears, apples, cherries and grapes and barely made ends meet. Now they're subdividing it and expect to make two hundred thousand dollars.

In less heavily settled parts of the fruit belt, where there is no immediate rush for land, the advance of Niagara industries is creating a farm-labor shortage and making it hard for growers to get the most out of their land. Farmers, accustomed to paying

fifty or sixty cents an hour for skilled farm labor, find it difficult to compete with factories that offer a dollar thirty and more to the same men. And, unlike most farm areas, the Niagara factories are right there, only a few minutes from the farms.

Near Beamsville, in the centre of the fruit strip, Ira Moyer, a patriarch of one of the old Niagara families, operates what even rival growers say is a model fruit farm. With seventy years' experience and the most scientific methods, Moyer gets the most out of his hundred acres—fifty-six thou-

sand dollars a year in fruit alone. In addition he keeps a hundred head of beef cattle—chiefly for fertilizer for his orchards—and he grows vegetables.

He has raised nine children on his farm and educated them at Cornell University, the Ontario Agricultural College and other schools. His solid brick-and-frame house and imposing barns stand midway between the Queen Elizabeth and old No. 8 highway at the foot of the escarpment. They represent five generations of successful farming. But every year labor costs take an increasingly large chunk out

of the farm's earnings. To produce \$56,000 in fruit last year cost Moyer \$22,000 in wages alone, not counting his other expenses—spraying and so on.

"If I have to compete with industry in Hamilton or St. Catharines," he says, "I'll be out of business. In a way the government is helping the farmer by bringing immigrants to Canada who must work on the land for a year. Without that, and without seasonal workers who drift in from all over Ontario during the picking season, a lot of fruitgrowers couldn't keep going."

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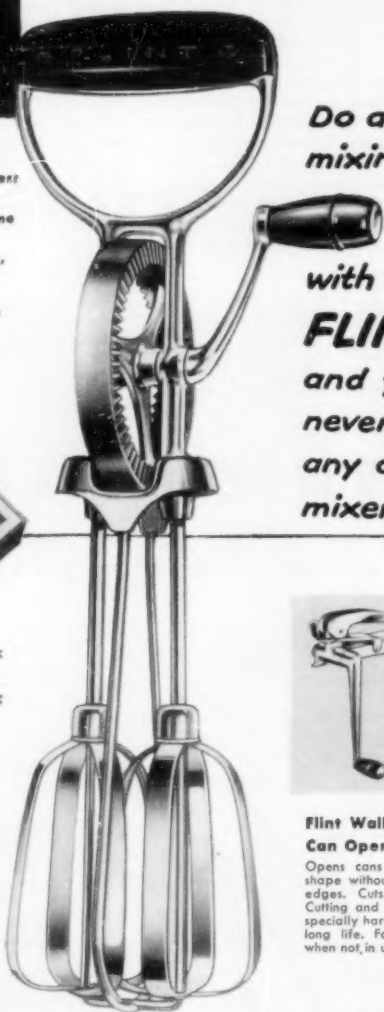
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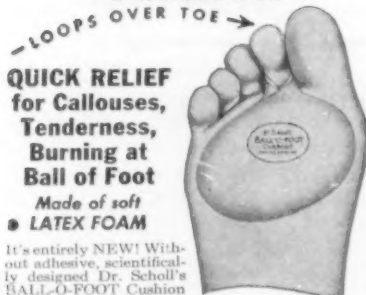


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Like most farm areas of Canada, the Niagara strip has also seen a drift of population away from the farms to the towns and cities. "Today's women want a porcelain kitchen," says M. J. Jones, president of the Wine Institute, "not the hard work of farm life."

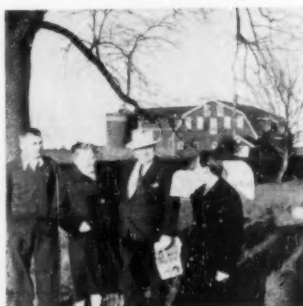
With many older farm families moving to the city, their land has been taken over by new Canadians from Holland, Italy, Poland and other European countries. Many of these people are part-time farmers, working in Niagara industries and working their land after supper. The belt is full of commuters who draw pay cheques in Hamilton, St. Catharines and Niagara Falls. More and more, as settlement increases, it resembles a pleasant big suburb.

Since Canada and the U. S. made their separate long-delayed decisions to complete the St. Lawrence Seaway, Ontario's "Golden Arc" of industry—from Oshawa to Hamilton—has been extended by common consent to take in the whole fruit belt. Early last year Herbert Rogge, the president of Can-

adian Westinghouse, told Hamilton's Chamber of Commerce that the hundred-and-fifty-mile arc around Lake Ontario from Oshawa to Niagara Falls was sure to become "one of the world's great centres of population and industry." Officials of the Ontario Department of Trade and Industry frankly predict that five million people will live in this arc by 1975, compared with two million now.

Although the surge of housing and industry into the belt has been going on for almost ten years it wasn't until last spring that any organized opposition was formed against it. Then on April 26 Philip Torno, president of Jordan Wines, convened the first meeting of the Niagara Region Land Use Co-ordinating Committee. The committee includes representatives of the canning and wine industries, some fruit-growers, members of Niagara township councils and the Conservation Council of Ontario, a non-profit group interested in safeguarding the province's natural resources.

The changing face of the fruit belt



FRUIT GROWER

Ira Moyer and family. He can't afford labor at factory rates.



WINE MAKER

M. J. Jones of Bright's sees the land boom ousting vineyards.



EX-GROWER

Mrs. Mary Scott has subdivided her farm, may make \$200,000.



REALTOR

Wilfred McKay buys Niagara property for new factories.



THE FACTORIES COME, THE ORCHARDS GO
Booming industry is now poised at the rim of the choicest lands.

Since the first meeting, the committee has attracted a lot of attention to the changes in the fruitlands, but this has not stopped the sale of land for industrial sites and the cutting up of farms into housing lots. Recently, however, Ontario Attorney-General Dana Porter offered a plan to give farm land a lower assessment for taxation than housing and industrial land and this was heartily supported by the Conservation Council. Townships can exempt farmlands from taxes for public improvements such as sidewalks and fire protection. The idea is that farmers shouldn't be driven off the land by high taxes, although they may be lured off by high prices. However, most townships, faced with sharply rising costs, have passed on part of these to the farms.

One pioneer canner, Armand Smith, president of E. D. Smith and Sons at Winona, agrees that the basic problem in retaining the land for fruit is to make farming more attractive financially for the grower—sufficiently attractive so that he won't sell his land even at inflated prices. But that would mean giving canners and growers more tariff protection against cheap U. S. fruit, he says, and possibly government subsidies. In any case, the consumer would have to pay more for fruit.

But would the average Canadian consent to subsidizing the Niagara fruit industry when he knows that the farmers are not really in dire straits, that they can make big money by selling their land? Many industrialists and public officials think not. A few months ago Ontario's Minister of Agriculture, F. S. Thomas, told the Land Use Committee that his department "will be happy to participate in a program designed to find the facts" about the land problem. "But," said Thomas, "it must be clearly recognized that many other units and branches have a responsibility in Niagara as well as the Department of Agriculture."

It's a fact that while the Department of Agriculture is hearing pleas to "Save the Fruitlands" the Department of Planning and Development is helping businessmen find sites for industry in the fruit belt.

While canners and wine makers are debating with growers and government officials over what to do with the Niagara land, one farmer has solved the problem by himself. John Prudhomme, a formidable, middle-aged man who doesn't look like the wealthiest grower in the fruit belt but who probably is, inherited sixteen farms in the Beamsville district from his father; in all they totaled about five hundred acres.

One warm Sunday afternoon in 1947 he was watching the stream of traffic on the Queen Elizabeth highway along the lake shore and he decided a coffee counter and refreshment stand would pull them off the highway like bees to an orchard. He promptly built a place, and it grew spectacularly. Now it's an eighty-room motel, a twenty-two-room lodge, a barn playhouse, a dining room and dance pavilion, bowling alleys, swimming pool—and it's still growing.

He hasn't gone out of the fruit business; he still runs his sixteen farms and employs more than a hundred men and women full time. But he also owns and rents several homes and apartment buildings. For people moving into the fruit belt he has a construction business to help them build their own homes. After they move in, his nurseries will provide their lawns, shrubs and trees.

"In these days of rapid change in the fruit belt," says Prudhomme, cheerfully distorting a popular expression, "a man is foolish to keep all his fruit in one basket." ★

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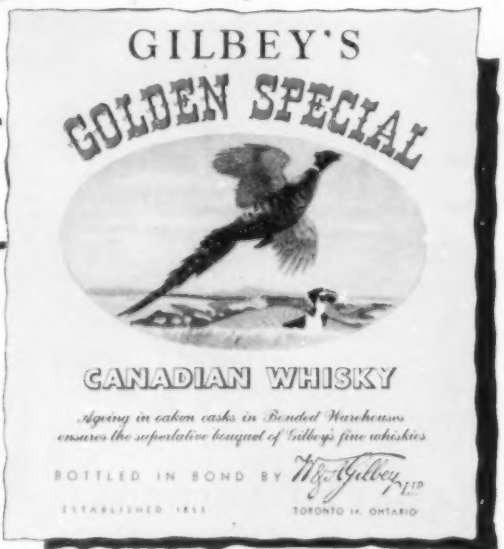
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Ottawa's Champion Penny-Pincher

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

in the National Housing Administration, a now-extinct branch of the Department of Finance. NHA was authorized to acquire buildings for conversion into apartments. The aim was to relieve a desperate housing shortage and the flats were to be "sublet to suitable tenants at reasonable rates." NHA was authorized to buy whatever furniture was "necessary to carry out the provisions of this order."

In one Montreal building NHA didn't rent all the apartments, but kept one for the convenience of its own visiting officials. NHA also bought household furnishings at the taxpayer's expense, including cocktail shakers and sets of matching glasses.

No one outside the National Housing Administration knew anything about this cozy arrangement, and perhaps never would have known if it hadn't been for one of the auditor general's men. He happened to notice that in this particular set of NHA accounts, revenue items appeared for all but one of the apartments supposedly for rent. Since it was quite incredible in those days that an apartment should lack a tenant, he looked into the matter to find out why an apartment was apparently vacant.

As usual, the Auditor General's Report described the incident with studied moderation. It didn't even mention cocktail shakers—just said "the nature of certain furnishings is such that they do not appear to qualify within the phrase 'necessary to carry out the provisions of this order.'"

Stimulated perhaps by what he found in that case, the Auditor General looked into some other Housing Administration accounts. He found that out of a hundred and twenty-two converted dwellings available for rent in the Ottawa-Hull area, no fewer than nineteen were occupied by current or former officials of NHA itself. Seven of these had been furnished at the Treasury's expense.

Again as a matter of pure coincidence, the National Housing Administration was abolished shortly thereafter. It was replaced by the Central Mortgage

and Housing Corporation, a Crown company.

Often more than deliberate misuse of public funds, the Auditor General finds plain ordinary mistakes, some of them pretty expensive. Last winter an auditor going through National Defense accounts noticed a freight charge of \$1,300 on a shipment of asphalt from Fort Churchill to Regina. There was nothing remarkable about it except its direction—why ship asphalt from Fort Churchill, on the shores of Hudson Bay, back to Regina where it's made?

On enquiry he discovered that the asphalt was made in Regina and sent to Churchill to pave airstrips. The shipment was supposed to go north by July at the latest. By somebody's oversight it didn't start to move until August. When it finally arrived in Churchill the temperature was forty below zero; the asphalt was frozen solid. Perhaps thinking it would never thaw out at Fort Churchill where the permafrost is only a foot or two below ground, or perhaps because it would cost more to keep it there all winter than to send it back, the air force shipped the asphalt back to Regina.

Why Did Ottawa Sell Oil?

That incident may or may not be deemed worthy of mention in the Auditor General's Report tabled next winter. Meanwhile the Department of National Defense has been told about it, and presumably somebody has been ticked off.

Not that disciplinary action always follows this kind of revelation—that's one of the Auditor General's grievances. He thinks blunders are treated far too lightly in the public service.

A few years ago an auditor was making a routine check of revenue vouchers when he noticed one that struck him as odd. It was a payment of \$12,000 to the government by Imperial Oil Limited for 355,000 gallons of oil.

The auditor wondered why Imperial Oil should buy oil from National Defense. He also wondered why the price should be less than four cents a gallon. So he asked for the file, and then the whole story came out.

A private at Fort Churchill had turned the wrong valve, and inadvertently pumped six thousand gallons of



high-octane gasoline into a tank which held 349,000 gallons of fuel oil. The mixture was useless for the purposes of either ingredient. Imperial Oil offered to buy it back for \$35,000 if the government would pay the freight to Regina, \$23,000. National Defense accepted the bargain and Imperial Oil paid the difference between the purchase price and the freight bill; hence the revenue item for \$12,000 which had attracted the auditor's attention. The net cost to the Treasury of the whole transaction was \$80,000.

Nothing had been done about the mistake except that the man who made it had been promoted from private to corporal as a reward for his honesty in reporting the incident at once.

When External Affairs acquired a residence for the Canadian High Commissioner in London in 1950, it paid twenty-two thousand pounds for the unexpired portion of a ground lease which had thirty-two years to run. The building had been badly bombed, and repairs were estimated at \$65,000. The War Damage Commission was expected to pay \$40,000 of this, so the net cost to the Canadian taxpayer for repairs would be only \$25,000.

In fact, the War Damage Commission's award turned out to be smaller than expected while the repair bill was much larger. Altogether the work on the High Commissioner's residence cost \$220,000 over and above the amount paid for the lease. The Auditor General reported that a grand total of \$295,000 had been spent on a piece of property on which Canada's lease expires in 1982. So far as he knows, nothing was ever done about this curious piece of business judgment.

Sometimes the complaint concerns neither error nor impropriety, but simply an action which the Auditor General thinks parliament did not authorize.

Last year Jimmy Sinclair, the bright young Minister of Fisheries, wanted to get rid of a surplus of salt cod before it knocked the bottom out of the market. Canada has become famed for donating salt cod to charity campaigns for the relief of disasters abroad, but there were no disasters available at the moment. Sinclair persuaded C. D. Howe to have the unsaleable fish bought by the Canadian Commercial Corporation, a Crown company set up to develop international trade.

CCC bought a half-million dollars worth. An earthquake in Greece came along, and Canada promptly donated \$200,000 in salt cod to the victims, but at the end of the year CCC still had nearly \$300,000 tied up in fish. It reported that this investment had been made on the understanding that if the corporation couldn't dispose of all its cod, the Department of Fisheries would "take it off your hands" as soon as parliament voted supplementary estimates.

Sellar mentioned this as an example of one of his pet dislikes, the use of Crown corporation funds to bypass parliament. Since he also managed to make it appear that young Jimmy Sinclair had sold a bill of goods to the veteran C. D. Howe, he probably forestalled any repetition of this particular device.

Sellar tilts at all these assorted dragons and windmills without ever leaving his large bare corner office on the ground floor of the Justice Building, a block away from Parliament Hill.

He himself never sees the inside of the books of any department. His office doesn't contain a filing cabinet, a card index or even a desk. Surrounded by a double row of signed photographs of ministers, deputy ministers, ambassadors and other bigwigs, he sits at an oak table in the middle

of the room. As often as not, what he's doing is reading the newspaper—few Ottawans keep a closer eye on The Times, the Manchester Guardian, the Economist and a similar range of Canadian and U. S. publications.

"From November to the end of February, I might as well not be here at all," Sellar explains cheerfully. That's the season when one year's reports are all in, and the next set barely begun.

While he sits and reads the paper, his hundred-odd accountants are browsing through the books of various govern-

ment departments. They don't try to examine everything. They make spot checks here and there, skimming over one division and plunging deep into another. No section head ever knows in advance whether or not his will be the section to get the full treatment.

These auditors spend most of their time actually roaming through other government offices; their own are merely places to hang their hats and keep a secretary to answer the telephone. Whatever they find they report to a supervisor, one for each of five main divisions into which they have

sorted the whole civil service. The supervisors then take up to Sellar, for final decision, what they consider to be the sticky problems.

There was a time, before Sellar's day, when everything however small had to go up to the auditor general. No member of his staff was permitted to give a "friendly or informal tip" to the department under scrutiny. Errors involving less than ten dollars would be the subject of an "unofficial" letter from the auditor general to the particular division concerned; more than ten dollars meant an "official" com-

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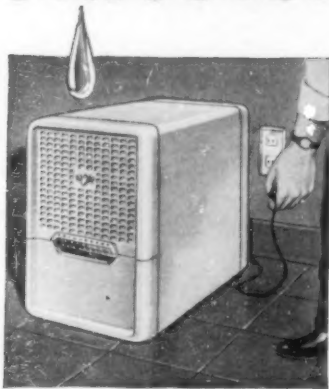
For full information, write to the Regular Officer Training Plan Selection Board, National Defence Headquarters, Ottawa, or to any of the following:

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Sellar deployed his auditors through all government departments. He told them to stop niggling about trifles and act like humans.

munication to the deputy minister. In practice, these blasts from Mount Sinai used to go unanswered for months at a time, and seldom led to any action.

Sellar introduced a different approach when he took over the job in 1940. He found the auditor general's staff concentrated in one place, poring over bills and vouchers sent in by the various departments—the auditor general then insisted on receiving the original (no copies accepted) of every bill sent to the government, and his clerks laboriously copied them by hand into enormous ledgers. It meant a complete duplicate set of public accounts, and required anywhere from three to eight copies of every voucher.

Every payment of more than ten thousand dollars was subject to a pre-audit, and departments were not allowed to issue cheques for more than that amount. Since it often took three or four days to complete the pre-audit on a single item, the delay imposed on government business was staggering.

The Auditor General's Report used to list by name every merchant who did business with the government, stating the commodity supplied, the quantity, and the amount paid for it. Items like this were commonplace in the 1930s and earlier:

"Canada Law Journal Co., Toronto, two copies index to Railway Acts. \$2.30

"Cox, George, Ottawa, cleaning and repairing stamps. \$4.00"

Every salaried employee of the government was listed by name, with the amount he received. Today that would mean a hundred and forty thousand separate entries. Even in prewar days, when the national budget was about one ninth its present size in dollars, it meant the Auditor General's Report ran to two volumes each three or four inches thick.

Sellar's very first report was only one volume; he has since cut the document down to pamphlet size, usually bound with the Public Accounts like an appendix. He deployed his men into the departments they were examining, told them to stop niggling about trivialities and behave like human beings.

One reason Sellar changed the system was that he was an insider. For nine years before he got his present appointment he had been Comptroller of the Treasury, the man in charge of checking expenditures before they are made. He knew how the auditor general's machine worked, and how it could be evaded.

"When I had to put through something a bit political—nothing illegal, you understand, just something they didn't want publicized too much—I would always contrive to get the auditor general thoroughly absorbed in some small irregularity that didn't amount to a row of pins. While he was writing letters about that, we'd put the other item through."

In another sense though, Sellar was an outsider who'd got into the job more or less by accident. Before he became a civil servant he had been a reporter, soldier, lawyer, night watchman, editor, and private secretary to the minister of finance, in that order. He had never at any time been or intended to be an accountant.

Though he has spent a good deal of his career annoying Liberal governments, Sellar is about as close as a man can be to being a congenial Grit. His father, Robert Sellar, was sent down to the Eastern Townships of

Quebec in 1863 by George Brown's old Toronto Globe, the organ of the Clear Grit Party. He was to found the Huntingdon Gleaner as a kind of missionary enterprise lighting a candle of Liberalism in the dark Conservative wilderness of Quebec. Sellar the elder performed this duty so faithfully that several times, in the years before Laurier's victory of 1896, infuriated mobs stoned his printing shop and threatened to burn it down.

By the time Watson was born in 1894 these rugged days were over. Laurier's triumph was imminent, and Liberalism in Quebec became not only respectable but epidemic. Growing up to work on his father's paper as a cub reporter before World War I, Watson could be a hereditary Liberal without ever feeling himself a crusader or even a heretic.

He Sets His Own Salary

After he got back from overseas in 1919 he decided to study law, took one of the accelerated courses offered to veterans, and started practice with a legal firm in Regina. After a year his health broke down. The doctor prescribed a long, complete rest. Sellar had no money, but he went to Vancouver and took a job as a night watchman—he still recommends this as a poor man's rest cure. Then his elder brother died, and Sellar was called back to Huntingdon to take charge of the family newspaper.

He hadn't been home very long when he was offered the job of private secretary to the new Liberal Minister of Finance, Hon. James Robb. The three-thousand-dollar salary was more than Sellar was paying himself as editor and publisher of the Huntingdon Gleaner, so he took the job and turned the newspaper over to his younger brother Adam. (Adam still runs it, but intends soon to turn it over to the third generation, Watson Sellar's twenty-three-year-old son.)

Just before Robb died in 1929, a scandal came to light in the Department of Finance. Funds had been misappropriated. There were some abrupt changes in the upper reaches of the department, and Sellar was asked to take over as acting deputy minister to tidy up the mess. He was still there when the 1930 election tossed the Liberals out of office.

Sellar asked for an interview with the new Prime Minister who was his own Minister of Finance, R. B. Bennett.

"When you want my resignation," he said, "I have it all written out."

"Why should I want your resignation?" R. B. harrumphed.

"Because I'm a political appointee," Sellar answered. "I'm not a civil servant; I'm only in this job by accident, and even if you wanted to appoint me I'm not qualified to fill it permanently."

This wasn't the kind of talk a new prime minister heard every day, and Bennett liked it. He kept Sellar on through the reorganization period, asked his help in drafting a new Consolidated Revenue and Audit Act. This act created a new job, Comptroller of the Treasury. Bennett appointed Sellar to the job and told him to write in his own salary. Sellar wrote in nine thousand dollars, and Bennett passed it without a word.

For the rest of the Bennett regime and the first term of Mackenzie King's return, Sellar remained comptroller. Thus he already had a pretty thor-

ough acquaintance with the machinery of government finance when Mackenzie King appointed him to his present job in 1939. He hadn't turned into an accountant, but he had a lot of useful experience to help him distinguish between the important and the trivial.

He applies that experience as his department gets busier and busier through spring and summer to the grand climax of actually writing the Auditor General's Report—normally ready for tabling by autumn, and given to the House of Commons soon after parliament assembles.

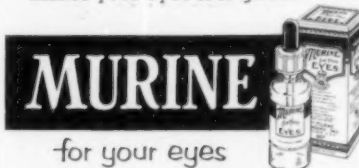
Through Sellar's office from morning to night files a parade of divisional supervisors, each with a slate of hard cases. Whether to pass or not to pass this particular item; whether or not the estimates can be stretched to justify that unforeseen expenditure; whether this dispute with a department's accountants is worth mentioning in the report, or whether it should be dropped—Sellar's job is to listen, chew on it, and say yes or no.

He tries to limit his men's attention to matters large enough to be worth while. One of his horror stories is about the civil servant in a western town who kept his whole staff working all night because his books were seven cents out of balance. The culprit confessed this enormity to the auditor when he arrived, and got a sharp scolding for wasting all that time for seven cents.

On the other hand, Sellar doesn't forget that small things can sometimes

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point to big things. That scandal in the Department of Finance in 1929, which indirectly led Sellar into the job he holds today, was exposed because a set of books was out of balance by eleven cents.

In big things and small, Sellar tries to get a clear idea of what the physical situation is, what the figures mean. Sometimes the most straightforward items represent a pure waste of money, detectable only on the spot.

During the war the RCAF built soundproof rooms in which to train wireless operators. The soundproofing material was expensive, but it seemed necessary.

Later, when the operators left the school for sea duty, they found they had to work in the midst of a great clatter; they couldn't hear at all until they learned all over again to listen to the code through a screen of irrelevant noise. Apprised of this defect in its training methods, the RCAF proceeded to cut holes in the soundproof rooms, so that the outside noises would give some approximation of conditions their trainees would meet at sea.

This routine had been going on for some time before one of Sellar's auditors noticed that the RCAF was still using the costly soundproofing material called for in the original specifications, even though it was then chopping holes in the walls to keep them from being soundproof. This matter never got into any Auditor General's Report. The auditor merely mentioned it to RCAF accountants, who mentioned it to RCAF architects and engineers. They, somewhat red-faced, altered the specifications for wireless training rooms.

Standard regulations for stores accounting in the armed services allow an overage of one item to be balanced against a shortage of another, provided the items are "of a similar generic heading." In the ordnance depot outside Montreal, an auditor turned up one such pair:

The shortage was "one boat, rowing" — value \$300. It was solemnly balanced off with a conversion voucher by "one boat, gravy." A later entry showed that the "one boat, gravy" had been written off because of a broken handle.

Army accountants had that conversion voucher framed, and hung it on the wall as a horrible example.

On the other hand, some apparent errors or anomalies turn out on inspection to be perfectly sensible. One of Sellar's favorite stories concerns an incident in the Bennett regime, when he was Comptroller of the Treasury. As an economy measure someone suggested a close check on telephones in government offices. Sellar was told to have the switchboard girls list every call to each government local for a fortnight.

They found one local that averaged a hundred calls a day, another that averaged only one call. Prime Minister Bennett told Sellar to remove the telephone that got only one call, and put it into the office that was getting a hundred calls.

"I'd like to have that order in writing, sir," Sellar replied. "The phone with the hundred calls is in the Public Works Department, and the calls are applications for snow-shoveling jobs—though in fact no jobs are given out by that office. As for the phone with the one call a day, I'd want written authority before I took away the office telephone of the Chief Justice of Canada."

Prime Minister Bennett looked at him, and uttered a rather trite remark which Sellar nevertheless is fond of quoting:

"Figures don't mean a thing unless you know what's behind them." ★

The Importance of Being Wet

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

as you get older, so that the sparkling eye and dewy skin of youth give way to the blearyness and dry parching of old age, until at last you shrivel up like a wilted plant and fade away. And to make the whole business more complicated and difficult, you have to keep the system operating at a certain critical temperature, neither too hot nor too cold. You need more water for this than for other purposes, for only by water evaporating from the body can enough heat be removed sufficiently fast for you to stay alive.

Keeping the body at the proper temperature is not a simple problem, though most of the time we manage fairly well. As in a modern industrial plant, the cooling system is most elaborate. As a rule most creatures, including man, can stand cold much better than they can bear excessive heat. Our normal body temperature, for instance, is 93.6 degrees Fahrenheit but if it rises to 108 degrees we automatically die, simply because the substance of which we are made begins to undergo the kind of change we see in egg white when we start to boil it.

Somewhere in our distant past we have become adjusted to tropical heat, but not without difficulty and with only a narrow margin of safety. Our temperature can drop to 68 degrees, however, without doing much harm. We would be pretty well unconscious and unable to move, but we wouldn't die and we would regain our activity as our temperature rose again. Everything just slows down as the temperature drops, and this is why surgeons sometimes "freeze" or cool the body of a patient before a heart operation so that the flow of blood is reduced.

Keeping Cool is Hard Work

The main trouble is that even when we are sitting down with our feet up we are still producing heat. Most of our muscles are never fully relaxed and as long as any muscle tension persists, as long as any oxidation processes go on in any of our tissues, we are burning oxygen and thus producing heat. As long as we live we are in fact burning as steadily as any flame—sometimes fast, sometimes slowly according to the circumstances of the moment.

The difference is that if we get too hot the flame goes out. Somehow the excess heat must be removed from the body. Evaporation from the skin in the form of heat and moisture breathed from the lungs is the chief means by which we accomplish this. For a lot of heat is lost when water changes from liquid to vapor during evaporation, and as long as sweat evaporates, heat will be removed from the body surface.

Any time you wet your finger and hold it up in the air to feel which way the wind is blowing, you prove the principle, for the moisture evaporates fastest on the side receiving the breeze and you feel that side of your finger get cold as heat is lost.

In a hot climate, even when you're resting, your evaporating system has to work hard to keep you cool enough to stay alive. Sitting still at 120 degrees, whether in sun or shade, with the humidity at 40 percent, which is that of a nice dry summer day, a man loses nearly three pints of sweat every hour. It is not surprising you like to have a tall glass on the table by your side. You may, of course, be much less fortunate and have to cut the grass no matter how hot the afternoon. Work-

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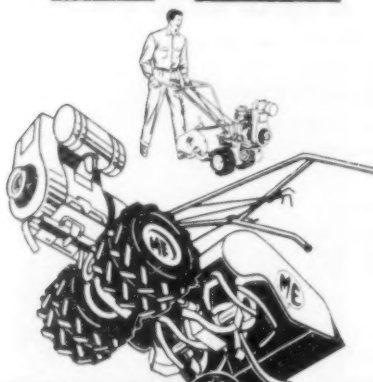
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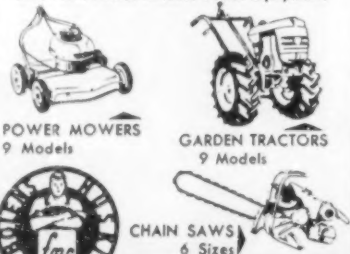
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You can sweat a gallon an hour if you mow the lawn when humidity's high.

ing at the same temperature, which is not unusual when you are standing in the sun, and with the humidity at 35 percent, you can lose nearly half a gallon of sweat in a half hour. You cannot keep up the pace without drinking gallons of water to maintain such a liquid turnover. In any case, such exertion is bad for your heart. If you are over forty, leave the lawnmower in the shed no matter how much the long grass annoys you.

On a humid day, with the air virtually saturated with moisture, you begin to sweat when the air temperature is only 80 degrees, and at 93 degrees, still several degrees below your body temperature, the whole body is covered with sweat. Water drips from the surface and perspiration fails to do its work of cooling the skin by evaporation. At this point, if the air temperature rises without a drop in humidity, trouble is near and you had best start looking for a cooler spot.

Sweat, however, is not only water. It is a salt solution and as it evaporates and cools you off it leaves a deposit of salt on the skin. Days may pass before you have obtained enough salt from your food to restore the salt lost in this way and if you drink too much water too soon to compensate for loss of water, the result may well be a dilution of the blood. This doesn't do you much harm but certainly does not help you to move around in your usual lively fashion. You are likely to become literally waterlogged for a day or two, both mentally and physically. As a rule, however, the kidneys can take care of any such excess of water, and after a single large drink the kidneys generally are working at their maximum efficiency within thirty minutes, and within an hour or so the body is back in water balance.

Record beer drinkers can consume from fifteen to twenty bottles in three hours, but they end the evening excessively hydrated—that is to say, nearly half the water is still in the body when the bar closes. Beer quenches thirst because so much of it is water and there is so little alcohol, for more alcohol would stimulate the kidneys to overwork and remove more water from the blood than is necessary. Unless whisky is diluted it only makes a man thirstier than before because he loses more water than he has taken in.

Nothing is more vital to our welfare than the action of our kidneys, and few organs in the body tell us quite so much about our ancient past. If they should fail to function we would soon pass into a coma, as poisonous substances accumulate in the blood, and we would die within a short time, although we can get along with one kidney almost as well as with two. Sweating and lung ventilation take care of our temperature but it is our kidneys that are primarily in control of the internal wetness of our tissues and organs, although they appear to have played contradictory roles during our long evolutionary history.

It is not at all unusual for a structure that was originally devised for one purpose to be made over to cope with a new situation. The limbs of all four-footed creatures, for instance, evolved in the first place for propelling the body through water. They were originally fins and their conversion to legs and feet for walking on mud and dry land was a long-drawn-out process during the age of the coal forests when the fresh-water systems of the continents became ever more shallow and stagnant. The ear passage, which is continuous all the way down to the back of the throat except for the thin and easily ruptured eardrum, was originally one of a series of gill passages such as all fish use for respiration. When the water was abandoned and gills were unemployed, one pair was retained and used for conducting the sound vibrations of the air to the organs of hearing.

The history of the kidneys has been just as complicated. They were formed in the first place to get rid of a superfluity of water in the body and then later on were called upon to retain water in the body. And at all times they have been required to filter out poisonous waste substances produced by the wear and tear and general activity of the body.

Kidneys Were Once Bailers

First and foremost the kidneys are filters. Foremost because they were originally filters before they became anything else, and first because filtering the blood is still the first thing they do. The early life of this planet seems to have been within the sea and nowhere else, and the very sea salts entered into the nature of living substance. There was as much salt and the same kinds of salts in the tissues of animals as in the water in which they lived, and for those that never left the sea, this is the way it still is. But some of the more adventurous creatures entered the fresh-water streams and lakes where water was still water but no longer salt. The result was what a simple chemical experiment shows: fresh water seeped into the living system as the result of osmosis produced by the salts in the blood and tissues, tending to destroy life by making it waterlogged. Most sea creatures suddenly transferred to fresh water die at once. They become diluted to death.

Our early backboned ancestors, however, took care of the situation by evolving kidneys that acted simply as bailers. In their own special way they pumped the excess of water out of the blood as fast as the water seeped into the body through the lining of the skin, gills and digestive canal, so as to keep the salt solution in the body at its proper strength. As the blood goes round and round some of it is directed through the kidneys where water is filtered out of it. Waste substances are filtered out during the same process,

so that the kidneys automatically serve as a purification system as well as water removers. In the course of a day, as the blood continually circulates, an enormous amount of water may be extracted from the blood and as long as the animal is one that lives in fresh water, this is all to the good.

Yet one thing leads to another and the fresh-water world was abandoned by some in favor of the land. Then the problem was reversed, for when a thoroughly saturated creature leaves the water for dry land, the difficulty is to stay wet inside and not to shrivel up like a mummy. Water becomes infinitely precious instead of being somewhat overwhelming and since kidneys are not like a machine that can be put into reverse, something new had to be added. Now in all land animals, including man, the action of the kidney is twofold. It filters out water and waste products as before. In fact our kidneys filter water out of the blood at the astonishing rate of nearly forty-eight gallons a day, which obviously would drain us almost as fast as if we had had our throats cut.

Clearly something else goes on besides the filtration process, for actually we lose only about three pints of water a day through the action of our kidneys. What happens to the rest? The process is simple enough but very effective. As the filtered fluid drains down the innumerable fine tubes within the mass of the kidneys, most of the water, salts and sugar it contains are drawn back into the blood channels. Only a small quantity of water, some salt, and most of the poisonous waste substances are allowed to pass on to become the urine. What oil-refinery engineer would or could devise a scheme whereby he threw out all the oil sixteen times a day and grabbed back all but the impurities before it could reach the ground, with a loss of only eight percent of the crude oil? Yet in principle and efficiency this is what our kidneys do.

Some animals, however, have gone further in this matter than have others. The kangaroo rats who live contentedly in most of the earth's deserts are by far the most amazing in their seeming independence of any supply of water. They are small rodents with a long tufted tail and long legs with which they jump in the manner of a kangaroo, and they are able to grow and reproduce and nurse their young on a diet of dry grain or oatmeal which contains only five to ten percent moisture. Normally they do not drink at all and in captivity have to be taught to do so. Their kidneys recapture almost all the water filtered from the blood and work almost four times as effectively as in either man or dogs. They are the only land animals on record able to drink sea water to advantage, although they dislike the taste.

The sea is somewhat paradoxical. A man can as readily die of thirst adrift on the ocean as he can in a desert. Drinking sea water makes matters

worse instead of better, for sea salts still flow in our veins as they do in virtually every animal that has ever lived. The difficulty lies in the matter of concentration. Either the seas have become more concentrated since our distant ancestors left them or, in the effort to adjust to fresh water, a compromise was reached and a certain amount of dilution was tolerated, or perhaps something of both. However it was, the fact remains that while we have the same kinds of salts in the same sort of ratio one to another still coursing in our blood, their total concentration is only about one third that of sea water as it now exists. Consequently, when we drink sea water, it is so much saltier than ourselves that instead of water leaving our stomach and intestine and entering the blood, water is drawn from the blood by the stronger solution and we are worse off than before. It will not quench thirst and drinking large amounts leads finally to madness and death.

If you were a military flyer during the war and had to make a forced landing far out to sea, you probably had a portable de-salting kit with you which would have squeezed the salts out of enough sea water to keep you alive. Actually, while the technique is new, the idea was employed as far back as the sixteenth century when Richard Hawkins, sailing for the greater glory of Queen Bess, distilled fresh water from sea water on board ship in mid-Atlantic.

A Bathroom Civilization

Yet you do not have to come down on the ocean or go swimming at the seaside to get the taste and effects of the sea. For the sea has many times flowed across the continent, joining the Gulf of Mexico with the Arctic Ocean and leaving great deposits of salt whenever it slowly evaporated. The deep layers of sodium chloride, almost pure table salt, beneath the surface of Alberta are evidence of shallow seas of long ago. But the magnesium sulphate which was also part of the same seas, and is the same as Epsom salts, came out of solution sooner since it is less soluble and thus lies at a different level, so that it now flavors the drinking water of that elevated province.

How much water you as an individual need in order to stay alive and healthy depends somewhat on your size and sex and occupation, but whatever it is, the greater part is used for sweating from the skin and the surfaces of the lungs and only a small part for kidney operation. A quart of water a day takes care of the kidneys under any conditions, for with this surplus they can carry on their essential business, but soldiers, for instance, engaged in ordinary routine military activities, need at least another five

quarts simply to replace what is lost by sweating. That is to say an active man requires about a gallon and a half of water per day just to keep his system working. Most of it he has to drink, though some of it is in the food he eats. Such is the basic requirement and where water is scarce it may seem quite a lot. Over and above this we use a certain amount of water for secondary or perhaps luxurious purposes.

For most people, considering our sedentary ways of life, something less than a gallon of water a day is ample to keep us comfortably alive, but it would not keep us clean and we would have to live very differently from the manner we take more or less for granted.

To a great extent the particular civilization of North America, at least as expressed by Canada and the United States, is a civilization of the bathroom and kitchen, with a car attached to every family. Take all this away and our standard of living becomes indistinguishable from that of Europe. Yet it requires a tremendous amount of water to keep it going. The two or three hundred gallons of water we each drink during the course of a year is a small part of it, for on an average we each consume about fifteen thousand gallons a year just in the course of cooking, washing and laundering.

And all this is simply water as water. It doesn't include the water used to process other substances we regard as equally necessary for our welfare. Five gallons are used to process every gallon of milk, ten gallons for every gallon of gasoline, eighty gallons for every kilowatt-hour of electricity that we use, three hundred gallons for a pound of synthetic rubber, sixty-five thousand gallons for a ton of steel.

Put it all together, the water you drink and eat, the water that runs down the household drains, the water used in making the things you think you need, the water used in supplying the power you feel you simply must have, the water used to irrigate the vegetables and fruit you consume, and you get the staggering total of close to two thousand gallons a person daily. In a week's time that amounts to a fair-sized swimming pool. In an individual's lifetime the water he used would form a lake a mile across and deep enough to sail on.

It is a far cry from the Mexican Indian carrying water in an earthenware pitcher and bathing in a steam sweat bath just to conserve the precious stuff. Yet that is a more fitting attitude toward what is possibly the most remarkable substance in the universe and the one that is the fabric of everything that lives. The fact that Canada appears to have more fresh water to play with than has any other country on the earth should make us all the more appreciative. ★



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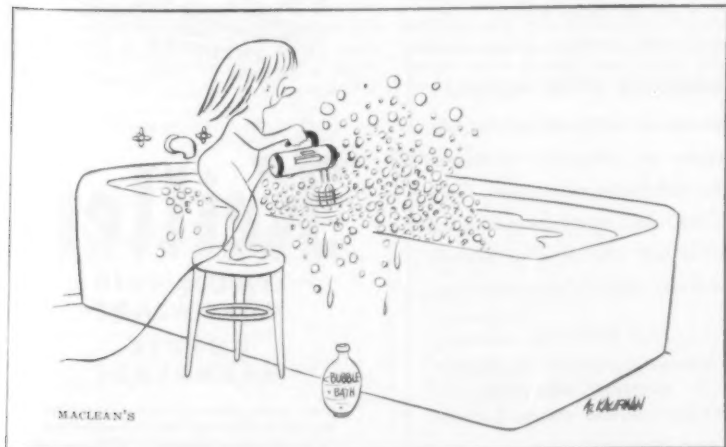
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Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

preliminary or low-level stage. As the plans begin to percolate upward they get to be more realistic—more in line with political, financial and similar harsh facts of life, and less with the theoretical requirements of military strategy.

Until they get up to the realistic level, nobody has any real idea how many troops will be needed for the new Arctic defense stations. They might number a thousand, they might number fifty thousand, or anywhere in between. When we have some notion of what's wanted, says National Defense, it will be time enough to decide who's to do it.

EVEN EXTERNAL AFFAIRS does not advocate yanking all the Canadian squadrons out of Europe for Arctic duty. It's agreed that this would create a false and unfortunate impression abroad. But External and Northern Affairs do feel that if U. S. troops ever come to outnumber Canadian in Canada by any substantial margin in peacetime, the ever-present problem of maintaining Canadian sovereignty will be made more difficult. Unnecessarily so, they feel.

As an alternative to taking Canadians out of Europe, External Affairs has suggested posting some European squadrons in Canada. They point out that this is, after all, a NATO front just as much as the Rhine or the English Channel. If Canada is to keep a dozen fighter squadrons abroad, why shouldn't we have a few British, French, Dutch, Norwegian squadrons here?

L. B. Pearson has stated publicly that although he would welcome such a plan, it has never been formally suggested to any NATO government. There is some reason to believe, though, that it was a subject of casual informal conversation with the British during the NATO Council meeting in Paris last December.

British reaction is said to have been cool. They don't think they could afford to spend scarce dollars on keeping British airmen in Canada. Unless Canada would be willing to pay the costs of bringing them here and keeping them here, the scheme is unlikely to find favor in Whitehall. Aside from the financial considerations, too, the armed services on both sides of the Atlantic seem to doubt that the plan makes logistic sense.

External Affairs' rejoinder is that the political advantages outweigh the financial and military costs. For one thing, Britain and the European allies would be reminded that North America too is a NATO front and not merely a supply base—something they have been extremely loathe to see.

Another and perhaps more important consideration is that several NATO allies, and not merely Canada, would be directly involved in decisions made in Washington about North American defense. If any dissenting representations had to be made, Canada wouldn't be speaking with a lone voice.

ONE POINT on which all departments of government agree: This is not a manpower problem. Not yet, anyway.

Canada's Army has difficulty recruiting enough of the right type of man, but the Royal Canadian Air Force has not. More men apply with the right qualifications than the Air Force is able to accept. There is, of course, a limit

to the number of volunteers available, but the Air Force hasn't yet had occasion to find out what the limit is. So far, it has had no trouble finding enough men for the amount of air power Canada has thought it necessary, or wise to pay for.

Even in wartime, RCAF recruiting officers don't look to conscription for other than indirect benefits. They concede that when the Army is conscripting bodies, the Air Force will have its pick of refugees from army service and so will still be able to be relatively choosy even in times of crisis. They don't suggest that the Air Force itself would ever need conscripts.

Army officers, of course, would like to have conscription—they always wanted it and still do.

But, in cold fact, there is no more likelihood of peacetime conscription in Canada than there is, say, of national "sterilization of the unfit." You can make out a plausible case for both these policies, but neither is anywhere near the realm of practical politics.

IN THE current issue of the Soviet News Bulletin published by the Russian Embassy here, an article by N. Krivenko describes the recent general election of deputies to the Supreme Soviet of the USSR. Excerpts:

"Behind heavy curtains were the polling booths; secret ballot in the USSR is sacredly protected . . .

"On the vast USSR territory—from the Barents to the Black Sea, from the Baltic to the Pacific—the Soviet people unanimously voted for the candidates of the indissoluble bloc of Communists and non-party people. For example, 70,547,107 people or 99.97 percent of the total number of electors took part in the election of deputies to the Supreme Soviet of the RSFSR (Russian Soviet Federated Socialist Republic, one of the sixteen republics that make up the USSR). In that republic 70,374,801 electors constituting 99.76 percent of people participating in the elections voted for the candidates of the bloc of Communists and non-party people. All the candidates have been elected deputies. The Soviet people named the very best and most worthy as their deputies."

I wondered how and for whom the remaining 172,306 electors, the one quarter of one percent who didn't vote for the "indissoluble bloc," had cast their ballots.

"They voted against," said a spokesman for the Soviet Embassy.

How?

"They might write in the names of other candidates for whom they wished to vote; that is permitted. Or perhaps they just crossed off the names of candidates for whom they did not wish to vote."

Was that the same as what a Canadian would call a spoiled ballot?

"I do not know. I think perhaps yes, those would be spoiled ballots." ★

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5-5

Should Husbands and Wives Take Separate Holidays?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

He took along Plutarch's Lives, which he had been putting off for years but couldn't put off any longer, as well as two self-help books called Personality With Power Steering, and The Well-Adjusted Administrator, but forgot to take along a change of socks, underwear, his glasses and the keys to the cottage. He had to break the lock, spent one day repairing it, the second being sick from some toadstools he cooked. On the third he met a fascinating little blond divorcée who went for a ride with him in his outboard and later, helping him to land his gear, dropped his outboard into ten feet of water. He spent the next day salvaging it, and the next he dropped in on his wife.

She, in the meantime, had struck up a friendship with a tall cultured Englishman who had finally taken her to a party and after several drinks of lemonade into which he poured something that he said jovially would put purple pants on it, pouring quite a bit more into his own, he drove her home. He saw her to her cottage, asked her frigidly who she was and why she was following him, bowed from the waist, and did a half gainer over a veranda railing. Since then she had spent her evenings reading some old magazines she had found behind a pile of kindling.

Philandering Is No Danger

But from the time her husband called on her, the prospect brightened. Each became absorbed in how the other was making out. Her husband would go over and peek in her window, come back and say, "Well, she's at the jig-saw again," or "had poached eggs for supper tonight. Did them a bit too soft for me, though." She used to get a friend to report on whether he was sending his laundry out or doing it himself.

They had a wonderful time. It was more fun than bird watching. Sometimes they'd stand on their porches waving to one another across the bay and looking a bit like an illustration for a calendar. Finally they moved in with one another again. They haven't discussed separate holidays since.

It's an odd thing about marriage counselors that as soon as they think of separate holidays they think of infidelity. In fact, they have no faith in marriage. Philandering is neither a danger nor an objective of separate holidays. Anybody who's kept in line just because his wife happens to be around is going to get away from her sooner or later.

Taking separate holidays has other, more important purposes. Besides being a valuable experience for people who have become restless about marriage, a separate vacation is a good thing for people who are so satisfied

with marriage they're in a coma. Not that I'm against people being satisfied with marriage. I believe in it. I believe in being satisfied with our jobs, too, but we should get away from them now and then. If we don't, we begin to regard events like Miss Whosis using a pink requisition instead of a blue one as something just slightly less important than a flight to outer space.

In marriage, our sphere of interest and activity is apt to get so small that we eventually retreat beneath little toadstools of mutual approval and make small chirping sounds at the rest of the world. This is all right for things like crickets, but mankind should maintain a broader view.

The man who did more than anyone else to convince me of the broadening effect of separate holidays was a big, burly technical-school teacher I once lived next to, who spent most of his time explaining how he and his wife felt about things like germs. His wife, a quiet girl with loose golden hair and a permanent little smile, sterilized everything; she washed turkeys in soap and water, scrubbed steaks, scalded wine glasses, scraped the inside of fish, and boiled everything until it fell apart.

"After all, we're living in a scientific age. No use eating germs," her husband would explain bluffly.

They were always exchanging quick glances about things like garlic, Russia, England, finger painting, Lolobrigida, television, cocktail bars and bringing up children.

I'd say, "Gave my kids a raise today. A dollar a week they get now. But man! They're going to work for it or I'll cut them down to a dime."

They'd dart a look at one another. The woman would look at her shoes, smile secretly and shake her head. My wife and I wouldn't know whether she thought our kids were funny, that I was funny, or that the man she bought her shoes from was funny.

Her husband would finally explain: "We give Horace five dollars a week, but we don't think an allowance is really pay for anything."

Horace evidently used to spend it on hashish. He'd come up to me and sneer in my face, tell me I had two chins and they both looked funny and that I reminded him of Gerry Muskrat, wind up a little diesel engine and let it go at my ingrown toenail and while I blinked at him through tears ask me why I didn't go home.

His mother and father would say, "H-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-r-a-c-e! Is that the way to talk to Mr. Allen?"

Horace would curl his lip and say: "Yes."

This man never actually organized separate holidays but one time he had to spend a week on some family business in Larder Lake with a moon-faced, grinning, good-natured aunt of his named Rosy who had seven kids and ran a boarding house and had been disgracing the family since shortly after the first gold strike. He came back on a Saturday morning when I happened to be at his house, and, within the next hour, put his feet up on the

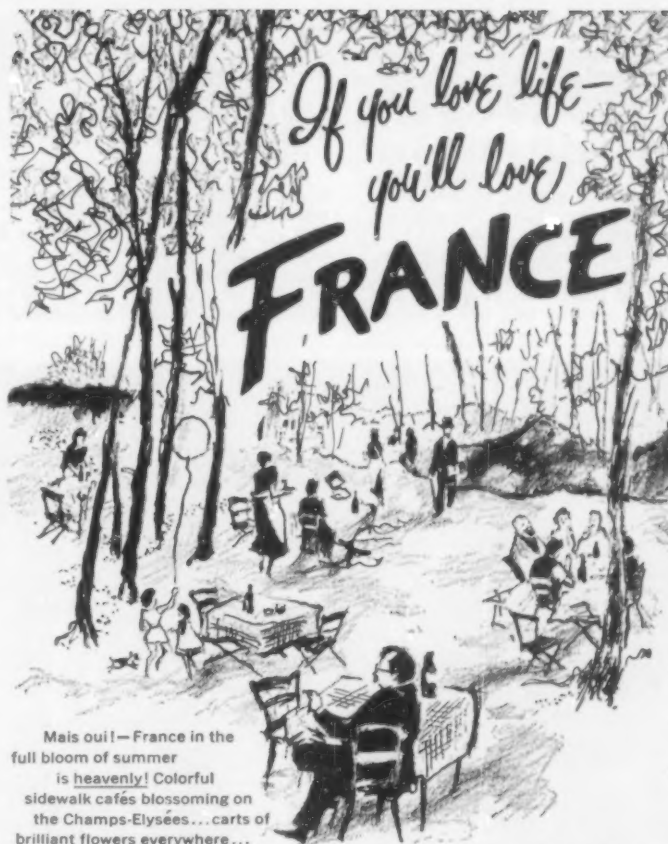
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L. PAUL CHARTRAND • OFFICE GENERAL DES GRANDES MARQUES • MONTREAL, P. Q.

table, had three beers and half a dozen unwashed oysters, told his wife to buy some garlic and gave Horace a clout on the back of the head that sent his little diesel under three bridges and into a flat car.

If his wife had been with him on this trip they'd have been so busy exchanging secret looks, smiling at their toes, causing little draughts of disapproval and laughingly saying things like "I think I'll just sterilize this oyster; you don't mind do you?" that they would have missed Rosy who, in spite of her unhygienic way of life, had a lot to

offer. In other words this guy came out from under the toadstool of his marriage and saw another part of the world, from another angle that cut his wife out of the picture. He liked it so well he stayed out in the open. It did him a lot of good.

"Anyone who wants a separate holiday from his wife isn't adjusted to marriage," says Doctor Leopold.

If you ask me, one of the most important reasons why we should take separate holidays is that we get *too* well adjusted to marriage. We get so well adjusted that we can communicate by

grunts, sneers and frozen looks; by snapping books shut, slamming down plates and making low moaning sounds. Many married couples are so well adjusted to one another that they have all but lost the faculty of human speech. They should take separate holidays if for no other reason than to see if they can communicate with their fellow man.

A man and wife get up in the morning and begin walking past one another like two bus passengers. The guy puts an egg in a saucepan, peers at it unhappily, then abruptly says something

like: "End of month tomorrow? Did you post it?"

His wife purses her lips, bends down and peers into the pop-up toaster, nearly shorting it with a curler. She says, "No. Maybe we'll make it. Record player's finished."

The husband laughs sardonically at the egg and says, "What next?"

His wife closes one eye, peers down at the top of the toast and says, "That's right. Blame it on me."

They both know exactly what they are talking about, but nobody else would, and to go on holidays together just means coming back in a couple of weeks grunting at one another in slightly happier tones.

Another thing, when a man and wife take their holidays together they unpack along with their golf clubs, cases of beer, fishing tackle and frilly bathing suits all the little feuds and annoyances that will make two weeks in July the same as any in February.

Last year I rented a cottage next to a tall brown investment salesman with sleek silver hair and light-blue eyes who spent most of his two weeks, as far as I could see, quarrelling with his wife, a short, square brunette, over her habit of interrupting his stories. Evidently he had been doing this for years. The only difference being on holidays made was that he glared at her from beneath a sign that read DUNROMIN.

He May Forget the Point

He'd just get started on a story when she'd say something like: "You forgot the part about his first wife." She'd turn laughing to us and explain, "She used to go to dances in her bare feet."

Her husband would stop, look over Lake Couchiching at the gulls, cloud effects, waving pines and sunset, turn to her and whisper: "I wasn't going to forget it. That part comes later. Now will you let me tell my story?"

His wife would smile at a point in mid-air about three feet in front of her nose. He would give her a last dirty look and go on. "SO—as I was saying—this man had always been very broke and borrowed a lot of money..."

"You should tell them that he never borrowed from his friends," his wife would say, looking out at the sunset.

He'd take a drag at his cigarette that would make it crackle like hemlock, and say, "That's the point of the story. We all tell stories our own way. I JUST DON'T HAPPEN TO LIKE TELLING THE POINT OF A STORY AT THE BEGINNING."

This sort of thing is no holiday. I'm not particularly blaming his wife. It's an unfortunate part of marriage that men and women get so close to one another's faults that they begin to think of one another as being just barely capable of making change. When a woman, for example, has spent twenty-five years watching her husband forget things like what drawer his socks are in, the dates of anniversaries, and occasionally the fact that he's married, she can't be blamed for feeling that he's going to forget the point of a story.

That's one of the reasons we need separate holidays: to restore some confidence in each other as responsible human beings. By taking separate holidays each finds that the other can survive among other people without aid. It's a lot like a man who has taught his wife to drive: he'll never believe she can do it until she takes the car out by herself and comes home safely.

Marriage brings us so close to each other it's like looking at an oil painting with our noses about an inch from the canvas. All we see is a lot of lumps. With separate holidays we see the

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complete picture, get one another in the proper framework.

I had a wonderful turkey dinner a few nights ago with a man I used to work with, whose wife, a smart elderly woman with a white pony tail and upswept eyes, is one of the best-educated women I know. Yet all she could talk about, for the first twenty minutes of the meal, was the way her husband carved the turkey. I could see her point. After she'd prepared a meal worthy of a bit of ceremony, the guy just sawed away at it happily, laughing and telling stories and leaving the turkey looking as if it had been carved by weasels.

"Charlie has been carving turkey like that for ten years," his wife said looking at me a bit wildly. "Other men can carve, but not good old Charlie."

But the point is that knowing how to carve a turkey is not, after all, a basic issue, and a few weeks away from her husband would get this woman's mind off it.

Not that I'm saying that all husbands and wives fight. Sometimes the ones who have never had a fight in their lives are the ones who need separate holidays the most.

I once lived next door to a solid little guy, built like a soccer ball, who bounced along giving the impression of perpetually kicking goals on life. He'd tell me that he was planning on knocking a side of his house out and building two TV rooms, sending his wife for a holiday on Majorca, and settling a couple of fifty-thousand-dollar annuities on his kids. He'd bite the end off a cigar, spit it out like a machine gun, put his stomach, hoist his chins and say: "I picked up a nice pair of wing steaks for supper tonight." I often used to wonder what his wife did.

One year his wife went away for two weeks with a girl friend and I found out. He fell apart faster in two weeks than most movie derelicts do in two years. He sagged, grew a short beard, got food poisoning and began to look like someone who has lived too long in banana country.

I found that what his wife did was keep him laced up and full of air, and headed in the direction of his office every morning. Without her, he'd always wake up at noon, no matter how many alarm clocks went off. He didn't know a wing steak from a pot roast and I found that his wife used to put a note in his pocket for the butcher, and another note in another pocket telling him what pocket the first note was in.

The trouble was, of course, that both this guy and his wife had actually begun to believe the part she had built up for him. It took separate holidays to straighten things out. One of the major precepts of psychology is to be honest with ourselves. This guy couldn't honestly assess himself until his wife left him on his own.

Separate holidays never did anyone more good. He became quieter and more relaxed. From the time his wife came back we used to sit out in our back yards drinking beer and doing nothing more brisk than smiling occasionally and grunting things like: "Nice breeze."

The last thing I happened to see by a marriage expert on taking separate holidays was the remark that if people want separate holidays there's something the matter with their marriage. "It's a danger signal."

This is like saying that if you get out of your car to eat and sleep you don't like driving. Marriage doesn't provide everything we need: for instance, it doesn't provide privacy. All of us need to get off by ourselves now and then and take a look at our lives, in fact to take a look at our marriages, to which most of us haven't given any objective

thought since that wedding day a long time ago when we looked into the shaving mirror or bedroom vanity and thought with mounting panic: "What have I done!"

Yet enthusiasts like Doctor Leopold are still coming out with things like: "In a new environment we can discover new facets of one another's personality." Most husbands and wives already have so many facets exposed to one another they are contemplating hiding in ovens and crawling under work benches. What we want is a chance to hide from one another, and

holidays provide the opportunity.

Holidays may, as some experts say, be the only time of year most married couples can really be together twenty-four hours a day, but the husbands and wives who complain of not seeing one another twenty-four hours a day exist only in surveys by marriage experts.

Most couples in real life don't go around saying, "Darling, let's become better acquainted." They try to sneak off to howling alleys, bars, bridal showers, afternoon bridges, stag parties and matinees, and if you ask me it would be a lot more practical and more

dignified to do it all at once on an organized vacation.

As for the marriage expert who said in one magazine recently: "Don't take separate holidays unless you have professional help," I say all the guy is doing is trying to get a free ride some place. All the professional help you need is to stop reading advice like that. In fact, it's because marriage has reached the point where people think we need professional help if we try wandering off into the hills alone that husbands and wives should take separate holidays. ★

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they marry younger every year

It is characteristic of young Canadians that they are prepared to accept responsibility at an early age. For example, statistics show that Canadians are marrying younger every year. Today, over half the grooms are under 25 and nearly two-thirds of the brides under 23—almost 5 years younger than the average altar-going couple of ten years ago. Such responsibility calls for the provision of adequate family security—the keystone of which is life insurance. North American Life has assisted in meeting the insuring public's changing needs through a highly trained agency force. Since 1881 many young Canadians have laid firm foundations for family security on North American Life policies—with policy-owner satisfaction in

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TORONTO, CANADA



"Something makes me feel like a
Moosehead, Henry, how about you?"



Moosehead

PALE ALE

WHEN IN THE MARITIMES - CALL FOR MOOSEHEAD

Don't Let the Child Experts Scare You

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

really difficult situation. Love, to many parents, has been misinterpreted as a denial of discipline. The principle of demand feeding, for instance, has already been misinterpreted as meaning that the child should be fed whenever he cries. This is not true. According to the theory of demand feeding, the child should be fed whenever he's hungry. But he cries for many reasons other than hunger. In any case his demands generally fall into a routine which permits the household to function efficiently without a rigid schedule.

The result of all this overemphasis of the importance of early years has been that many parents worry whether they have been doing the right thing by their children. If Junior is built like a television set, it follows that if you make a mistake you can blow a fuse. Parents have become so concerned about being good parents that they have become in many cases bad parents. They have become indecisive, insecure, anxious, worrisome, self-critical and completely lacking in the qualities of stability a child needs for his own sense of security. And no matter how intelligently parents have applied the new "science" they've found that they can't fool the children; they react to fundamental attitudes, not to new tricks. Often a child brought up by parents who did all the right things has baffled them by being bored and apathetic. He has sensed that he is not an individual but a product of their deliberate efforts to make him perfect. He is just a marker in some sort of adult game.

The search for the right recipe for bringing up the perfect child never seems to end. Recently pediatricians have begun to talk of the psychological dangers of making a mechanical, routine affair of feeding a baby. With the aim of helping more mothers to feed their babies properly, the plan was conceived of having the newborn baby stay in the mother's hospital room—a system known as "rooming in."

But this system has already become a scientific fad, and is being touted as the solution to all future emotional difficulties. It has been compared ecstatically with the natural way children are raised on south-sea islands. Those ukeles and grass skirts are beginning to appeal to the modern mother as much as they do to the modern wage earner.

People are determined that someone, somewhere, has the right answers to bringing up perfect children.

I'm on a radio panel called Trans-Canada Matinee with an expert in dietetics and another on household management. I'm supposed to be the expert in child training. People write to us asking how many vitamins there are in an orange, and what is the best way to clean silverware. In the same spirit a woman in Moose Jaw writes: "My four-year-old boy is having temper tantrums. What's causing them?"

How would I know? Maybe he's jealous of a younger brother or sister. Maybe he's found it's the quickest way to win his point. Maybe he wants to get on radio. Maybe he's not well. How could I possibly tell? The trouble could be caused by a thousand things.

One time I revisited my home town

of Winnipeg and a friend of mine said to me: "I've listened to every one of your programs and you haven't answered a single question yet!"

It was one of my proudest moments. I do my best to give general advice to parents, based on the findings agreed on by the general body of psychology. I don't try to give specific advice, applicable to all children. I don't intend to write a prescription for a youngster in Juniper Creek whom I've never met. Any time anybody gives such specific psychological pills that can be applied to all children indiscriminately, it's bad advice.

You don't need to be right all the time. Your child wants a man for a father, not a formula. He wants a woman for a mother, not a theory. He wants real parents, real people, capable of making mistakes without moping about it. You're not going to do any harm as long as you do your best.

Let's say that you read the advice: "When you come into the house after work, and you're feeling cranky, it's not fair to take this out on your child."

Obviously that's good advice. The sensible way to take it is, "Well, that's reasonable enough. It's a matter of common justice. I'll try not to."

But we all take our moods out on our children occasionally. I do it. You do it. The man who wrote the advice does it. The wrong attitude for you to take is, "Aha! I must never get angry with my child. Formula number 3,645—" when you are already trying to juggle 3,644 others equally impossible.

Children Aren't Unfair

If you succeed four out of five times, you're doing fine. Your child is lucky. But maybe the fifth time disaster strikes. You woke up that morning and found that your youngster had been trying to sharpen his crayons with your electric razor. You told your wife that the coffee was weak and she burst out crying. On the way to work you ran into all those other idiots of drivers, and that day you made two stenographers cry. That's three women you started sobbing in an eight-hour day. That night you hit a mile-long traffic jam and got home just in time to notice that your voltage regulator wasn't working. You open the door with the disposition of a sidewinder.

Junior comes at you ecstatically on his scooter and he crash-lands into your shins. You look up from rubbing your shins and holler "FOR THE LOVE OF PETE WILL YOU STOP GREETING ME LIKE A FOOTBALL TACKLE!"

Your child retreats, looking startled. You feel like a creep. You're a flop as a father. Receiving a child's love by hollering at him like a maniac! According to the experts you've left an indelible scar. Your child will remember this scene until he's middle-aged. You've traumatized him. You've inhibited the resolution of his Oedipus complex, and generally committed him to a lifetime of neurosis and frustration.

Take heart. All is not lost. Things aren't really that tough. How about the four times you *didn't* flip your lid? Your child isn't that unfair, or that delicate. Being a good parent isn't something like walking a tightrope: one slip and you've had it. Single incidents don't cause lasting trouble. When a person becomes seriously ill and neurotic and his history is checked, it's not made up of isolated cases of his parents' mistakes. It's made up of

Does your child have tantrums? Maybe
he knows that's how to get around you

"Any book that gives parents specific rules for all situations is a snare."

entire histories of unfavorable conditions.

Let's be reasonable. Did your father ever shout at you unjustly? Did it wreck your life? Maybe you're bloody, but you're unbowed. You know at least one case where a child who was unfairly treated didn't become a charge on society. Maybe you didn't leave an indelible scar on your child's personality, either. Maybe you just gave him a good laugh.

Far more important than being right all the time (you'll never make it) is being honest with your child. Stop posing as a perfect, omniscient human being. Dropping the act will be a relief to you and automatically make you a more relaxed and better parent. You can help the child be himself by being yourself. If you make a mistake, be man enough to admit it. Your child won't use it against you. He won't conclude that one mistake makes you wrong all down the line. He's a better psychologist than that.

Once you try to assume unnatural, unattainable ideals, to pose as something other than yourself, things start to go wrong. What could be sillier than deciding to love your child because of an approved theory! Either you love your child or you don't. If you do, you can set the pattern for your home and enforce it without causing any psychological disasters.

You don't have to be perfect in all the details, even if it were possible. You don't have to worry about your bargain-basement fair play or psychological bookkeeping. There are no two children on earth with identical personalities or with identical needs. The closest you can come to fair play toward your children is to do your best to provide them with equal opportunities, which doesn't necessarily mean equal objects.

There are books on child psychology that will provide you with all the details: a handy pack of recipes for making better children. But any book that gives specific rules to be applied to all children is a bad book. If you read specific formulas into a good book you're making a mistake.

One time when a friend invited me to his house for dinner, I got there before he did and spent a half an hour talking to his wife, a girl I'd known since high school, while she looked after a new baby. All the time we talked the baby was crying and I asked her why she wasn't doing anything about it.

She said, "Because I'm supposed to let the baby cry for twenty minutes."

"But what's the point?" I asked her, raising my voice above the racket.

"I don't know," she shouted over the din. "All I know is that I'm bringing him up according to the book."

"What book?" I hollered.

"Doctor Spock," she shouted.

I know this pocketbook. I've recommended it to a lot of people. They nearly always go out and buy a five-dollar book to go along with it. They feel safer with something heavier.

Anyway, I was certain that Dr. Spock wouldn't say any such thing, and when I got home I took the trouble to look up what he said about crying babies. With growing amazement at my friend's interpretation, I read: "If the baby is hungry, feed it; if he cries, pick him up and comfort him; if he's not getting enough to eat, increase his diet, or increase the number of feedings. None of this will spoil the child."

I kept on reading. Later on he

talked of wakeful, crying, colicky babies, and said that very often these children will continue to cry long after the colic is over. So he suggests that you should avoid holding the child at mealtime. "Some of them," he said, "will have to be let cry from twenty minutes to half an hour."

This was the source of my friend's hard-and-fast rule. In other words, she had picked out the one thing applied to chronic criers and applied it to a healthy child like the rules for connecting up a storage battery.

Of the many books on child care, some have been written by publicity-seeking self-appointed experts who give you a specific formula with dogmatic assertion and a conclusion that lacks evidence. Others are the work of men and women who have dedicated their lives to the study of childhood growth and development. Such books are the results of careful systematic observation, long clinical experience and a good deal of wisdom. They include books by Dr. Benjamin Spock, Dr. W. E. Blatz and Dr. Arnold Gesell.

"You Can't Be Perfect"

But there are no universal rules, no psychological master keys for bringing up perfect children. There's no Santa Claus either, but we all have been able to accept the fact without falling apart.

So stop worrying about whether you're a good parent. I don't mean stop caring or trying, or wanting to be a good parent. I don't mean chuck out child psychology and go back to "the good old days." We've all seen the results of some of the methods from the good old days. I just mean stop worrying. If you manage to do the right thing oftener than you fizzle it, you're winning. One of the real curses of psychology is that we're becoming abnormally sensitive to our mistakes and don't give ourselves credit for what we have accomplished.

You're not entirely responsible for your children's personalities. If you have one child who, before you have tried any system of training, has an IQ of 140, and another who at the same time has an IQ of 80, how can you be responsible for both? We're all stuck, within limits, with the aptitudes we come into the world with. If you had a lame child you'd ask yourself: "What can he do best?" and try to help him. But when we come to psychology, we read in books that there are no limitations to any child except our incapacity for being perfect parents. It doesn't make sense. You can go no further than trying to help your child be what he basically is. You should not set impossible goals for your child or yourself. And you shouldn't let anyone else do it.

In other words if you approach the job of being a parent with modesty, a willingness to accept the responsibility of being wrong without undue self-criticism, and enjoy your children, you don't need to let the experts scare you. You'll be an expert yourself. ★

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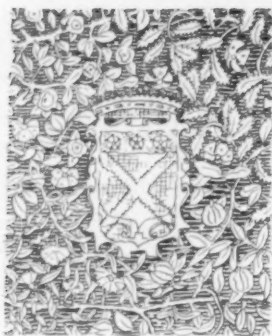
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Mailbag

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

a discriminating taste but because a sponsor is willing to pay the shot in Canada." Who does Scott think he's kidding? Is he satisfied with the quality of Canadian television?

If we didn't see some American film, television wouldn't be worth watching. We are getting more than enough CBC-produced programs now. Don't you think the sponsors realize this? If they

wanted to kill their product the best way to do it is sponsor a CBC program . . . —J. Cameron, Calgary.

Is Good Cooking Killing Us?

If I ever saw pseudo-science masquerading as the real thing, the article by Doris McCubbin (Are We Breeding a Nation of Invalids? April 2) takes the cake. "We've played hob with the old law of the survival of the fittest," she says. The dramatic rise in the number of diabetics doesn't provide any illustration of this at all . . . The use of insulin is so recent that it cannot



BERN

By PAUL STEINER

At a convention of Quebec Chiefs of Police one of the chiefs defined the ideal officer as "part athlete, part lawyer, part doctor, part notary, part judge, part professor, part missionary — and all gentleman."

While 18 policemen and eight guards moved \$4 millions in cash and securities into a bank in Hamilton, thieves attended to a finance company next door and made off with \$1,800.

Near Weston, Ont., two policemen gallantly pushed two young girls in a stalled automobile for nearly a mile, then as a routine matter asked to see a driver's license, got suspicious when neither girl had one, checked up and discovered the car was stolen.

A Windsor, Ont., police sergeant who had always heard that if you pick a skunk up by the tail it can't do any harm, had a chance to test the theory when a householder called to report there was a skunk outside his house with its head stuck in a tin can. The sergeant marched up to the skunk, lifted it by the tail, pulled off the can, then dropped the skunk and backed away unharmed.

When Malton, Ont., police saw a man running down a runway of the local airport flapping his arms they quickly grabbed him in spite of his protest: "I'm trying to take off for Ottawa to discuss the world situation with the Prime Minister."

A Windsor man faced a careless-driving charge after he made an illegal left-hand turn in his 1933-vintage coupe and his left front wheel came off. It didn't take police long to reach the scene of the accident — the man's car crashed into their patrol wagon.

Deserted wives in other localities can now ask Ontario's provincial police to help find errant husbands in the province.

Two girls boarding at the home of a Moncton policeman decided while he was away to see if his handcuffs worked. Coats draped over their arms they finally reached a police station via a taxi and got themselves freed.

Police in Hamilton had a big pile of silver dollars provided by a safety organization to encourage good driving habits to give to polite drivers, but couldn't find many. Eight officers worked on the project one day but were able to give away only one dollar — to a man who yielded the right of way to another car.

Police Constable Bert Easy shot and killed a bear that was ambling down a street of West Ottawa early in the morning.

Thieves broke into the North York, Ont., police court and got away with \$4,000 in cash, plus some cheques, money orders and a pistol. It was the fourth time within six weeks that the court had been broken into.

The third time a nine-year-old ran away from his Hull, Que., home police found a scrapbook of news clippings about his previous disappearances. Said a police inspector: "We must assume the boy wants publicity."

have had all that much influence on heredity. For the dramatic rise in the incidence of diabetes one must look elsewhere.

For the first time in history, a huge mass of people has been enabled to satisfy its desire to eat too much of too rich food—drinks and everything else. On top of that we're mechanizing life so much that actual physical need for food is less . . . My guess is that good cooks are killing more men than all the wars put together. I'll bet a high proportion of those widows who live to mourn a departed husband are good cooks and proud of it.—Allan J. Hudson, Mortlach, Sask.

He Likes Us; He Likes Us Not

We do not like your covers well,
The reason why we cannot tell.
But this we know, like Dr. Fell:
We do not like your covers well.

But in Beaver Bay by James Hill (April 2) you have a cover that can compare with any, anywhere.—E. Scott-Wilson, Peterborough, Ont.

Those Lost Stove Legs

If you paid ten dollars for the story of the lost stove legs in your Parade of Feb. 1, you have been gypped. You will find the same story, told with consummate skill and humor, in any complete collection of the works of William Henry Drummond. Dr. Drummond, of course, narrates the story in his usual English-French patois.—F. E. Scott, Montreal.

Reader Scott is right. But we also have on file letters from Edmonton, Calgary and Vancouver insisting that the incident did occur—but not in Fredericton.

Young Ross Was No Spender

The story of Jack Ross (How J. K. L. Ross Spent Sixteen Millions, April 2) is very interesting to me for we were school chums. He was the champion bicycle racer of Eliot School. I was second best. Every afternoon he and I rode downtown for an ice-cream soda which cost us each ten cents. One day



he found a confectionery that charged only five cents and we went there. He was later to be worth millions but as schoolboys we went where we could save five cents per soda.—Dr. A. S. McCormick, Akron, Ohio.

Do We Need The Guards?

In the article on the Canadian Guards (Will the Guards Idea Go Over Here? April 16) I was struck by the sentence: "Before long the army hopes to acquire enough brilliant dress uniforms to turn out an honor guard for the opening of parliament, and possibly to mount a daily guard at viceregal Rideau Hall."

Does this reveal the reason behind the creation of this additional regiment, i.e. the desire of some little gilt-tin Caesar at Ottawa for pomp? If so, are overtaxed voters likely to appreciate the diversion of defense funds for this purpose? . . . —Robert Beauchamp, Williams Lake, B.C. ★

The Immigration Wrangle

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

has been criticized at times by Britain and other overseas nations who feel we should take a representative cross-section—the old and infirm as well as their healthiest and most productive. But the Government tries to catch and turn down all with any history of mental disorder, criminal record, ill health, disability, or with any suggestion of Communist or subversive sympathies.

The Government makes no bones about its policy being discriminatory. "We call it selective," says Immigration Minister Pickersgill. "But I do not understand there is any real difference between the words selection and discrimination."

The Government denies that there is any racial discrimination in its immigration policy. However, it makes no attempt to hide the fact that it has preferred immigrant classes that tend to have certain racial origin. In general, it prefers people from northern Europe to those from southern Europe and the tropics. Race, it insists, has nothing to do with it. It is simply a case that immigrants from countries where the climate, modes of life and working conditions differ sharply from those in Canada have a harder time fitting into the Canadian social and labor scene.

The most preferred classes are from Britain, Australia, New Zealand, the U. S. and France. All such immigrants have to satisfy regulations as to health and good character, and then they are on their way. France was added to this preferred group in 1949 as a gesture to French Canada, but it means little. The French government discourages emigration and Frenchmen as a class are not keenly interested in leaving home.

Next, and considered worthy of a grouping by themselves, are the Germans and Dutch. These people fit in well and make good Canadian immigrants. Right now economic and employment conditions are good in these countries, the desire to emigrate has dropped off, and Canada is accepting all the Dutch and Germans she can get who meet the rules.

Next in preference are Italians. Immigration officials claim they are slower to fit into the Canadian scene, and for this reason we are now restricting them to an unofficial quota of about 25,000 a year. Unlike Germany and The Netherlands, Italy always has a surplus population and unemployment problem, and there are always Italians who want to come to Canada.

Everyone else can be lumped into a final group. Some of these—Scandinavians, Swiss and Belgians—are good immigrants but, like Frenchmen, have little desire to emigrate. But most of the remainder are people like Japanese, Chinese, Indians and West Indians who would come to Canada in large numbers if we would let them. Our policy toward them, unofficially, is to accept as few as we can manage to.

Occasionally, but not often, a government spokesman agrees that Canada has responsibilities in immigration which go beyond our own immediate national interests. Canada has officially admitted, as a country with space and untapped resources, that we have a moral obligation to accept immigrants, not only to help our own country but also to ease crowding in the world's overpopulated lands. Prime Minister Mackenzie King admitted this first in 1947 when he outlined the immigration



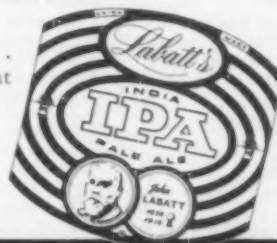
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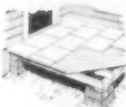


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Does our immigration branch discriminate against Negroes? Or can't people from the tropics work successfully here?

policy that the Government claims is still being followed.

"The problem of immigration must be viewed in the light of the world situation as a whole," he said. "It should take account of the urgent problem of the resettlement of persons who are displaced and homeless... We have a moral obligation to assist in meeting the problem of resettling refugees and this obligation we are prepared to recognize."

At that time the problem was largely one of refugees displaced and homeless as a result of the war. But the problem of "economic refugees"—surplus unemployed populations in countries that cannot feed and maintain them—is in the same category. When referring to this situation in a speech last November, Immigration Minister Pickersgill said: "In a world of shrinking distances and international insecurity, we cannot afford to ignore the danger of so small a population attempting to hold so great a heritage as ours."

Are we ignoring the danger or not?

In 1954 we admitted about 150,000 immigrants. This is a reduction of about ten percent from the 1953 total. Our annual immigrant intake has dropped steadily each year since its 1951 peak. Our annual average since the war has been around 115,000.

Could we absorb more?

The Government says we cannot do so conveniently and comfortably. Yet Canada's postwar average of 115,000 immigrants a year, as a percentage of population, is less than half of Australia's.

About four years ago William F. Holding, when president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, charged that we "have failed abysmally to realize the need for production of the most valuable product we are able to produce—Canadians," and declared we should accept immigration sufficient to boost our population 750,000 a year. As evidence that Canada could do this he pointed out that the U. S. added a million people a year from 1860 to 1890. At the beginning of this period of tremendous U. S. growth the U. S. population was only double that of Canada's now and its economy was expanding little faster than Canada's today. Canada itself was taking in 400,000 immigrants a year just before the First World War, a time when the grainlands of the west were opening up.

One of the most authoritative statements that Canada could, to advantage, step up its immigrant intake came last January from the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration in Geneva, Switzerland. The ICEM has completed a two-year study of Canada's absorptive capacity and says that Canada should be taking as a long-term average at least 170,000 immigrants yearly. There has been only one year since 1913 in which Canada has reached that figure—1951 when we took 194,000.

If we can absorb more immigrants, can we get more? And if so, where?

Right now employment is fairly high in what Ottawa considers our best immigrant hunting grounds overseas—Britain, Germany and The Netherlands. Or at least it is high among most of the skilled and experienced workers we are looking for. This means that fewer persons in these countries are applying for Canadian immigrant visas. At our immigration office at The Hague, Netherlands, applications per week last winter were about half what

they were a year ago. But according to ICEM most European countries have surpluses of population that their economies cannot keep permanently employed.

Britain is said to be burdened with a surplus of seven million people. West Germany, which supported a population of thirty-six million before the war, now has fifty million. Austria still has nearly a million displaced persons. Greece has half a million unemployed.

But probably worst off, and our best prospect for an immediate increase in immigrants for Canada, is Italy. It is one of the nations that feel Canada's immigration policy should be doing more for world economic stability.

Since the war Italy has sent more than a million emigrants abroad, about half to South American countries with absorptive capacities lower than Canada's. Canada has taken fewer than 100,000 Italians; in fact we are accepting only close relatives of Italians already in Canada. Australia, in spite of its smaller population, has accepted more Italians since the war than we have.

A Policy to Beat the Reds

Italy's unemployment problem is growing. It now has two million workers more or less permanently unemployed and living on the government. Discontent over unemployment is providing rich fodder for Communist propaganda. Communism has made such gains among Italy's farm and laboring classes that Italy is the one Western nation today in danger of going Communist not by revolution but by the democratic ballot. At its last election thirty-five percent of voters cast Communist or far-left ballots.

"Our government would like to send more Italian emigrants to Canada and Australia," an Italian official told me. "We feel Canada could absorb forty or fifty thousand Italians a year, instead of the twenty-five thousand you are now accepting. We could easily supply this number of first-class immigrants." He predicted if Italian work and living conditions began to show improvement Communism would quickly lose its main appeal.

Immigration Minister Pickersgill told a House of Commons committee studying Immigration Department estimates last month that Canada is already

admitting Italian immigrants as fast as they can adapt themselves into Canadian society.

Oddly, our immigration policy is creating greatest resentment among British subjects—the colored citizens of the British West Indies. Canada is accepting only about one hundred West Indian Negroes a year. Although the word "race" has been carefully edited out of our present Immigration Act, the immigration branch is being repeatedly accused of practicing discrimination against West Indian Negroes. An immigration official told me the discrimination wasn't racial. He said that to survive in the tropics people developed a relaxed attitude toward life and work, which made it difficult for them to fit into the competitive business and labor pattern of Canada. We accept few for that reason.

But a British West Indian trade official in Canada argued that the real reason must be color because we are rejecting West Indians who are urgently needed in Canada. He referred to the shortage of household domestic help, a field of employment he believes to be admirably suited to West Indians. Recently governments of the British West Indies tried to arrange with the Canadian immigration branch for the movement of domestics to Canada. "Your immigration branch didn't co-operate," he said. "They weren't interested."

The West Indies are overpopulated, unemployment is widespread, and the desire among West Indians to emigrate is stronger than it has been at any time of their history. Large numbers from Jamaica and Barbados are going to Britain; Puerto Ricans are pouring into the U. S. So Canada's attitude toward West Indian immigrants is a bitter topic there today.

Another country that would like to send more immigrants to Canada is India, but the viewpoint from which East Indians view Canada's immigration policy differs sharply from that of West Indians. India's population problem is so big that emigration offers little hope of relief. Yet the Indian government would still like to send more immigrants to Canada. We now accept only a hundred and fifty a year.

A spokesman at the office of the Indian High Commissioner to Canada said recently, "We would like to see



MACLEAN'S

Canada take five hundred a year. You cannot accuse us of wishing to dump surplus population. Our population is 350 million and if you took a million East Indians a year it still wouldn't alter things." At last count, in spite of attempts to discourage them, twenty thousand East Indians were trying to come here—enough to keep our present quota filled for 133 years.

So, an immigration policy that requires us to turn down a good many more immigrants than we accept is generating ill will against Canada at government level in several countries. But, according to many lawyers who as legal advisers are often closely connected with immigration and deportation cases, the manner in which we turn down applicants may be doing us and our democratic cause even more harm, not at government level but at the level of the individual mind where the battle for international understanding has finally to be won.

"Our methods of handling immigrant applications abroad and deportation cases here at home," says E. B. Jolliffe, former CCF leader for Ontario, now in private law practice, "are usually a complete contradiction of the democratic rights and freedoms we are trying to implant by persuasion and example throughout the world."

What are those rights, won by British peoples after centuries of struggle? They are: 1. No one shall be imprisoned or penalized without being told why; 2. No one shall be judged on the basis of gossip, hearsay or suspicion; 3. Before imprisonment, fine, tax, confiscation of goods or any such penalty can be imposed, the victim is entitled to a fair hearing and a full defense, with counsel if he wishes; and 4. After all this he is entitled to appeal a decision he regards as unfair to a higher and impartial court or board.

They Think We're Rude

Yet lawyers charge that every day Canada's immigration officials are imprisoning people pending deportation hearings or barring them from entering Canada and refusing to tell the victims why. Decisions affecting the future lives of thousands are made in secret, so that those concerned never know whether their cases received fair consideration, or whether they were considered at all. A defense is usually impossible because the victim doesn't know what he has to defend himself against. Representation by counsel has been discouraged and at some immigration stations it has been flatly refused. Entry applications are often refused solely because of suspicion. There is no readily available and impartial authority to which to appeal an unfavorable decision.

How many people do these immigration procedures touch? Mr. Pickersgill says it is impossible to state when an enquiry actually becomes an application, but he estimates that "three, four or five times" as many persons approach overseas immigration offices as are accepted. Last year we admitted 150,000. So if we take Pickersgill's lowest estimate it means we rejected 450,000. Foreign-embassy officials believe that a large part of this army of would-be Canadians retains a resentment against Canada and suspicion of our democratic cause because of the curt manner in which rejections are handled.

But many thousands of these applications come from new Canadians already in Canada who apply for relatives still abroad. When one of these applications is rejected and an explanation is flatly refused, Canada not only may make a new enemy abroad but is also running a risk of

destroying the faith of a family already here.

Whether the system of arbitrary rejections is needed and justified as a national policy is a point that can stand debate, but its cost in grief, hardship and bitterness when it gets down to specific cases is indisputable.

The sad story of Leong Hung Hing is a case in point.

In February 1951, Leong, a frail and ageing Chinese cook, walked from a Vancouver court proudly clutching a certificate proclaiming him a naturalized Canadian citizen. A few days later he received a letter from the Minister of Citizenship and Immigration at Ottawa informing him that he was now entitled to "the ancient liberties of a free people under a democratic government which recognizes the rights of all its citizens." Leong was then sixty-seven, feeble, wrinkled and lonely. In Hong Kong he had an eighteen-year-old student son, Leong Ba Chai, whom he hadn't seen since the boy was a baby. In the room where he lived alone, Leong often gazed pensively at his picture. As the son of a Canadian citizen, Leong Ba Chai could now come to Canada as an immigrant if he could meet medical and other requirements.

So Leong Hung Hing's first act as a new citizen was to go to the immigration office in Vancouver where he told the story of his son and made application for Ba Chai's entry. Leong started haunting the Vancouver office, awaiting news of when his son would arrive. Two months later, Immigration Superintendent D. N. McDonnell informed him that his son was ineligible. Leong continued to haunt the immigration office, pleading with officials. In this case the officials broke from the customary policy and told Leong the reason for his son's rejection. In the view of the Immigration Department, they said, Leong Ba Chai was illegitimate.

A Vancouver lawyer took up Leong's cause and a year later, in March 1952, the case went to the Supreme Court of British Columbia, where Leong falteringly testified that Ba Chai was born of a concubine wife and under Chinese law was a legitimate child. He had supported Ba Chai and his mother for many years by sending about six hundred dollars a year to China. The court ruled that Ba Chai, since he was legitimate in the country of his birth, must be regarded as legitimate for Canadian immigration purposes. The immigration branch was ordered to reconsider the application.

But the immigration branch appealed to the appeal court of British Columbia, lost again, then carried the appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada. In December 1953, almost three years after Leong's original application, the Supreme Court also ruled that Ba Chai was legitimate and that he should be admitted if he complied with the Immigration Act.

Leong, his savings gone to pay legal costs and his health failing, waited hopefully, confident that the battle to have his son with him was virtually won. But now Ba Chai was "investigated" in Hong Kong to determine if he "complied" with immigration requirements. Another spring, summer and fall dragged by. Leong, now seventy, grew weaker and frailer. His pride of citizenship turned to resentment. He began to distrust the government that preached democratic rights, then seemed to do everything to repudiate them.

Early last December Leong Hung Hing died of a heart attack without seeing his son. The last act of the drama came quickly after his death. The Immigration Department, after a year's silence regarding Ba Chai, quickly ruled that since the boy now



Thirsty?

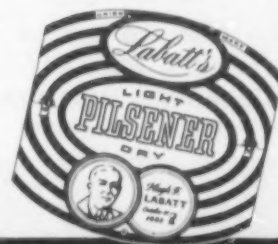
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had no sponsor to receive him in Canada he could no longer be considered as an immigrant. The case of Ba Chai was closed.

If a traffic policeman doubts that the driving permit you show him is really yours, he must prove his suspicions in court before you are penalized. What a contrast this legal procedure is with the immigration case of Shing Lee, a Chinese-Canadian girl who was barred from Canada for five years because an immigration officer in Hong Kong doubted that the British Columbia birth certificate she carried was actually her own. Canadian-born Shing Lee went as a child to China with her parents, the family was separated by the war, then three sisters reunited in Hong Kong. In 1948 two returned to Canada, but Shing Lee was suspected of having a false birth certificate and barred. It took the services of seven law firms in Hong Kong, Vancouver and Ottawa to persuade immigration authorities that Shing Lee was a Canadian. After a five-year battle she arrived back in the land of her birth early in 1954.

A subcommittee of the Canadian Bar Association, representing Canadian lawyers, recently spent two years studying about two hundred such cases involving immigrants. At the association's convention in Winnipeg last fall the group filed a report recommending several changes in immigration procedures to make immigration hearings more fair and humane. The subcommittee could not be accused of politicking for two of its three members were staunch government supporters. The chairman was John H. McDonald, an Ottawa lawyer who has been Liberal candidate against George Drew for the last two elections. Another member was John H. Dickey, Liberal MP for Halifax and parliamentary assistant to Hon. C. D. Howe, Minister of Trade and Commerce. The third member was John R. Taylor, a Vancouver lawyer not active in politics but a frequent counsel in immigration cases.

The subcommittee had expected its report to be handled with a minimum of publicity, but the Government got wind of what was happening. Deputy Minister Laval Fortier turned up unexpectedly at the convention to defend his department. The Press picked up the ball and immigration became a hot issue. The subcommittee's report was made public and sent to government officials, but it was not formally adopted by the convention. It was returned to the subcommittee "for another year of study." As the immigration pot continued to boil Dickey resigned, explaining: "I did not see the final draft of the report. It did not carry my approval, nor did I sign it." Other subcommittee members explained that Dickey didn't see the "final" draft because he was not present at the Winnipeg convention. But he did see and help compile an earlier draft and the "final" draft he disowned contained only a minor change which Dickey himself asked for.

The report contained two principal recommendations: 1. That reasons for rejection or deportation be given in each case "in such a way as to give the rejected party or the applicant concerned an opportunity of overcoming the department's objections"; 2. That an impartial appeal board be set up to hear cases where the legality or fairness of the department's decision is questioned.

"Anyone can make a decision on any subject," said John Taylor, the Vancouver subcommittee member, "but giving a decision with reasons to prove that it is the correct decision is an entirely different matter."

"When reasons for decisions do not

have to be given," said Davie Fulton, lawyer, Conservative MP and opposition immigration critic, "then error, corruption, favoritism and injustice are invited, and rights and liberties are denied."

Why can't immigration officers tell reasons when rejections are for non-security reasons?

"If we gave all the other reasons we would be labeling the remainder as security cases and doing indirectly what we have undertaken not to do directly," Pickersgill explains.

"The Government's system protects no one," says E. B. Joliffe. "If a Communist is rejected, the very fact he is rejected tells him everything. He knows at once there must be a leak somewhere. And as a result of this policy many innocent applicants are unjustly rejected. Immigration officers in Europe accept malicious gossip, accusations from anonymous informers, and the subject cannot clear his name because immigration officers won't tell him what they suspect."

Although the U. S. McCarran act is looked upon throughout most of the world as a symbol of inhuman and undemocratic immigration restriction, the U. S. still gives reasons for rejections quite freely. An alien applying to emigrate to the U. S. can be rejected at two points. He can be refused a visa at an overseas office, or if granted a visa he can still be turned back when he reaches a U. S. port of entry.

They Can't Go To Court

If his visa application is rejected his application form is stamped with the section and subsection of the act on which the rejection is based. Then a copy of the act is given him with the section clearly marked. It is specific enough that he is left with no doubt as to why he is being rejected. He is given a form letter which tells him if he has a defense to offer he can bring it up and have his application reconsidered.

If he obtains a visa and reaches a U. S. port of entry and is then stopped, he is handed a notice of rejection which outlines his appeal privileges and contains a form for him to fill out if he wishes to start appeal. Since he is now on U. S. soil he can appeal to the Board of Immigration Appeals at Washington if he desires. If he fills out the appeal form, he or his lawyer is then told the section and subsection under which he is rejected. Where security is a reason for rejection, the subsection breaks it down to a specific point, such as membership in a subversive organization, or a related reason. Occasionally the immigrant is kept in custody while waiting for his appeal, but usually he is released on bail.

A member of one of the European embassy staffs in Ottawa who escaped from behind the Iron Curtain at the end of the war and is familiar with the European international scene told me: "If the U. S. has been forced by public opinion to give reasons for immigrant rejections, they probably give false reasons to put rejected applicants off the track. I doubt if they are tipping off Communists by giving real facts. There are often two or three reasons and they can always give a minor reason and keep the real reason hidden."

The courts rarely get the opportunity to interfere in immigration or deportation cases, because parliament has done all it can to deprive immigrants of court protection. The Immigration Act says that no court or judge shall have jurisdiction "to review, quash or otherwise interfere" in immigration decisions made "in accordance with the provisions of this Act." The loophole that has saved

many immigrants from unjust treatment is that final phrase, for if a court thinks an immigration board of enquiry has not acted "in accordance with" the act, the court has the authority to step in and change the board's decision.

But for every case that reaches the courts, there are scores in which questionable immigration rulings go unchallenged because the victim is outside the country or because he lacks money, a lawyer or knowledge of the English language to launch a court appeal. It is for this reason that the Canadian Bar Association's immigration subcommittee made its second big recommendation: that an appeal board be established outside the Immigration Department to which grievances can be taken.

Under the present system the final "court of appeal" for all except those few cases that can be brought before a court of law, is the minister himself. Everyone, theoretically, is entitled to have his immigration case reviewed by the minister as a last resort. Many lawyers argue that this final and sweeping authority should not be vested in a person who is one of Ottawa's busiest politicians, a man who, even if he had time to review a case in detail, would still be influenced by a purely natural and human tendency to take the side of officials in his department.

"Actually," says one lawyer, "this has created a situation under which admission to Canada is determined to a large extent by political influence. If an applicant is represented by a lawyer or a member of parliament with enough influence to get in and discuss the case personally with the minister, the case always gets a sympathetic review and the ruling is often reversed in the applicant's favor. But if some unknown little fellow writes a letter asking the minister to review his case, I doubt if he gets much of a review. I say this because I have discussed a case with the minister and I have had to remind him that he rejected an appeal on the case three or four days before. He had forgotten it already, so I don't see how he could have given it much attention."

There is appeal machinery of some sort overseeing all other branches of government where individual rulings might be challenged by the person or company concerned. There are appeal boards to hear complaints about tariffs, income tax, unemployment insurance, pensions and army court martials. The U. S. has its Board of Immigration Appeals—an impartial legally trained tribunal and not immigration officers or politicians.

Under the Canadian Tariff Appeal Board there is a more democratic system to handle a can of beans crossing the border than there is for handling human beings crossing the same border. If a can of beans is held at the border the citizen bringing it in can go to the Tariff Appeal Board, find out why and argue his case. But if the same citizen applies to have his brother or son enter from another country and the application is turned down, the citizen will not be told why and there is no higher authority to which he can freely appeal.

In reply to all these arguments the Government always falls back on the fundamental point of its defense—that if we are going to permit any immigration at all in today's world, in which national security must be the Government's first concern, it has to be arbitrarily controlled. According to immigration authorities, we are forced into the ironical position in which, while extolling democratic rights as the privilege of all human beings, we must in our own immigration affairs withhold those rights from many of the very people we are most anxious to reach with the democratic message. ★

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



We're Still Growing Fatter

IT'S ABOUT a year and a half since we told our readers—with a mixture of pride and fatigue—that we had just produced the largest issue in the history of Maclean's. One hundred and twenty pages seemed like a lot of magazine in those days. Overpowering almost. We recall remarking at the time in this space that "our eyes are always a little bloodshot from watching the next deadline which, as the issues grow fatter, seems to grow more and more urgent."

Well now look at us. Fatter than ever. Another record issue. Eyes more bloodshot. That last record issue (there have been seven more of the same size or larger since) contained eighty thousand words—enough to fill an average novel. This one, which is sixteen pages thicker, contains more than one hundred thousand words—enough to fill a historical novel.

It seems a good time to look at a few statistics. In 1950 Maclean's published a total of 1,594 pages during the year. This number has been rising like a thermometer in summer. Last year we published 2,090 pages—almost one third more than the 1950 figure. This year we've already given our readers ninety more pages of reading than we did in the same period last year. No extra charge.

This is one reason why we've recently been able to give our readers certain editorial bonuses without cutting down on the normal output. We're thinking, for example, of Karsh's picture studies of Canadian cities. Or the album of old Canadian maps we published a while ago. Or the six pages of rare photographs marking Ottawa's centenary last July. We've also been able to devote more space to subjects of national importance: The High Cost of Being Sick, The Crisis in Education, A Report on the North.

We've been able to delve more thoroughly into the background of the country by publishing, serially,

the work of such historians as Bruce Hutchison and Thomas B. Costain. And we've been able to publish book-length novels such as Morley Callaghan's recent award winner, *The Man with the Coat*, or the thrilling and unusual story by C. M. Kornbluth in this issue.

Kornbluth's new book, *Not This August*, won't go between hard covers until later this year. Maclean's is publishing it in three sections. Kornbluth is one of this continent's best-known science-fiction writers and this novel is set in the future. It tells, with terrifying reality, what North America might be like if we suffered the horror of a third world war—and if the Russians won it.

Meanwhile, we expect that Maclean's will continue to get fatter and we're planning for it. Here are some of the other bonuses we're planning for the early and middle future:

- An entire issue devoted to Saskatchewan and Alberta marking the fiftieth anniversary of these two provinces.
- A special issue to mark Maclean's own fiftieth anniversary.
- Another \$5,000 Maclean's Award novel.
- Three prize-winning Canadian short stories in our 1955 fiction contest.
- A new and exciting series of articles by Bruce Hutchison, author of *The Incredible Canadian* and *The Struggle for the Border*.
- A national survey by Sidney Katz on Canadian eating habits.
- More special albums of rare photos and of distinctive Canadian artwork.

The magazine may be growing fatter, but everybody who works here expects to lose a little weight. ★

MACLEAN'S



Young Tars and an Old Salt

If you stroll into the Marine Gallery of the New Brunswick Museum in Saint John this summer you'll see the same mementoes of the days of sail that James Hill has pictured on our cover, but you won't find them in exactly the same places. He moved them around for mysterious artistic purposes. The bust on the right is Gen. Sir William Fenwick Williams—just a figurehead.



Dreams come true for couple, 65

Retire on \$200 a Month

A popular Quebec druggist and his wife recently retired on \$200 a month for life. Their dreams of security and comfort have come true, thanks to a decision the druggist made in 1925.

It was then he took out a Confederation Life Insurance Pension Plan which included \$20,000 insurance protection. He had just opened his store . . . and with the

baby and the payments on his home, he had only so much left for retirement plans. It was a pleasant surprise when his Confederation Man told him how easily his dreams could come true—without risks or investment worries.

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- Retire at age 50, 55, 60, or 65.
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55-8

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Proof: Jergens Lotion stops "Detergent Hands"

Research laboratory proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.*



Now every woman can have lovely hands. Here's the proof: 447 women soaked both hands in detergents three times a day. After each soaking, Jergens was smoothed only on right hands. Left hands were untreated.



In three or four days, untreated hands were roughened and reddened — unmistakably detergent-damaged. The Jergens hands were soft, smooth and lovely as ever! No other lotion tested gave these amazing results.



The famous Jergens formula has been steadily improved over 50 years. Good for chapping due to wind and weather (as well as housework), it is never sticky or greasy.



Buy a bottle of Jergens today. You'll find it thicker and creamier with a pleasant new fragrance. Although it's the world's favorite hand care, you still pay only 15¢ to \$1.15. (Made in Canada)

Jergens Lotion positively stops "Detergent Hands"

*From the report of a leading U. S. research laboratory



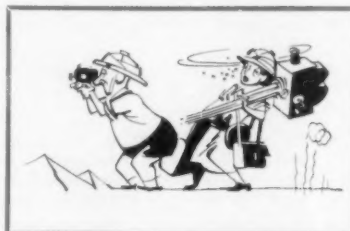
WE'RE relieved to report the winter bridge schedules were successfully completed in North Battleford, Sask., in spite of the fact that one ardent woman player broke her elbow. With her arm locked straight out by an unbending cast she could only apologize to her next hostess that she wouldn't be able to play any more bridge for six weeks because she couldn't hold the cards. "I'll solve that," exclaimed the hostess lightly, and she did by providing the crippled player with a beautiful old silver bowl filled with rice in which to stand her cards up. The delighted woman left with the bowl under her good arm to take to subsequent sessions.

...

The occupants of one Montreal apartment house have been treading the straight and narrow all the way down the hall ever since the janitor posted a warning, "Please walk on linoleum—the floor is vanished."

...

There's a Beamsville, Ont., woman who has followed her husband to some strange lands where she has observed odd social customs but few of them tie the one she encountered in darkest western Ontario. Her husband having been invited to show his color movies of their sojourn abroad in a neighboring town she was quite pleased that the lecturer's wife was invited to dinner too. The club president greeted them in the hallway of the church where the meeting was held, said, "I'm sure



you'll feel a lot more at home with the ladies!" and shoved her through a nearby door. Inside an apron-clad woman greeted her: "Glad to see you—Mrs. Jones couldn't come so you can help Mrs. Bates serve the left-hand table." Well, one hundred and forty turkey dinners later she sat down with the women and finally got some turkey herself before inevitably somebody remarked she must be a new member of the church. "Oh no, I'm the wife of the speaker of the evening," she explained. Then into the stunned silence she added, "And now I guess it would be all right if I went in and helped my husband with his films."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

The worst punishment imaginable to one eight-year-old Victoria girl is to be forbidden to watch one of her TV programs, and it happened the other day when she'd done something she shouldn't have—with one of her real dream shows coming up. Following her mother around for a



while with a woebegone look she finally exclaimed, "You know, mummy, that program to me is just what Marilyn Monroe is to Daddy."

...

Modern conveniences have many unexpected uses and, according to a spy in St. Catharines, Ont., radio-dispatched cabs are a boon to cab drivers as well as passengers. Our observer was standing at the curb near an intersection waiting for a bus when he saw a taxi join a line of cars waiting for the light to change. The driver stuffed a cigarette in his mouth and patted his pockets vainly for a match. Peering ahead he spotted another cab from his own firm just two cars ahead in the lineup. Next thing he grabbed up his radio mike; our bemused watcher saw the fellow in the cab ahead do the same. A minute later both cab doors popped open and the drivers raced to meet each other, the front driver carrying the glowing cigarette lighter from his own dashboard. As the light turned yellow the matchless one got his light, and by the time it was green he was back at the wheel.

...

A man in Antigonish, N.S., had his car stolen a couple of months ago by thieves who finally abandoned it right on a railway crossing—whether through lack of gas or manners no one will ever know. For along came a train and tossed it into the ditch, a complete wreck—a sad enough blow to the owner. Then the other day along came a bill from the CNR for costs and damages incurred—for delaying train nine minutes so much, for section man to clear track so much, etc. . . . total \$25.



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